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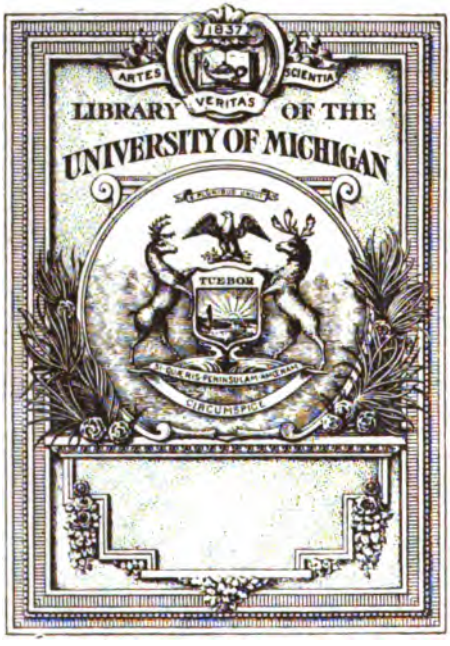
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THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

FOR

Members of the English Church.

NEW SERIES.

VOLUME XI.

PARTS LXI. TO LXVI. JANUARY—JUNE, 1871.

LONDON:
JOHN AND CHARLES MOZLEY, 6, PATERNOSTER ROW;
OXFORD: JAMES PARKER AND Co.
1871.

CONTENTS.

	Page
A Conversation on 'Coming Out'	95
A Conversation on some Family Troubles	407
Ambulance Life in Paris	309
Bits from a Note Book	436
Cameos from English History	127, 337
Correspondence:—	
Clifton Home for Invalids	421
Dominie Freylinghausen	41, 166, 272, 385, 473, 578
English Links of Foreign Forging	48, 173, 285, 393, 482, 587
From Athens to Patras in 1858	615
German War Songs	209
Hints on Reading	103, 418, 630
Hints on Italian Reading	629
Louisa Queen of Prussia	60
Poetry:—	
A Prayer for Lent	221
A Saint's Past	440
German War Songs	71
Gutenburg	554
Hymn for St. John the Baptist	529
King Robert's Pentecost Hymn	425
New Year's Day	3
Psalm III.	10
Psalm IV.	115
Quella Roma, onde Cristo è Romano	280
Sleeping Thoughts	126
Sunday Morning	545
The Housholder	326
Poetry *(continued)*	Page
The Small-pox in the East	434, 553
The Three Friends	337
Two Multitudes	110
Present Day Thoughts on the Education Question	607
Questions of the Day	546
Reception and Baptism of a Tartar Catechumen	116
Recollections of St. Cloud	303
Sédan and its Hospitals	73
Seven Phases of an Author	53, 179, 298, 400, 497, 590
Sketches from Hungarian History	11, 232 557
Songs of Other Churches	4, 110, 222, 328, 426, 587
St. Agnes and her Lambs	523
St. Agnes' School Church, Trinidad	627
The Angel of Brittany	139, 242, 353
The Blind Hermit and the Trinity Flower	490
The Cholera at Plymouth in 1849	503
The Cumberland Street Children's Hospital	92
The Divina Commedia of Dante	105, 217, 321, 531
The Mission of the Good Shepherd	417
The Book of the Passion Play	597
The Pillars of the House	21, 148, 256, 366, 454, 568
The Red Cross at Tours	182
The Search after Happiness	200
Thoughts for the New Year of 1871	1
Thoughts on Mr. Tennyson's Poem of the Holy Grail	442
Traditions of Tirol	85, 412

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THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

JANUARY, 1871.

THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR OF 1871.

It seems almost impossible at such a time as the present to speak appropriately as to *particulars*, but on the other hand, equally impossible to be *in*-appropriate in *generals*. Who shall say, from week to week, scarcely from morning to morning, what changes in the aspect of Europe may present themselves to our eyes? The one great certainty —the presence of death, among victors or vanquished—is always there. The thinned ranks of those we loved and honoured, the homes desolated, the lands untilled, the feeble and aged closing their eyes in death without ordinary comforts or sympathy—these are and must be, whatever be the turn affairs may take, our sad inheritance for some time to come. The winter of such a year strikes a chill to our very hearts; we feel less able to bear its rigours, when we think of the sufferings of our fellow-creatures beyond our narrow sea. Who could have foreseen last January the position of those beautiful countries in which our holiday summers used to be passed? Who, especially, could have pictured a Paris, the ornamental city of the world, sternly stripped of its pride and glory? As old Shirley sings,

> 'Sceptre and crown
> Must tumble down,
> And in the dust be equal made
> With the poor crooked scythe and spade.'

And what can we say on a far more solemn subject? What to those whose suddenly sent forth proclamation brought fire and sword, starvation, ruin, and death, into thousands and tens of thousands of quiet homes? We wish, but in vain, that we could speak a single word of comfort to *them*. But we cannot. There are times when a war against tyranny cannot but have our sympathy, and what help it is in our power to give; but when two nations resolve to open the doors upon every species of horror—granting even that the one side may have more causes of grievance than the other—we feel that Christian motive must be at a weak point; that if the holy principle which so

many profess really were as strong and as deep-seated as it ought to be, all the nations of Christendom would rise *en masse*—would declare that such miseries, such demoralization, such wickedness, shall *not* be inflicted on the world—would, in short, form themselves into a new social union, pledged to promote peace and good will over the earth. Perhaps before these pages issue from the press, we ourselves, the people of England, may be among the guilty in this matter. This would not change our view; it would not discharge our consciences from the duty of saying what we think. May the prayers of many good men and women avert the evil, at which we can hardly bear to hint!

And now what of the opening year of 1871? What pleasanter than our glad recognition of many and many a kindly deed done by the sons and daughters of England for the suffering people of the desolated countries of Europe? It is a cheering, a comforting recollection, that the Samaritan spirit has abounded, and that there is scarcely a village or a lonely hovel in our land which has not contributed out of its poverty to the funds for the sick and wounded, or to the destitute people, whose fields are untilled, and whose flocks and herds have been driven away from their owners. Perhaps the time, always present indeed, is come, in which we may offer an earnest hope that there will be no slackening of good resolutions, well followed out, directed against *our own* particular forms of social evil; that our money, our time, our thoughts, may be directed less towards pleasures and luxuries, and more, far more, towards the religious and moral improvement of those among whom our lot is cast; that we may dispense any means in our power, with less regard to fashion, and more to true charity: that we may live more as members one of another. The life of our widely scattered villages is, indeed, generally favourable to the cultivation of these genial neighbourly offices; but one shudders to think of the vast aggregate of human existence in large towns—in London especially—where brotherhood is no more than a vague name, and the face of one man hardly recognizes that of another; yet, even here, what a remedy against despair it is to see every day, as if we do but examine our daily papers we may, that the links between the high and the low are multiplied and strengthened continually. Go where we may, we generally learn that a chain of communication has been established, that sympathy is given, and many a far-reaching charity, both to body and soul, is wisely, not lavishly, bestowed. One's heart leaps forth to meet those who purely and simply live to do good. The blessing of the Father of mercies and of His beloved Son be with them on their way!

Keeping, as we have done in these few lines, to *generals*, we yet are so impressed by the strong claims of one species of charity, that we cannot dismiss our paper without touching upon it. While we send money, food, and nurses, to the sick abroad, we cannot help adverting to the case of our Hospitals and Dispensaries at home, and entreating our friends and readers to do what they can to enlarge *their* means of

assisting the poor who suffer from disease or accidents. Every year we see, with concern, that these noble institutions have a struggling life, and are often obliged to diminish their aid where it is much needed. Let us also urge upon those who *can* look into the internal affairs of these institutions, to do so thoroughly and fairly; and further, if anything can be done, by influence and example, to keep the benefits as near to the class for whose use they were intended as possible, let no pains be spared to accomplish that object. It may be difficult, but not impossible, to shame those who can afford to pay for medicine and aid, from taking what was provided for a lower class. We dare say no more—it is a question of social honesty, and must be conscientiously dealt with.

We have said nothing of Education. New plans are on their trial, and must have a candid reception. That there should be increasing sound knowledge everywhere, we earnestly desire; yet we cannot but see how unavailing is knowledge, unless the spirit is raised to desire the best, holiest, most purifying influences. If our teachers are imbued with this desire, they must, they *will* do their work well. No earthly power can hinder them. The machinery they employ may be various; but he who lives a Christian life can alone form Christian disciples.

Thus, then, we meet and part on these opening days of 1871. Long before its close, may Peace, founded on principle, prevail over the spirit of war; and may they who are permitted to behold it, rejoice in the blessing, and be thankful.

T.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

BY THE REV. M. G. WATKINS, M.A.

ANOTHER year has faded to the past,
With all its wealth of summer suns and flowers—
With all its precious trust of circling hours
From man's brief portion. This may shine the last,
For you—for me—this year that flees so fast
While yet we dream! No more weep wasted pow'rs;
Shew that you prize the heritage which dowers
God's image! Minstrel, sweet thy chords, but cast
Love's idle lute aside. Ye thoughtless, cope
With stern realities, and win Life's crown.
The New Year rises—gracious, big with hope;
Resolve! Be earnest! Let no day sink down
To that remorseless past, without some good
Or done or spoken, some fresh foe withstood.

SONGS OF OTHER CHURCHES.

BY LOUIS COUTIER BIGGS, M.A.

I.

THE EARLY SYRIAN CHURCH.

On the completion of the articles on English Hymnology, which I had the pleasure of contributing in 1867 and 1868 to the pages of this Magazine, it was suggested by several friends that additional interest would be awakened in the subject of Hymnology, if those papers could be supplemented by a slight sketch of its main features in other Churches besides our own. Causes which need not here be enumerated, prevented me from attempting this at the time, but I venture to hope that something of the kind will not be less acceptable now. The task is one of some difficulty, because the subject must necessarily be illustrated by translations, especially in those parts where no ready-made English versions exist. Though I have obtained promises of help in providing such renderings, I must remind the reader that they who execute these promises are, to some extent, working in chains. The object being to shew the hymns of other lands *just as they are*, it would not be attained by free poetical renderings. Almost all the translations will be as literal as possible, and in some cases they will only be given as proofs that the sacred poetry of some particular writer or age differs widely from our English ideal of a hymn. I must also remind some who may expect me to dwell most fully upon comparatively well-known periods of Hymnology, that the very fact of their being well known makes this less necessary.

Taking first the Syrian Church, then the two marked styles of sacred poetry which successively arose in Greece, we shall pass on to find four scarcely less distinct epochs in the history of Latin Hymnology. Here, although numerous illustrations and examples will be less needed, we shall endeavour by such examples as are given, to enable an intelligent student of hymns to recognize those characteristics of its age which are most usually retained by a Latin hymn in its English dress. We shall endeavour to find matter of interest in the hymns which the Æthiopic service-books contain, and which, in spite of the labours of Mr. Rodwell as their translator and Mr. Chatterton Dix as their versifier, are still too little known in England. We shall see that the Scandinavian peninsula possesses a richer literature in respect of sacred poetry than might be looked for; and in other European nations there will appear traces of a Hymnology, growing with the growth of national religion and earnestness on the one hand, and with the development of general literature on the other. And we may perhaps, in conclusion, be allowed just to touch upon the distinctive features which present themselves in American

hymns; for indeed some of these last, although written in our own language, are in thought and feeling even less allied to our English hymns than some written originally in another tongue.

It is not, perhaps, unnatural that a special interest should attach itself to the Church in Syria. It was at Antioch, as we know, that the disciples were first called Christians. This city was also most probably the birth-place of S. Luke. Here S. Paul was ordained an Apostle; hence he started for, and hither he returned from, his missionary journeys; here he defended the liberties of the Gentile Christians, to whom this city afterwards became a metropolis and centre, scarcely in a less degree than Jerusalem was to the Jews. It is necessary to remember this, in order to account for the very early development and the distinctive character of the Syriac Church literature. The New Testament was very early translated into the Syriac language, and this version doubtless became the model on which the ecclesiastical dialect was formed, and from which its peculiarities were derived. Meanwhile, the Syro-Phœnician coast was the commercial resort of many nations;—a constant interchange of thought and feeling, and of language too, was going on there, and this was not without its effect on every class of authors in Syria. From the circumstances we have enumerated, the general character to be expected in Syriac hymns might be almost proved beforehand. There are in them, no doubt, abundant traces of their Semitic authorship; but the stateliness of Hebrew poetry has been largely modified by the introduction of lyric elegances from Greece and Rome, and the parallelisms in which Jewish ears delighted have been in great measure sacrificed to a classic regularity of rhythm. Rhyme does not often appear, and indeed even accent and quantity cannot be traced; but Dr. Burgess, in the preface to his translation of S. Ephraem's Hymns and Homilies, states his belief that this is only a result of our ignorance. *Paronomasia* is more frequent than in Hebrew poetry, and makes it impossible to translate some parts of the best hymns without losing much of their spirit.

In Syria,* as in many other Churches in later times, the true and orthodox Christians were not the first to avail themselves of the soul-stirring influence of hymns. The Gnostics, Bardesanes and his son Harmonius, were the fathers of Syrian metrical literature; and it was from seeing the people so powerfully led by their music to profane games and wanton dances, that Ephraem was induced to learn their melodies and metres, and to provide instead of these profane songs, spiritual odes on the events of our LORD's Life, on the martyrs and departed saints, and on penitence. Certainly, in regard to the number of his compositions Ephraem was surpassed by few. The Syrians attribute twelve thousand songs to him, the Copts fourteen thousand. The metres may perhaps have been originally derived from the Greek; but it is certain that the music of Syria, by its greater richness and variety, brought them into

* For many interesting particulars in this article, I am indebted to Dr. Henry Burgess's two volumes of translations from Ephraem Syrus.

new combinations. In many of the hymns there are clear evidences that antiphonal singing was contemplated.

There are six principal varieties of metre:—in the shortest, the lines are tetrasyllabic, in strophes or stanzas of four or more lines each. The following retains the metre of its Syriac original by Ephraem. It is from a hymn for a week-day evening.

'When close the days,
To Thee be sung
United praise
By every tongue.

Thou hast the day
For toil decreed,
Whereby we may
Supply each need.

Thy people see
With toil oppressed,
Grateful to Thee,
Who giv'st them rest.

Who shall not bend
Before Thy Face,
Who thus dost tend
Our human race?

* * * *

In safety keep,—
Thy Cross their path,—
Thy blood-bought sheep,
Redeemed from wrath.

To this world's end
Let Thy Peace flow;
Far from us send
Our ghostly foe.

With voice and heart
Let all that live
In every part
Their praises give.

We with them, LORD,
Yield glory meet
To FATHER, WORD,
And PARACLETE.'

We might predict with tolerable certainty that the hymns of Ephraem would contain some polemical allusions to the heretical tenets against which they were directed. And we find accordingly that Bardesanes especially is mentioned by name, quotations from his verse are made and commented upon, and his denial that the body will rise from the dead is refuted. The hatred in which the memory of Bardesanes was held seems the probable cause why the pentasyllabic metre was afterwards ascribed to Balai, a disciple of Ephraem, rather than to him. It appears that Ephraem himself acknowledged this metre as coming from Bardesanes. The hexasyllabic is rare in Ephraem; its discovery is ascribed to the leper Narses of Nisibis. The heptasyllabic is Ephraem's most ordinary metre, but Asseman cautions us against imagining that he was the discoverer of it. In this metre Ephraem's largest and most striking discourse is written. Its subject is the Repentance of Nineveh, and an excellent prose translation of it has been published by the Rev. Dr. Burgess. For the following specimen of a hymn in this metre, as well as for the two hymns which follow, I am indebted to the kindness of the Rev. S. J. Stone, author of *Lyra Fidelium*. The original is entitled 'A Prayer in the Prospect of Death.'

'LORD, I have confessed Thy Name!
Doom not me to place of shame,
Not to Thy left Hand! lest I
Be of Satan's company.

Let not him who sang to Thee
Wail in endless agony!
Whelm not me in dark despair
Who Thy praise by night declare.

Count not one that pierced Thee,
Me, who to Thy Cross would flee!
Let not me to woe be hurled
When Thou judgest all the world!'

The following hymn on the Resurrection is an almost solitary specimen of octosyllabic metre. Dr. Burgess mentions it, with another hymn * of similar structure, as proving that this metre is only adapted to 'very solemn compositions,' but the examples seem scarcely to justify his assertion.

'When softly o'er the world are borne
Airs of the Resurrection morn,
The trumpet from the scattered dust
With power Divine shall wake the just.

And when to them new Life is given,
New also shall be earth and heaven;
Alone absolved, when all are tried,
Shall be the Children of the Bride.'

Great joy! when in the glorious Land,
The saints shall with the angels stand,
And sing, at that loud trumpet's blast,
That death is overthrown at last.

When spring the righteous from the tomb,
Then shall the wicked meet their doom,
And all who scorned the pure and true
In fiery torment find their due.

But when the saints to Eden come,
The opening gate shall greet them home,
With harp-notes sweet the seraph there
His reverent welcome shall declare.

When from the East rejoicingly
The Bridegroom comes, the saints shall see,
And He will give them wings to rise
And fly to serve Him in the skies.

Then "Come, ye children of the day!"
To His Beloved will JESUS say,
"Receive your crowns, your toil is o'er,
And yours a throne for evermore!"'

One other hymn in octosyllabic metre, with three lines in each stanza, is entitled 'A Prayer of the Penitent for Defence against Satan.'

* The subject of this hymn is the blessedness of those who die as infants. The leading idea corresponds somewhat with that of Mrs. Toke's Hymn for the Innocents' Day, 'Glory to Thee, O LORD!'

Thus far our translations have retained the original metre, with the addition of rhyme. In the following examples this has not been attempted. Of this hymn, appropriate for Easter, the original is tetrasyllabic, in six-line stanzas.

'Sing we praise to CHRIST the LORD,
For our hope of Life restored!
Blessing unto Him Who said
That His Word should wake the dead,
And should quicken all who lay
In the bondage of decay.

Through the ages long concealed,
Now by Holy Church revealed:
Hear it, O ye sons of men,
Who from death shall rise again;
Hear it sounded far and nigh,
Resurrection's mystery!

JESUS for our sake beneath
Sojourned in the land of death:
Three days captive then was He,
Loosing our captivity:
So He brake the deadly thrall,
Winning spoils of Life for all.

Proud was Death ere JESUS came;
His the glory, ours the shame:
"Lo!" he boasted, "priests and kings,
Captive with all meaner things,
Here within my prison lie,
Mine, for mine are all who die!"

But against the tyrant's power,
At a dread unlooked-for hour,
Like a spoiler's cry, from far
Came the sound of mighty war,
With triumphant shouts the Foe
Came to lay his glory low.

Then from out the awful strife
Rose the savour sweet of Life;
Then the glorious tidings spread
Through the regions of the dead:
"Hear, ye captives of the grave,
CHRIST, our Hope, hath come to save!"

Since the evil world began,
Death had power o'er mortal man;
None might his decree oppose,
Till the Mighty One arose,
And, delivering all beside,
Crushed the tyrant in his pride.

Loud like thunder-roll in heaven
Were the gracious tidings given;
While His Voice to men made known
Death and Hell are overthrown,
JESUS CHRIST has come to save
All the captives of the grave.'

The following translation of Ephraem's 'Prayer in Prospect of Judgement' is by the late Rev. Joseph Francis Thrupp,* by whose early death the Church lost an able contributor to her hymnology, as well as one of her most faithful servants:—

'Or e'er before the Judgement-seat
My sins arrayed against me rise;
Or e'er, confused, my Judge I meet,
With downcast face and quivering eyes;
Thou LORD of mercy, hear my prayer,
O hear, and in Thy mercy spare!

Or ever Thou, O SON of GOD,
Against my face shouldst close Thy door,
And I become the lasting food
Of hell's dread fire for evermore:
Thou LORD of mercy, hear my prayer,
O hear, and in Thy mercy spare!

Or e'er the men of faithless heart,
"LORD, LORD!" in dark despair shall cry,
And Thou with stern rebuke, "Depart,
I know you not," shalt then reply:
Thou LORD of mercy, hear my prayer,
O hear, and in Thy mercy spare!

Or e'er the angel-hosts appear
Around the SON of Heaven's dread KING,
Our earthly race from far and near
Before His Judgement-throne to bring:
Thou LORD of mercy, hear my prayer,
O hear, and in Thy mercy spare!

Or e'er above the starry height
All dimmed and pale the sun shall roll,
O SAVIOUR, send Thy dawning light,
To chase the darkness from my soul:
Yea, LORD of mercy, hear my prayer,
O hear, and in Thy mercy spare!

Or e'er the trumpet's awful call
Aloud Thine Advent shall proclaim,
LORD JESU, spare Thy servants all,
Who earnestly invoke Thy Name:
Thou Lord of mercy, hear their prayer,
O hear, and in Thy mercy spare!'

Although this last specimen, unlike all the rest I have given, has been before published, it will probably be new to many. Indeed, the only well-known hymn from the Syriac already used in our churches, is, I believe, the Rev. Francis Pott's Baptismal Hymn, 'Glad sight, the holy Church.' There is a faithful translation of some of S. Ephraem's hymns into German by Zingerle, which may be seen in the third volume of Daniel's *Thesaurus Hymnologicus.*

* The Rev. Lord Alwyne Compton, who assisted him in the preparation of his collection, assures me that this translation was made by Mr. Thrupp himself.

Sometimes the Syriac hymns assume the form of a dialogue between two or more persons; some are rather homilies than hymns. There appears no tendency to any unwholesome asceticism in S. Ephraem's writings; and although his funeral hymns contain intercessions for the departed, they nowhere adopt such language as we find too prominent in Roman service-books. Besides Ephraem, we may mention as Syriac hymn-writers:—

S. Symeon, Bishop of Seleucia, martyred *c.* 296. Two only of his hymns are extant, in the Chaldean offices.

Isaac the Great, a priest of Antioch, who in the close of the fourth century wrote more than a hundred metrical homilies in lines of seven syllables.

Jacob of Sarug, author of two hundred and thirty-one homilies in dodecasyllabics.

Gregory Bar Hebræus, otherwise known as Abulpharag, Primate of the East in the thirteenth century, and said to be the author of a volume of hymns and metrical discourses.

We know nothing of the tunes to which the Syrian hymns were sung, nor of the musical instruments by which their singing was accompanied. Judging from the length of their compositions, we may indeed fairly conjecture that if used as entire pieces at a single service, they must have been chanted in some sort of rapid recitative form. There is much useful information concerning their structure in Dr. Burgess's Preface to his Syriac Hymns, where indeed nearly all that is known on the subject may be found.

(To be continued.)

PSALM III.

(Domine, quid multiplicati.)

FASTER yet their bands are flocking,
Prouder yet their banners wave,
Cruel scorning, bitter mocking,—
Lord, they say Thou canst not save!

Spread Thy shield above, around me,
Pour Thy glory on my brow;
Even they can not surround me,
While my sure defence art Thou.

Though my voice was faint and weakly,
Night hung o'er me clear and still,
Past the stars it echoed quickly,
Piercing to His holy hill.

He my griefs and fears assuaging,
Calm I laid me down to rest,
Dreamed I heard the battle raging,
Woke on His sustaining breast.

Now I will not shrink nor tremble,
Though with shouts the air is rent,
Though ten thousand foes assemble
Round my lonely battle-tent.

Rise, O Lord my God! and save me,
In Thy holy arm I trust;
All who still resist and brave me
By Thy stroke shall lick the dust.

Thine be glory and salvation,
Hymn of battle, temple-psalm;
Saved by Thee, the holy nation
Lay before Thee crown and palm.

M. C.

SKETCHES FROM HUNGARIAN HISTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'COURAGE AND COWARDS;' 'IVON,' &c.

XVI.

THE ITALIAN MARRIAGE.

A. D. 1342 TO A. D. 1352.

CHARLES had found the kingdom of Hungary in a state of anarchy—the treasury empty; the army diminished; the great nobles fighting among themselves, and striving to reduce their dependants to slavery; and the power and prestige of the king sunk to a very low ebb indeed. None of these difficulties, however, did he bequeathe to his son and successor Lajos, or Louis. Charles had been somewhat arbitrary; he had neglected to summon the Diet, contenting himself, for the most part, with calling a council of the Magnates, Prelates, and such other nobles as he chose, for he was inclined to absolutism; but he had effectually re-established the power of the king; and the people, wearied with long years of anarchy and a multitude of rulers, not only forgave high-handed acts, which in a less powerful ruler would have excited their displeasure and probably opposition, but even loved and honoured him for the very strength which would, if occasion required, enable him to enforce their obedience. It may indeed be doubted whether any strictly constitutional monarch could

ever have regained for the crown the prestige which it had undoubtedly lost during the late period of distraction, or have welded into one firm and compact mass the various elements of which the kingdom was composed. For this was a time of transition; the old institutions, which had flourished under the Arpáds, had become unable to meet the requirements of a more advanced age, and had passed away; and now, feudalism, long since prevalent in Western Europe, was to step in and take their place. Charles, who had been accustomed to the feudal system in France and Italy, encouraged its development in Hungary, as well for other reasons as that he saw in it the best means of increasing the very small army at his disposal. For the Burg-milizen* had almost entirely disappeared, having either sunk into a state of servitude, or risen to the rank of nobles; while the lands on which they had formerly lived as free men, were now become the hereditary possessions of the nobility. Charles made some attempt to restore them, by enrolling and collecting together the few that remained; but it was in vain, as all such attempts at resuscitation seem usually doomed to be; and Charles shewed his wisdom as a ruler by accepting, and turning to the best account, the new state of things. Every free man was now bound to bear arms, and the obligation was soon extended to the great nobles, who, on the ground of their various privileges, had gradually come to hold themselves exempt from military service, except just when it suited their pleasure. These days were now over. Every fief-holder was bound not only to appear himself, but to bring a certain number of his dependants with him; and by way of creating some spirit of emulation, it was decreed that those who came attended by but few followers should fight under the standard of their county, whereas those who brought a large number should be privileged to lead them under their own banner. These contingents were called Banderia, from the Italian *bandiera*, and their feudal chiefs formed the Order of Zászlósok,† or bannerets, who were afterwards reckoned among the Magnates or great peers of the realm. Certain places and corporations were exempted from military service, on the payment of a tax, which was applied to the paying of hired troops. Class distinctions, which had been growing sharper for years past, were yet further increased by the institutions of feudalism. Tournaments, in which none but the noble might take part, were introduced by Charles, and speedily became as popular with the subjects as with the King; two Orders of knighthood, those of S. George and the Golden Spur,‡ were established as distinctions for those whose rank or merit raised them above the common herd; and the nobles were yet further removed from the people, and formed into a class of themselves, by the coats of arms, which were now appointed by the King as family badges, instead of being left, as had

* Soldiers attached to the castle of each county.

† *Zászlós*, a banner.

‡ This Order still exists. The knights are created at each coronation.

hitherto been the case, to the taste of individuals. Slavery had by this time disappeared; but on the other hand, serfdom had become general, though the attempts of the nobles to bind their dependants to the soil had been happily frustrated by the national love of liberty and justice, and a law had been passed, which made the serf free to move from one part of the country to another when he pleased. Charles had been careful to restore all their privileges to the Saxons of Transylvania; and he shewed no less favour to the German settlers in the Zips, who had assisted him in his struggle with Csák. He built many towns, and among them Schmölnitz near the famous mines; and the nobles, encouraged by his example, did the same; but though he dealt out privileges and immunities with liberality, he kept a firm hand over the officers of state, whom he appointed and dismissed at his own pleasure, and kept in a state of subordination to which they had been long unaccustomed. In the administration of justice, Charles introduced great improvements; trials by fire and water were abolished, though single combat was allowed, as being in harmony with the spirit of the age and the warlike temper of the Hungarians. Even ecclesiastics were obliged to accept the little wooden club which conveyed a challenge, if offered them in the courts of justice; and of this they complained to the Pope, though they were permitted to maintain their cause by proxy. Persons accused of treason, whose guilt could be neither substantiated nor disproved, were not allowed a proxy, and had to fight for their lives with the King's champion, who was fully armed and well trained, whereas his unfortunate opponents were clad in no garment but a shirt, and had no weapon but a bad sword. It appears, however, that these unequal combats seldom took place, owing to the horror with which they were regarded.

During this reign, regulations were introduced touching the coinage, which was in great confusion, owing to the various mints, the different values of the coin in different parts, the introduction of foreign money, and the various ways in which the coin had of late been debased. The first issue of gold coin was made by Charles, in the form of ducats, bearing on one side the figure of John the Baptist and on the other the lily of France, also the badge of Anjou, with the Latin inscription, Carolus Rex. Trade and manufactures of all kinds received the greatest encouragement from Charles, who thereby increased the revenue of the state without burthening his people. The chief fear of the Hungarians, namely that he would become the tool of Rome, had proved to be utterly without foundation; for the power of the Papacy had suffered a great blow in the death of Boniface, and his successors being dependent upon Charles's French relations, and dwelling in the town of Avignon which was the property of the House of Anjou, felt themselves constrained to be cautious and conciliatory in their treatment of the Hungarian King. Little by little he won back from them the right of appointing the Bishops, but in return he allowed them, to oppress the clergy with

shameful exactions, by which he himself profited. In the time of the Crusade against Saladin, the Pope had required a fee from every newly-appointed Bishop, and a tithe of all ecclesiastical property; and now that the Crusades were over, some other pretext was found for extorting the same tax at different times. Charles, inasmuch as he received a third of the income thus raised, willingly allowed the contribution to be levied, at one time for a period of four years, at another of ten, when Benedict was in want of funds for the building of his palace at Avignon; and moreover, he himself required from the Bishops a certain specified sum as a new-year's gift, and also obliged them to render military service in common with his other vassals. In vain they complained of these oppressions, and in vain they complained that the Archbishopric of Kalócsa was left vacant and its revenues appropriated by the crown. There was no redress for them, for the Pope dared not offend the King, and so run the risk of losing the income he derived from the Hungarian Church. These proceedings cannot in any way be justified, but they may appear somewhat less culpable, if it be remembered that the Bishops themselves afforded but very indifferent examples of moderation. Their possessions were immense, and though neither fear of the King nor reverence for the Pope prevented their eluding the vigilance of the papal tax-gatherer wherever it was possible, they were not at all scrupulous as to the way in which they exacted their own tithes from the people. Indeed, at one time, Charles was moved to compassion by the cases of oppression which came under his notice, and lodged a complaint against the rapacious Prelates with the Pope.

Whether by fair means or foul, however, Charles had brought the kingdom into a flourishing condition, and was able to bequeathe to his son a well-filled treasury. Louis or Lajos was not yet seventeen, when, two days after his father's funeral, he was crowned at Stuhlweissenburg, in the presence of his uncle the King of Poland, and of his destined father-in-law, Karl, Crown-Prince of Bohemia, and Markgraf of Moravia. Former experience of youthful monarchs might well have made the Hungarians anxious; but Louis seems already to have given such promise of future excellence and capacity for government, as changed the apprehensions which might have been excited by his youth, into the most confident hopes. He himself had a deep sense of the solemn responsibility which rested upon him, and earnestly resolved to be a king in the full sense of the word, and to labour for the happiness of his people. No sooner were the coronation festivities over, than he set out, in company with the great officers of state, on a pilgrimage to the tomb of his great ancestor S. László, whom the Hungarians had never ceased to regard with the greatest love and veneration, and whom he had chosen to be his patron and example. During a long reign of forty years, it may truly be said that Louis religiously kept the vow he now made, to follow in the footsteps of the old Hungarian King, and to tread the paths of piety and glory.

Louis's first care was to complete the financial improvements begun by his father, and to recover whatever crown property had been lost by negligence, or appropriated by rebels. In Hungary itself these proceedings excited no resistance; but in Transylvania, where the Vajda Thomas had not yet managed to make himself popular, the case was different, and the Saxons, probably exasperated by some ill-judged acts on his part, at length rose in arms. The Prince of Wallachia too, ever since the defeat of the Hungarians, had refused to pay tribute, and in any way to acknowledge his dependence on the Hungarian King.

Louis marched into Transylvania at the head of an army, intending to bring all the rebels to obedience; but he happily accomplished his purpose without bloodshed. The Saxons were soon restored to a state of peace, and relieved of their chief grievance, by the substitution of another Vajda for Thomas, whom Louis made his lord-high-treasurer; and Bazarád, without waiting till the King should appear in Wallachia, sent an embassy to meet him, and afterwards came himself to take the oath of allegiance, bringing with him rich presents.

Unfortunately for Hungary, Louis was not able to devote to her his undivided attention, a considerable portion of which was now claimed by the affairs of Italy. Early in 1343, the old Robert of Naples had died, leaving a will which made his grand-daughter Giovanna his sole heiress, to the exclusion of her young husband András, who, according to the agreement made with his father Charles, should have shared her throne. Robert, moreover, appointed a regency, which was to govern until Giovanna and her husband, now sixteen years old, should attain their majority, which was not to be for eight years. The will pleased no one; and foremost among the discontented was the Pope, who, as feudal lord of the Sicilian kingdom, declared it invalid, and himself claimed the right of appointing the regency; Giovanna was disgusted at the prospect of so many years of minority; and the Hungarians naturally felt that Robert had acted unjustly by their Prince. While Louis appealed to the Pope to recognize his brother as king in his own right, the Queen-mother Elisabeth set off for Naples, to see what she could do towards forwarding her son's coronation. The court of Naples was at this time one huge web of intrigue, in which almost everyone was involved either as a victim or an intriguer, and not unfrequently as both.

The late King's brothers were dead; but their widows, the Duchesses of Tarento and Durazzo, survived, and were highly indignant that one of their own sons should not possess the throne of Naples, rather than the Hungarian Prince, whose grave sedate manners and purity of life were a reproach to the whole court. Robert's will ordained that if Giovanna died childless, she should be succeeded by her sister Maria, whom he wished Louis of Hungary or his youngest brother Stephen to marry; but Prince Charles of Durazzo aspired to the hand of his beautiful cousin, Maria, hoping to obtain in this way the duchy of Calabria, which was also coveted by the Duchess of Tarento for one of her sons. Thinking

that András might be able to further the object of his wishes, Prince Charles professed himself his friend. As for Giovanna, beautiful, talented, accomplished, and fascinating as she was, she cared little for her husband, and her indifference was soon changed into dislike by the artful manœuvres of the two duchesses, who were bent on dissolving the marriage, if possible. The Hungarian Queen, though little aware of the various plots, could not fail to see that her son's prospects were anything but promising. However, she herself had been received with honour; and her hopes revived, when at a council consisting of the Princes and Princesses of Durazzo and Tarento, and the chief barons of the kingdom, it was decided that the best means of restoring unity and order, would be to declare András and Giovanna to have attained their majority, and, after the coronation, to place the government in their hands. Messengers were despatched to the Pope, requesting him to consent to this measure; and during their absence Elisabeth made a pilgrimage to Rome, where the Colonna and Orsini received her with every mark of distinction. On her return to Naples, she found the state of things even worse than before. The widowed Queen Sancha had retired to a nunnery; and Giovanna, now left to follow her own will, and the advice of her evil companions, without restraint, squandered all the treasure gathered by her grandfather, in amusements and festivities, and shewed more and more distaste to her husband. Elisabeth, seeing that little improvement was to be expected, announced her intention of taking her son home with her to Hungary; but Giovanna, with tears in her beautiful eyes, declared herself tenderly attached to her husband, and complained of the cruelty of separating her from him, merely because she had given way to a few foolish whims. The friends of the young Prince, too, besought his mother to alter her determination; and finally, as there seemed some hope that matters would take a turn for the better at Avignon, Elisabeth set out for Hungary alone. Meantime the embassy sent by Louis to the Papal Court, had encountered great difficulties; and even the bribe of a large sum of money extorted from Clement no more than the promise that András should be crowned, and receive the title of King, provided he would promise to yield the throne to the Princess Maria, in case Giovanna died childless. Maria had by this time married her cousin Charles of Durazzo, and he and his mother together used all their influence at Avignon, to delay the issue of the Bull for the coronation of András; as they feared, if once he were crowned, he would rely on his brother's support and refuse to vacate the throne. Giovanna, who seems to have possessed a power of fascination which few could resist, having done homage for her fief, never rested till she had induced Clement to recall the Legate, whom he had sent to Naples to act as regent; and no sooner had she obtained the power as well as the title of Queen, than she formed her state-council, of men who were with one exception unfriendly to her husband, and shared her own love of luxury and self-indulgence. Banquet followed banquet; a year's revenue was squandered in a few

months; and all this time, in the midst of so much gaiety and profusion, András lived in the most painful state of dependence, not daring even to order himself a new dress without the permission of his wife and her council.

In the hope that all would be altered so soon as he should be crowned, András bore these wrongs and affronts, for a time, with patience; but when he received intelligence that his coronation would shortly be authorized by the Pope, he took courage and changed his demeanour. Unexperienced in the ways of the world, above all of such a world as that of Naples, he allowed himself to be betrayed into many impolitic acts by his courtiers, who burnt with the desire to take vengeance for all the insults offered to their Prince. With the idea of striking terror into the hearts of his enemies, he appeared at a tournament with a banner, upon which, beneath the royal arms, appeared a blood-red block and an executioner's axe. He intended it as a warning to his enemies, that he should not always be powerless; and they took it as a signal to hurry on the execution of their wicked designs. One festival day, Queen Giovanna invited her husband to a grand hunt at Aversa, a few miles distant from Naples. The day passed pleasantly away, and towards evening the court retired to a monastery outside the town, for the banquet which was to conclude the amusements. Giovanna was perhaps more amiable than usual; and András, gratified by her attention, and roused from his depression by the gaiety around him, forgot his wrongs, and retired happily to rest. Some time after midnight, he was roused from his sleep by the intelligence that important news had come from Naples. Giovanna did not move; but András, suspecting nothing, hurried into the ante-room unarmed, and without other covering than his night-dress; and was immediately set upon by the conspirators, in whom he recognized some of those with whom he was most intimate. By a violent effort he disengaged himself from their grasp, and made his way back to the door of the bed-room; but he found it closed and fastened, and still Giovanna, who was within, did not move. The desperate struggle was renewed, and the noise of the scuffle awoke the faithful Hungarian attendant Ysolde, whose terrified cries began to rouse the other inhabitants of the monastery. But the murderers, though alarmed, were all the more determined not to let go their prey; and one of them, from a distance, threw over the Prince's head a noose of silk and gold, said to have been embroidered by Giovanna herself. With this they dragged him to the ground, hurried him to the balcony, strangled him, and cast his body down into the garden below, where it was found by Ysolde and the monks who had been summoned by his cries. The next morning Charles of Durazzo came with a band of armed men, and carried the body to the Cathedral of Naples, where, two days after, as no steps for the funeral were taken by the court, it was buried by the canon, in the chapel of S. Louis.

The murderers had escaped unrecognized; and Giovanna, without

troubling herself even to look again upon her dead husband, returned to Naples, where for decency's sake, she remained a few days in retirement, but soon returned to her usual gay life. If, however, the death of the unfortunate young Prince made but little stir in Italy, it was far otherwise in his own native land. Deeply moved by the terrible news, Louis wrote to the Pope accusing Giovanna as the author of the plot against his brother, and demanding that she should be removed from the throne, and severely punished together with her accomplices; and that the little son whom she had lately borne, and named Charles-Martell, should be brought up at the Hungarian court, while Stephen, the Duke of Sclavonia, should govern Naples during his minority. Clement replied that he could not punish the Queen till her guilt was proved, and promised at once to institute an inquiry into the whole case. This he did; but the chief-justice to whom the investigation was committed, received orders from Avignon, to conceal from everyone but his Holiness, any proofs he might discover of the guilt of the Queen or the Princes. Many distinguished persons, both men and women, who were implicated in the conspiracy, perished by terrible deaths, but Giovanna and her cousins still remained unpunished; and Louis, feeling that there was little justice to be expected from the papal court, where its own interest was concerned, determined on going in person to Naples to avenge his brother's death.

In vain, so soon as he heard that the Hungarian troops were on the march, did Clement send to Louis the Bull issued by John XXII., threatening with the ban all who should attack the kingdom of Naples. 'The kingdom of Naples,' answered Louis, 'belongs to me by virtue of the rights of my forefathers. I shall faithfully perform all my duties as a vassal of the Church; but my cause is just, and my determination to maintain it by force of arms is fixed; your unjust ban will not move it, and cannot touch me in any way.' Still, therefore, the troops marched on, preceded by a black banner, on which was depicted a ghastly and death-like portrait of the murdered András. Giovanna, now married to her cousin Louis of Tarento, whom she had long loved, wrote in vain to the inexorably stern King, saying, that 'she had been passionately devoted to his brother András, and that his death had almost killed her; that she had had no part in it, and had been prevented from taking due vengeance, only by the pressure of circumstances, and the difficulty of discovering his murderers.' Such miserable protestations could deceive no one, and were utterly unavailing in turning Louis from his purpose. His answer was short and stern; and still the army with its terrible banner moved on. Everywhere Louis was received with joy; but, as he daily approached nearer and nearer to Naples, Giovanna and her husband fled to Provence. Arrived at Aversa, Louis occupied the apartments in which his brother had been murdered; and there, on the same spot where András had been strangled, did he cause to be beheaded Charles of Durazzo, husband of the Princess Maria, to whom, in spite of his pro-

testations of innocence, Louis ascribed a large share in his brother's murder. Guilty as he undoubtedly was of many other crimes, there were no positive proofs of Charles's complicity in this one; and his execution, besides being a most impolitic step, must ever remain a blot on Louis's generally great and noble character; for he had lured his victim to destruction by feigning friendship, and had delivered him to death without allowing him to plead his cause. If Louis, at this time, entertained the idea which he subsequently attempted to realize, of securing the throne of Naples by marrying the widowed Princess Maria, it is to be feared that Charles was sacrificed partly, at least, to clear the way for his own ambitious schemes. Even in Louis's veins flowed the blood of a race, which, gifted and talented as it was, possessed but little generosity, or true nobility of character; and it was not till later in life that he was able entirely to control the impulses of his naturally passionate temper. A few days after the execution of Charles, and the apprehension of the other princes of Durazzo and Tarento, Louis set out for Naples, and was met on the road by the delegates of the city, come to greet him with a flattering address; but he was in no mood for such frivolities, and bidding them be silent, rode on, till he reached the gate, where the barons were waiting for him with a splendid canopy, which they wished to hold over his head as he made his entrance. This honour, however, he also declined, for he had come on no festive mission; and he preferred to enter the city with his helmet on his head, and his trusty Hungarians at his side. The citizens, accustomed to the license and violence of the companies of foreign mercenaries, by which Italy was at this time infested, watched his entry with an anxiety which was soon exchanged for astonishment, as they noted the strict discipline of the Hungarian troops, and the promptitude with which any attempts at plundering on the part of the mob were repressed. The King appointed the Bishop of Grosswardein governor of the city; and by his measures, order and security were speedily restored. Here Cola Rienzi, the 'last of the Tribunes,' found a safe asylum on his expulsion from Rome, after his short-lived triumph; and here, so far as Louis was concerned, he might have remained in safety; for in spite of his desire to propitiate Clement, the King steadily refused to give up the fugitive into his hands.

On an appointed day, the barons of the kingdom assembled to do homage to King Louis, who presented to them his little nephew Charles-Martell, and after creating him Duke of Calabria, sent him away to be brought up in Hungary, while he himself took the title of 'King of Jerusalem and Sicily. Feeling it necessary, however, to secure, if possible, the papal sanction for his assumption of authority, he once more appealed to Clement. Meantime Giovanna, her husband, and sister, had been received at Avignon with every mark of honour, not to say adulation; and on Mid-Lent Sunday Clement had given a further proof of his sentiments, by selecting Giovanna's husband as the recipient

of the consecrated Golden Rose. No favourable reply could therefore be expected from him; but in spite of his displeasure, Louis would have persisted in holding Naples, and in compelling an inquiry into Giovanna's conduct, had he not been forced to leave Italy by a foe more powerful than Pope Clement. The Black-Death, imported from Asia by some Genoese ships, was already making terrible ravages in Italy, and had so diminished the Hungarian army, that Louis, partly perhaps to escape infection, but chiefly to raise fresh troops, quitted Naples; (1348.) leaving, however, Apor István, the Vajda of Transylvania, to act as his vice-regent. Arrived in Hungary, Louis took up his quarters at Buda, since Visegrád had been converted into a sort of state-prison for the Princes of Tarento and Durazzo. No sooner had he quitted Naples, than the inhabitants, exasperated by the exactions of some of the Hungarian officers, and resenting the presence of foreign troops, secretly invited Giovanna to return. She and her husband accepted the invitation, as soon as they had raised sufficient money by the sale of the town of Avignon to the Pope, and came back under the protection of a band of German mercenaries; and Louis, finding that all his negociations with the Pope led to no result, again set out for Naples, (1350.) which he speedily re-took. Seeing that he was not to be turned from his purpose of obtaining justice, Clement at length sent ambassadors, to arrange a truce till the following spring, and promised, in the meantime, to investigate Giovanna's conduct. If she were proved guilty, Louis was to be invested with the fief of Naples, Charles Martell being already dead; and if innocent, she was to pay the Hungarian King a large sum of money, as some indemnification for the cost of the war; meanwhile, both parties were to remain in possession of what they had won; but the three principal persons concerned, Louis, Giovanna, and her husband, were to leave Naples. These conditions Louis at once hastened to fulfil, and set out on a pilgrimage to Rome, where the second Jubilee was being held; and where, by order of the Pope, he was released, for the consideration of four thousand gold florins, from the ban, which had long lain heavy on his heart. Thence he returned to Hungary, where he heard (1352.) that Giovanna had been pronounced innocent. The tribunal which had been appointed to try the case, had had recourse to a novel expedient for delivering the guilty Queen from the hands of justice. Giovanna was instructed to say she had been bewitched, and thus deprived of all affection for her husband, whose murder was planned and executed while she was under this evil influence and without power to prevent it. In those days, few persons doubted the possibility of witchcraft, and fewer still dared question the validity of a judgement pronounced by the Pope. Therefore Louis's delegates signed the peace, and, in the name of their royal master, renounced the three hundred thousand golden florins which had been adjudged to him for the expenses of the war; whereupon, Pope and cardinals broke forth into loud rejoicings, and praised the Hungarian King's generosity. Truly Louis was

too generous, and too noble-hearted, to take money in payment for the blood of his Hungarians, or as satisfaction for the murder of his brother. He had already sent the Italian Princes home, accompanied, as far as the Venetian border, by a guard of honour; and he now recalled his troops from Naples, yielding to the Pope's deputies all the places in his possession, retaining, however, as an assertion of his rights, the title of Duke of Salerno.

Such was the issue of the long struggle, which Louis had undertaken with noble feelings, but with youthful impetuosity, and too little consideration of the difficulties involved in it. All that his people had gained by the sacrifice of blood and treasure, was the development of a romantic spirit of war, and an acquaintance with some of the arts and refinements for which, at this time, Italy was distinguished; but Louis felt deeply how much Hungary had done to aid him in a cause which could not be said to concern her nationally, and it was his earnest endeavour to do all in his power to recompense her. By dint of his careful measures, she was, at the end of this expensive war, in every respect stronger, and more flourishing, than she had been before.

(To be continued.)

THE PILLARS OF THE HOUSE;

OR,

UNDER WODE, UNDER RODE.

CHAPTER XIII.

PEGASUS IN HARNESS.

'Fear not on that rugged high-way
Life may want its lawful zest,
Sunny glens are on the mountain,
Where the weary heart may rest.'

Charles Gaven Duffy.

THERE was much relief and comfort in that visit of Mr. Audley's. For one thing, Geraldine was able to pour out all her troubles, as she had been used to do ever since her father had left her in his charge—her repentance for the stirrings of her naturally fretful plaintive temper, for her fits of impatience and her hard judgements, and what surprised him chiefly, for jealousy.

'Yes,' she repeated, at his word of surprise, 'I am jealous!'

'Indeed!'

'I never knew it till the choral festival. I used to be very fond of her, but— I'm sure it is jealousy; I don't like to see her more eagerly

attended to than myself. Not that there is anything to complain of. He never neglected me in his life.'

Mr. Audley smiled. 'People would tell you it is the natural lot of sisters.'

Then she saw that he knew all about it; for in fact, Felix had, rather to the general surprise, observed that the Miss Pearsons would like to meet Mr. Audley, and the trio had spent a musical evening with the Underwood party.

'Oh,' she cried, 'is it all my own horridness? Or is it really—'

'My own horridness or my own discernment?' said he, taking the words out of her mouth. 'My dear, such an affair as this would be generally the family jest.'

'Oh!'

'It is just as well it should not be so here,' continued Mr. Audley, 'for nonsense is not always a cure, and the talk would be mischievous; besides, I think both are unconscious.'

'He is, I believe,' said Cherry.

'At any rate, he is more than ordinarily full of sense and self-control, and may safely be trusted to do nothing imprudent. She is pretty and attractive, and of course he likes to be with her; but I should think it very unlikely it would go further. Has anyone else observed it?'

'Not Wilmet, only Lance.'

'And has not made fun of it? That speaks well for Master Lance's discretion. Yet you all feel the weight of life too heavily. I had rather have found you amused by these little prepossessions, than weighing them seriously, and wearing yourself to fritters.'

'I *will* try not to mind, but I can't help being afraid for him! It must be very wrong to be almost turned against her because he likes her; and yet, what is all very well as my friend does not seem enough for Felix.'

'Nor will it be. My dear Cherry, such things come on and go off twenty times in a man's life. You will treat the symptoms more lightly before you have done with your seven brothers. Meantime, don't fret your conscience over fancies, unless you have spoken or acted unkindly or fretfully.'

'O Mr. Audley, what shall I do when you are quite gone? All this time I have felt as if I were without my pilot.'

Mr. Audley, too, had been thinking this over, and wished to put her more formally under the spiritual charge of Mr. Willoughby of St. Faith's, feeling that the morbid and sensitive nature needed external support, and that it was not right to deprive it of what the Church sanctions.

Her only doubt was Felix's approval. His nature did not readily accept progress beyond that to which he had been bred up; and in border lands like these, an unfavourable medium made much difference

to the clearness of the sight. Clement's contempt for what had satisfied his father annoyed him; and his mind was self-reliant, his soul accustomed to find its requirements met by the system around him, and his character averse to intermeddling; so that it was against the grain with him that spiritual guidance should be sought outside the family, or at any rate, outside the parish. He thought such direction weakened the nature; and Mr. Audley, after warning him against taking the disease for the effect of the remedy, had to laugh at him as a British householder. After all, he yielded, because he thought Mr. Audley had a certain right over Geraldine, and that it was proper to defer to his judgement; while his guardian trusted to a sight of St. Matthew's for the overthrowal of the prejudices that Clement had managed to excite.

Before leaving England, Mr. Audley was resolved that little Theodore should be shewn to some London physician. The child was five years old, but looked no more than three. He could totter in an uncertain run, and understood a few simple sentences, but came no nearer to language than the appropriation of a musical sound to everyone whom he knew. There was nothing unpleasant about him, except his constant purring and humming; he was perfectly docile, loved music, and could be amused by simple recurring games. His affections seemed to have gone out chiefly to Felix and to Sibby; and as to his twin-sister, he seemed lost without her, and she seemed to view him as the complement of herself—like a sort of left hand, giving him things to hold in his feeble grasp, saying her lessons to him, and talking as if to a doll. There was something sad in their very resemblance; for their eyes were of the same shade of deep blue, their long soft hair of the same flaxen tint, their faces equally fair; but while hers was all colour, light, and life, his was pale and vacant, and scarcely ever stirred into expression.

Mr. Audley thought it right to ascertain whether treatment could be of any use; and finding that his father's London house was only occupied by his brother the Captain, he arranged that Felix should come up to Town with the child and Sibby, when the law business could be arranged, and there would be an opportunity of his seeing something of the world.

He had never had a holiday before, and Mr. Froggatt rivalled his guardian in his desire that it should not be too short. The first call was by appointment on the doctor. He was not used to have patients like Theodore brought by youths of Felix's age, and was touched by the care and tenderness of the young man, as he tried to overcome the alarm that was rendering the little one impracticable, when it was desirable to exhibit his slender store of accomplishments. His nearest approach to his natural state was when perched on his brother's knee, with his back to the strange faces, listening as Felix whistled the tunes he loved best.

After all, little was gained by the consultation, except the assurance that the poor little fellow was as well situated as was possible. A few

directions for treatment and discipline were given, but very little hope was held out of any important change for the better.

The verdict disappointed Felix to an extent that surprised Mr. Audley, who had better understood the hopelessness of the case. Of all the family, Felix had the most of the parental instinct for the most helpless; and while he warmly thanked his friend, he looked so mournfully at the child who clung to him, that Mr. Audley said in a voice of sympathy, 'It is a burthen, but one that will never bring the sting of sin.'

'Not a burthen,' said Felix. 'No; as my father said when he gave him to me, he is the Gift of God, the son of my right hand. May it always be able to work for you!' he murmured, as he bent his head over the little one.

'And I think the gift will bring a blessing!' said Mr. Audley.

Theodore was sent home with Sibby, thus restoring Stella to herself, for she had been greatly lost without her speechless companion; but Felix remained in London for a week of business and pleasure. Captain Audley was very good-natured and friendly, and abetted his brother in all his arrangements for shewing Felix as much of life as was possible in a week, assuring him that every new experience was a duty to the Pursuivant—a plea that Felix, with his lover-like devotion to every detail of his paper, admitted with a smile. Edgar was of almost all their expeditions, and dined with them nearly every day. That young gentleman's peculiar pleasantness had very nearly averted the remonstrances with which his brother and his guardian had come up armed. There he was, finding his work real, and not a royal road to immediate wealth, idling, lounging, and gratifying his taste for art and music; and when his employer stormed and threatened, listening with aggravating coolness, and even sweetness, merely hinting that his occupation was a mistake; and living all the time as a son of the house, with a handsome allowance, and free access to society and amusement. Thus, when Mr. Audley talked to him, he smiled with a certain resignation, and observed that he was concerned for poor old Tom, to have been unlucky enough to have drawn such a fellow as himself. Probably it was a judgement on him for not having come forward sooner, when he *might* have had Felix! And when Mr. Audley upheld Felix as an example of hearty sacrifice of taste and inclination, it was to obtain an enthusiastic response! Nobody breathed equal to dear old Fee, and it was the most ardent desire of Edgar's heart to take some of the burthen from his shoulders! When it was hinted that such an allowance as Tom Underwood gave afforded the opportunity, Edgar smiled between melancholy and scorn, saying, 'Times must have altered since your time, Mr. Audley.—No, I forgot. Expense is the rule in our line. Swells can do as they please.'

However, there things rested; Mr. Underwood treated him exactly like an idle son, storming at him sometimes, but really both fond and proud of him, and very gracious to Felix, whom he invited once to a

very dull and dazzling dinner, and once sent to the opera with his ladies.

Felix's Sunday was chiefly spent at St. Matthew's, which he was very glad to see without Tina's spectacles. He was amazed to find so much more good sense and reality than the effect on Clement had led him to expect; and Mr. Fulmort, who struck him as one of the most practical-looking men he had ever seen, spoke in high terms of Clement's steadiness and wish to do right; but added, 'I am afraid we have rather spoilt him. He came up to us so unlike the kind of boy we generally get, that we may have made rather too much of him at first.'

Felix smiled. 'Perhaps we had knocked him about, and made too little of him at home,' he said.

'Besides, *esprit de corps* in so small a place as this is apt to become so concentrated as not to be many removes from egotism. I dare say we have been a terrible bore to you.'

Felix laughed. 'We have always been very grateful to you, Sir.'

'I understand. I am glad he is going further a-field. He will be much improved by seeing other places, and having his exclusiveness and conceit shaken out of him; but we shall always regard him as the child of the house, and I only hope he may end by working among us.'

'Poor fellow! Conceit has been pretty well shaken out for the present,' said Felix.

'I hope it may last. He was rather hurt at my not making his misfortune of more importance; but it seems to have been accident, all except the priggish self-confidence that led to it.'

Felix increased much in cordiality towards Mr. Fulmort, and at the same time mounted many stages in Clement's estimation on the discovery, that however behindhand his ecclesiastical advantages might be, the Vicar was exceedingly impressed by his excellence.

A day or two after Felix's arrival, Ferdinand Travis was first encountered riding a spirited horse in the park, looking remarkably handsome, though still of the small-limbed slender make that recalled his Indian blood. His delight in the meeting was extreme, and he seemed to be as simple and good as ever. He was in deep mourning, having newly heard of his father having been killed in an American railway accident; and though his uncle seemed proud of him, and continued his liberal allowance, the loss and blank were greatly felt—all the more that he had not found it easy to make friends among his brother officers in the Life Guards. His foreign air was somehow uncongenial; he had no vivacity or cleverness, and being little inclined to some of the amusements of his contemporaries, and on his guard against others, he seemed to find his life rather dull and weary. He did not seem to have anything to love except his horses, especially the creature he was then riding, Brown Murad. He had obtained it after such competition, that he viewed the purchase as an achievement; while Felix heard the amount with an incredulous shudder, and marvelled

at Mr. Audley's not regarding it as wildly preposterous. It was a dangerous position; and though Mr. Audley certified himself, through his soldier brother, that Travis was steadiness itself—neither betted, gamed, nor ran into debt—yet while he seemed personally acquainted with all the horses that ran, and apparently entered into no literature but the racing calendar, it was impossible not to be anxious about him, even though he seemed perfectly happy to be allowed to be with his two godfathers, and followed them everywhere, from the Houses of Parliament to St. Matthew's.

This was not the last expedition Felix had to make to London that spring. After many appointments of the time, and as many delays, a telegram suddenly summoned him in the beginning of May to bring Fulbert up to London, when the business would be wound up, and Captain Audley would take his brother and the boy in his yacht to Alexandria, there to join the overland passengers.

So Fulbert's farewells were made in the utmost haste, and mixed up with Wilmet's solicitous directions for his proper use of all her preparations for his comfort on the voyage; and Lance could only be seen for the brief moments of halt at the Minsterham Station, during which neither spoke three words, but Lance hung on the step till the train was in motion, and then was snatched back, and well shaken and reprimanded, by a guard; while Fulbert leant out after him at even greater peril of his life, long after the last wave of the trencher cap had ceased to be visible.

Felix believed that this parting was more felt than that with all the other eleven; and while Fulbert subsided into his corner, the elder brother felt much oppressed by the sense that it was his duty to give some good advice, together with great perplexity what it should be, how it should be expressed, and whether it would be endured. He would have been thankful for some of Clement's propensity for preaching when he found himself *tête-à-tête* with Fulbert in a cab; but while he was still considering of the right end by which to take this difficult subject, he was startled by his beginning, 'Felix, I say, I'm glad you are going to get shut of me.'

'I believe it is for your good,' said Felix.

'You'll get on better without me,' repeated Fulbert; then with an effort, 'Look here. It isn't that I don't know you're a brick and all that, but somehow nothing riles me like your meddling with me.'

'I know it,' answered Felix. 'I wish I could have helped it; but what could be done, when there was nobody else?'

'Ay,' responded Fulbert, 'I know I have been a sulky nasty brute to you, and I should do it again; and yet I wish I hadn't.'

'I should be as bad myself if I were a junior,' was the moral reflection Felix produced for his brother's benefit. 'Only, Ful, if you try that on with Mr. Audley out there, you'll come to grief.'

'I don't mean to,' said Fulbert.

'And you'll keep in mind what my father meant us to be, Ful—that we have got to live so as to meet him again.'

Fulbert nodded his head emphatically.

'It is his name you have to keep unstained in the new country,' added Felix, the fresh thought rising to his lips; but it was met by a gush of feeling that quite astonished him.

'Ay, and yours, Felix! I do—I do want to be a help, and not a drag to you. I *really* don't think so much of any of them—not even Lance—as of you. I *hope* I shouldn't have been better to my father than I have been to you; and when—when I'm out there, I do hope to shew—that I do care.'

The boy was fighting with very hard sobs, and for all the frightful faces he made the tears were running down his cheeks. Felix's eyes were overflowing too, but with much of sudden comfort and thankfulness.

'I always knew you were a good fellow, Ful,' he said, with his hand on his brother's knee; 'and I think you'll keep so, with Mr. Audley to keep you up to things, and shew you how to be helped.'

All after this was bustle and hurry. Fulbert had to be sent alone to take leave of Alda, while his brother and Mr. Audley transacted their business. Edgar came back with him; and after some hurried rushings out in search of necessaries forgotten, the last farewells were spoken, and Fulbert, with the two Audley brothers, was out of sight; while Felix, after drawing a long deep sigh, looked at his watch, and spoke of going to see Alda.

'Don't run your head into a hornet's nest,' said Edgar; 'it's all up with me there. Come this way, and I'll tell you all about it.'

'All up with you!'

'There are limits to human endurance, and Tom and I have overpassed each other's. I don't blame him, poor man; he wanted raw material to serve as an importer of hides and tallow, but you, the genuine article, were bespoken, and my father was not in a state for the pleading of personal predilections.'

'What is it now?'

'Only a set of etchings from Atalanta in Caledon. That was the straw that broke the camel's back,' said Edgar, so coolly as to make Felix exclaim,

'How much or how little do you mean?'

'Separated on account of irreconcilable incompatibility.'

'Impossible!'

'Possible, because true.'

'Why did you not tell before Mr. Audley was gone?'

'It would have been bad taste to obtrude one's own little affairs, and leave him with vexatious intelligence to ruminate on his voyage. Nay, who knows but that he might have thought it his duty to wait to compose matters, and so a bright light might have been lost to the Antipodes.'

'You actually mean me to understand that you have broken with Tom Underwood!'

'The etchings were the text of an awful row, in which the old gentleman exposed himself more than I am willing to repeat, and called on me to choose between his hides and tallow and what he was pleased to call my tomfoolery.'

Felix groaned.

'Exactly so. You are conscious that his demand was not only tyrannical but impracticable. One can't change the conditions of one's nature.'

'Are you absolutely dismissed?'

'Nothing can be more so.'

'And what do you mean to do?' demanded Felix, stung, though to a certain degree reassured, by his tranquillity.

'Study art.'

'And live—?'

'On my own two hundred. You will advance it? I only want sixteen months of years of discretion, and then I'll pay it back with more than interest.'

'I must know more first,' said Felix. 'I must understand what terms you are on with Tom Underwood, and whether you have any reasonable or definite plans.'

'Spoken like an acting partner! Well, come to Renville, he will satisfy you as to my plans. I am to be his pupil; he teaches at the South Kensington Museum, and is respectability itself. In fact, he requires my responsible brother to be presented to him. Come along.'

'Stay, Edgar. I do not think it right by Tom Underwood to see anyone before him. I shall go to him before anything else is done.'

'Do not delude yourself with the hope of patching up matters like Audley last winter, losing me five months of time and old Tom of temper.'

'How long ago was this?'

'The crisis was yesterday. I was just packing to come home when Fulbert burst on the scene.'

Nothing could be worse news, yet Edgar's perfect self-possession greatly disarmed Felix. Never having thought his brother and the work well suited, he was the less disposed to anger, especially as the yoke of patronage was trying to his character; but he persisted in seeing Thomas Underwood before taking any steps for Edgar's future career, feeling that this was only due to the cousin to whom his father had entrusted the lad. So Edgar, with a shrug, piloted him to the Metropolitan Railway, and then to the counting-house where, in the depths of the City, Kedge and Underwood dealt for the produce of the corrals of South America.

Edgar, as he entered the office full of clerks, nodded to their bald-headed middle-aged senior in a half-patronizing manner. 'Don't be

afraid, Mr. Spooner; I'm not coming back on your hands, whatever this good brother of mine may intend. Is the Governor in?'

'Mr. Underwood is in his room, Mr. Edgar,' was the very severe answer; 'but after his most serious annoyance, I would not answer for the consequences.'

'Wouldn't you indeed?' said Edgar quietly, in a nonchalant tone that made the younger lads bend down to sniggle behind their desks, while he moved on to the staircase.

Mr. Spooner and he were visibly old foes; but the senior devoured his wrath so far as to come forward and offer a chair to Felix, repeating, however, 'Mr. Underwood is very seriously annoyed.'

Before Felix could attempt an answer, Edgar had re-descended, newspaper in hand. 'Go up, Felix,' he said, threw himself into the chair, and proceeded to read the paper; while Felix obeyed, and found the principal standing at his door, ready to meet him.

'What, Felix Underwood! Glad to see you. This intolerable affair can't have brought you up already, though?'

'No, Sir; I was telegraphed for late last night, to bring up my brother Fulbert to start with Mr. Audley.'

'O ay. Well, I hope he'll have a better bargain of him than I've had in Edgar. You've heard his impudence?'

'I am exceedingly sorry—'

Then Mr. Underwood broke out with his account of Edgar's folly and ingratitude, after all the care and expense of his education. He had taken up with a set of geniuses for friends, was always rehearsing for amateur performances with them, keeping untimely hours; and coming late to the office, to cast up accounts, or copy invoices in his sleep, make caricatures on his blotting-paper, or still worse, become 'besotted' with some design for a drawing or series of drawings, and in the frenzy of execution know no more what was said to him than a post. Finally, 'the ladies' being as mad as himself, as Mr. Underwood said, had asked him to draw for a bazaar, and in his frenzy of genius over the etchings he had entirely forgotten an important message, and then said he could not help it. On being told that if so he was not fit for his profession, he merely replied, 'Exactly so, the experiment had been unsuccessful;' and when his meekness had brought down a furious tempest of wrath, and threats of dismissal, he had responded, 'with his intolerable cool insolence,' that 'this would be best for all parties.'

'This is the offence?' anxiously asked Felix.

'Offence! What greater offence would you have?'

'Certainly nothing can be much worse as to business,' said Felix. 'But when he told me what had happened, I was afraid that he might be running into temptation.'

'Oh! as to that, there's no harm in the lad—Spooner allows that—nothing low about him.'

'And his friends?'

'How should I know? Raffs those fellows always are, sure to bring him to the dogs!'

'Did you ever hear of an artist named Renville?'

'Ay?' meditatively. 'He was the master the girls had at one time, wasn't he?'

'Then he is respectable? I ask because Edgar wants to study under him.'

'Eh! what?' demanded Mr. Underwood, in manifest astonishment. 'Is the lad gone crazy?'

'I thought you had dismissed him, Sir.'

'Well, well,' said Mr. Underwood, taken aback. 'I told him only what he deserved, and he chose to take it as final. I thought you were come to speak for him.'

'You are very kind, Sir, but I doubt whether he would resume his work here, or indeed if it would not be an abuse of your kindness to induce him.'

'Eh! what?' again exclaimed Thomas. 'You give in to his ungrateful folly! Felix Underwood, I thought you at least were reasonable!'

The imperious passionate manner, rather than the actual words, made Felix side the more with the wayward genius, and feel that having sacrificed himself for the good of the family, he might save his brother from the gloomy office and piles of ledgers and bills below-stairs. 'Sir,' he said, 'I am sorry Edgar has not been better fitted to return the timely help you have given us, but I am afraid that such unwilling work as his could never be of service to you.'

'Why on earth should it be unwilling? Better men than he have sat at a desk before now! I've no patience with young men's intolerable conceit. There have I done everything for this young fellow, and he is unwilling, *unwilling* indeed, to give his mind to the simplest business for six hours a day.'

'It is wrong,' said Felix; 'but his powers lie in such a different line.'

'Fiddling and daubing! Pah! If anything could be more incomprehensible than his not being able to cast up an account or take a message, it is your backing him up!'

'I am afraid he is too old for coercion.'

'No coercion like having not a penny in the world. Pray, how is he to live?'

'His own means will help him through his studies.'

'His own—£200! About as much as he has made ducks and drakes of in a year. Besides, he is not of age.'

'No; but I have something of my own to advance for him.'

Wherewith there began a fresh storm. Thomas Underwood was greatly mortified at the desertion of one brother, and still more at the acquiescence of the other. He would no doubt have been ready to retain the handsome engaging youth, grumbling and enduring, as a sort of expensive luxury; and in his wrath, disappointment, and sense of

ingratitude at finding that his restive protégé was not to be driven back to him, he became so abusive, that Felix could hardly keep his tongue or temper in check; but when he declared that if any support were given to Edgar's lunatic project, the whole family, except Alda, should be left to their own resources for the rest of their lives, it was with quiet determination, that the reply was made, with studied, though difficult respectfulness:—

'Sir, we are much obliged for what you have done for us, but we hope to be able to work for ourselves and for one another without becoming dependent. You cannot suppose that such a consideration would affect my opinion respecting Edgar.' (N. B.—If Mr. Underwood *had* supposed it, he felt as if it were impossible, as all his cousin Edward's high spirit glowed in that young man's eyes, and strengthened the studiously calmed voice.) 'I think,' continued Felix, 'that no one can be doing right whose work is not thorough. If Edgar cannot or will not apply himself in earnest to your business, he will be doing better by studying art with a will than in pretending to work here, and abusing your forbearance. That would be so improper towards you, and so wrong in him, that it would be simply unjustifiable in me to try to persuade you into allowing it.'

Somehow, Mr. Underwood had not at all expected such a reply; and as luckily want of breath had forced him to wait and really hear it, a sensation came over him of old times when Edward Underwood had argued with him; and it was with much less heat that he returned, with an effort at irony, 'And so you take the bread out of the mouths of the others to support my fine gentleman in his absurd nonsense?'

'No, Sir; what I advance is entirely my own.'

'Oh, ay; didn't I hear something about a legacy?'

'Yes, from Admiral Chester. A thousand pounds. It has only just been paid to me.'

'That you may throw it away on this young scamp's fancies?'

'No, Sir, I hope not. Half of it goes into the business at Bexley. We sign the deed of partnership next week. It will make a great difference to me. The rest is ready for emergencies.'

'Tomfooleries,' muttered Mr. Underwood. 'Pray, what are the plans for this making a new Michael Angelo? Am I expected to give him the run of my house? I shall do no such thing!'

'No, Sir; it would not be proper to ask it. This Renville takes pupils for the Royal Academy, and Edgar would board and lodge there; but I hope you will still be good enough to allow him to call on Alda, and not let him be entirely left to himself. He is much to blame, but it is not as if he had run into bad dissipation.'

'That's true,' said Mr. Underwood. 'A terrible disappointment that young dog has been to me, Felix Underwood; but as you put it, there's an honesty in the thing! Where is my fine gentleman?'

'Down-stairs, Sir.'

Mr. Underwood breathed through a mysterious tube, and Edgar appeared, with his usual easy grace, but with a sharp glance at Felix as if to inquire whether there were to be any attack on his newly-found liberty.

'Look here, Edgar,' was the address. 'Your brother—a much better one than you deserve—'

'Thrue for you,' muttered Edgar between his teeth.

'—Says what has some sense in it, that "nothing is so ruinous as doing things by halves," and that you ought to be ashamed of hanging about here doing nothing—'

A quick glance passed between the brothers.

'—So he is for letting you have your way; and if he chooses to support you, and you choose to rob him—for I think it nothing less than robbery —why there—I can't help it. So I put it to you for the last time: will you buckle steadily to your work here like a rational being, or cast yourself loose to live as a beggarly artist on what your brother can give you by pinching the rest?'

'Thank you, Sir; I hope the sooner to help him to feed the rest, by taking the plunge you think so desperate,' said Edgar, with more gravity than usual.

'Oh, indeed!' sneered Mr. Underwood. 'Remember, not a farthing of mine goes to such folly! I don't understand it! I thought once you'd have been as good as a son to me,' he added in a very different tone, as he looked at the fine young man in whom he yearned to take pride.

'I wish I could, Sir,' said Edgar, with real feeling. 'I wish you had hit upon any one of us but my unlucky self. You've been very good to me, but what a man can't do, he can't; and if I gave in now, it would only be the same over again. But we don't part in anger, Uncle,' he continued, with a trembling of voice.

'Anger? No, my boy. I'm only vexed at the whole thing; but I don't want to lose sight of you altogether. You'll stay with us till you've found decent lodgings, and you'll be welcome to look in on a Sunday.' Mr. Underwood spoke in a tone between asking and granting a favour.

'Thank you, Sir, with all my heart,' said Edgar.

'And you'll come to dine and sleep?' he added to Felix. 'You've not seen your sister.'

'No, thank you, Sir, I cannot to-day; I must be at home to-night.'

They shook hands cordially; but as Edgar crossed the counting-house, he paused to open his own desk and pocket some of the contents, saying lightly as he did so, 'There's promotion in store for some of you youngsters.—I congratulate you, Mr. Spooner; you're free of a burthen to your spirit.'

'Indeed, Mr. Edgar, I'm very sorry if—'

'Don't throw away your sorrow, Mr. Spooner; I was foredoomed your soul to cross, and I bear no malice to you for having been crossed. Shake hands, and wish me success as a painter.'

'I wish you success, Mr. Edgar; but it will not be met with in any profession without application and regularity.'

Edgar forbore from any reply but a low and deferential bow, such as to provoke another smothered laugh from the other young clerks, to whom Felix suspected, as he looked round, the favoured kinsman was subject of jealousy, admiration, or imitation, according to character. However, Edgar shook hands with each, with some little word of infinite gracious superiority, and on coming out exclaimed, 'Ban, ban, Caliban! You who are emancipated from a Redstone, congratulate me!'

Felix neither observed on the vast difference between the excellent confidential Spooner and the pettily jealous Redstone, nor on the extremely dissimilar mode of emancipation. He was more occupied with the momentous responsibility of having assisted to cut his brother loose from the protection to which his father had confided him. Mr. Audley's warning that he was inclined to be weak where Edgar was concerned, came before him. Yet the life of luxury and unfulfilled duties was in his eyes such a wrongful course, that he felt justified in having put an end to it; and his heart warmed with hope and exultation as he recollected how Etty's success had been owing to his brother's aid, and felt himself putting Edgar's foot on the first round of the ladder, and freeing his ascent from all that had hitherto trammelled it. Such bright visions haunted him when talking was impossible on the omnibus, outside which Edgar had exalted him—he did not well know why, till on descending at Charing Cross, he found he was to have an interview with Mr. Renville, who was copying a picture in the National Gallery, and whom he found, to his great relief, to be no wild Bohemian, but a simple painstaking business-like man who had married a German hausfrau, and lodged a few art students with unexceptionable references. Knowing Edgar already, he had measured his powers, and assured Felix that his talent was undoubted, though whether that talent amounted to genius could only be decided when the preliminary studies were accomplished; but even if it were not of the very highest order, (a supposition that rather hurt Felix's feelings,) the less aspiring walks of the profession would afford sufficient security of maintenance to justify the expense of the study. He talked with sense and coolness; and his charges, though falling severely on such funds as were at the disposal of the young pillar of the house, were, Edgar declared, and Felix could well believe, very moderate. The time was to be further decided after reference to Mrs. Renville.

'Will you not come home first?' asked Felix, as they descended the steps.

'Not in the character of the discarded! Who knows the effect it might have on old Froggy? By-the-by, I hope this advance does not make any difference to the terms of your bondage.'

'Nothing important.'

'Draw bills to any amount on the R. A. of the future!'

The light hopeful tone contrasted with Clement's grave thankfulness, and sorrow at being an expense; but Felix really preferred it, as far less embarrassing.

'Could you come down in a month's time?' he continued. 'Lance is to be confirmed at the Cathedral, and it might be an opportunity for you.'

'I cannot lose this month's work at the Academy, it is the most important in the year.'

'It might be arranged for you to come down for the day. You could see anyone you pleased here.'

'Has Tina excited you to consign me to the Whittingtonian Fathers?'

'No.' Felix had almost rested there, but presently added gravely, 'I constantly feel the impossibility of getting through this world and keeping straight without help—the help that is provided for us,' he added, lamely enough.

'Dear old Blunderbore,' said Edgar affectionately; 'what comes naturally to you, No. 1, letter A, in a flock of girls and boys, can't be the same when one has got out into this wicked world. Go on in your own groove, and leave me to my aberrations. Don't vex yourself, old fellow. A popular journalist must have got far enough to know that men don't concern themselves about these little affairs in one another.'

'Brothers do.'

'Not unless they partake of the sister. Come! You have had no sustenance since breakfast at six o'clock, have you? Come in here, and learn what soup means.'

'There's no time. The train is at five.'

'Time! You don't mean to walk?'

'I do; and get something to eat at the station.'

'I declare, Fee, your unsophistication would be refreshing if it were not a disgrace to your profession. Why are you not reporter to the Teetotal Times? No wonder if the Pursuivant has a flavour of weak tea!'

Felix smiled rather sadly, aware that this was meant to lead him away from the last subject. He perceived that the door between his favourite brother's soul and his own was closed, and that knocking would only cause it to be bolted and barred. It might be true, as Mr. Audley had told him, that Edgar's was not so much real scepticism, as talk of the day, and the regarding the doubts of deeper thinkers as a dispensation from all irksome claims; but this was poor solace, while his brother rattled on: 'My dear Blunderbore, the hasty-pudding on which you characteristically breakfast is a delusion as to economy. Renville's little Frau will keep us better and at less expense than ever Wilmet conceived. You wrap yourself in your virtue, and refuse to spend a couple of shillings, as deeming it robbery of the fry at home. You wear out at

least a shilling's worth of boot leather, pay twopence for a roll, and fourpence for a more villainous compound called coffee; come home in a state of inanition, cram down a quartern loaf and a quarter of a pound of rancid butter, washed down with weak tea; and if self-satisfaction and exhaustion combined are soporific, it is only to leave you a prey to night-mare. Then, to say nothing of poorness of blood producing paucity of ideas, it is fearful to think of the doctor's bill you are laying up!'

'Nonsense, Edgar; I am in perfect health.'

Edgar went off into a learned dissertation on the qualities of food and liquor, and the expedience of enriching the blood, and giving substance to the constitution. He was, in fact, much more robust and athletic, as well as much taller, than his brother, who looked like one who led an indoor life without cultivating his strength, but had no token of lack of health or activity. Always of small appetite, he did not care how long he fasted, and was so much used to be on his feet, that the long walk through the streets seemed to fatigue him less than Edgar, who nevertheless kept with him, as finding real pleasure in his company.

The only pauses were at the sight of an accordion in a shop window labelled at so low a price, that Felix ventured on it for Theodore; and again when Edgar insisted on stuffing his pockets with bon-bons for the babes, as antidotes, he said, to the Blunderbore diet.

'I beg to observe, it was not Blunderbore that lived on hasty-pudding. That was the Welsh giant,' said Felix.

'Ay! Blunderbore had three heads, and was buried up to the neck, completing the resemblance! Well, some day I'll give you all a hoist, old fellow, and then you'll be immortalized for having developed the President of the Royal Academy out of his slough of hides and tallow.'

Felix went home through the summer twilight, tired and heavy-hearted, to find Wilmet sitting up over a supper not much less rigorously frugal than Edgar had foretold. Telling Wilmet was perhaps the worst of it to Felix. True, she forbore to reprove or lament when she understood that the deed was actually accomplished, and saw that he was fatigued and out of spirits; but her 'Indeed! Oh! Felix!' and her involuntary gesture and attitude of dismay, went as far as a volume of reproach and evil augury. He was weary beyond vindicating himself or Edgar; but the next morning, when Wilmet and Angela had started for school, there was a sense that the cat was away, and Geraldine looking up under her long black eyelashes, whispered, 'Oh! it is so nice in you to have let him loose, dear Fee! It was such cruel waste to pin him down there!'

'It was mockery for him to pretend to work there against the grain, and live in all that ease and luxury,' said Felix, greatly appreciating her sympathy. 'That must be so clearly wrong, that the more I think it

over, the more I trust I did right in not trying to make it up again, as Mr. Audley did.'

'It was only a pity he did!' said Cherry; 'but of course it was for your sake, that you might not have him thrown back on your hands.'

'And for Edgar's own protection too,' said Felix; 'but I cannot think lazy insufficient work, and constant amusement, otherwise than so unworthy, that I am sure Mr. Audley would think it more honest and right to put an end to them, even at some risk.'

'Risk!' said the little sister, ruffling up her feathers; 'he is sure to succeed, and you know it.'

'I did not only mean risk in that sense,' said Felix gravely; 'but I hope he is safely and satisfactorily placed. Renville seems an excellent person, and more trustworthy perhaps because he only commits himself to Edgar's having capability.'

'Capability!' contemptuously repeated Cherry. 'No one but you and I really understand what Edgar can do!'

'I could have shaken the fellow for his coldness,' said Felix, smiling; 'but no doubt it was right of him, and Edgar will soon shew—'

'That he will! Only look at the beauty and freedom of this outline,' as she opened her portfolio.

'Don't beguile me, Cherry; I can't stay. I've all yesterday's work to make up.'

'Here are all the proofs, ready. Only just look at the sentence I marked for you. O Felix, how lucky Edgar has you for a brother, to save him from being blighted and crushed!'

'Is that head yours or his? Yours! I should say he was lucky to have such an unenvious sister. You would draw as well as he if you only had the teaching.'

'Oh no, don't say that! It spoils his! Though I do wish my drawing could be of some use.'

'Never mind about use. You are our pleasure,' as he saw her dissatisfied; 'besides, what would *Pur* (the household abbreviation of Pursuivant) do without the sub?'

This was much pleasanter! Cherry smiled at his kiss, and he ran down-stairs, exulting—like herself—in their artist brother's future fame.

When he returned to the sitting-room in the evening twilight, the first voice he heard, through Theodore's humming, was Wilmet's, as in mitigation—'I dare say he is well educated, and not vulgar.'

'Oh! but the sound of it!' cried Alice Knevett's voice. 'A mere tradesman!'

'Who is the unfortunate?' asked Felix, coming forward.

'O Mr. Underwood, how you do steal upon one! Yes, I'm furious! Here's my old friend Florence Spelman—the dearest girl in the world, and so pretty—gone and engaged herself to young Schneider, of Schneider and Co., on the tailor's advertisements, you know! It is one of the first

houses in London, and he's very rich and handsome and all that; but isn't it dreadful? all her friends will have to drop her! And I was so fond of her.'

'Is it trade itself, or the kind of trade, that outrages your feelings?' asked Felix, in a tone of raillery.

'Oh, a tailor is too horrible! As if all trade wasn't bad enough,' said Alice, laughing; then recollecting herself, she turned, blushing and confused, to Cherry—'At least—I mean—your brother makes one forget. He isn't in the least like *that!*'

'I never wish to forget anything he is!' said Cherry, proudly looking up to him.

'Ah! you don't know what is in my pocket!' said Felix, leaning his back against the mantel-shelf.

'Oh! what!' cried Alice and Geraldine both together; while Wilmet looked at him as if she wished to put him in mind of the presence of a stranger.

'Guess!' he said.

'Somebody has left you a fortune! Oh! delightful!' cried Alice, clasping her hands.

'Mr. Thomas Underwood will take Edgar's art study on himself,' exclaimed the more moderate Geraldine.

'You burn, Cherry. It comes from that quarter. Here's a letter by the evening's post, to offer me, if I have not closed with Mr. Froggatt, to invest in Kedge and Underwood's concern, and begin with £300 a year as clerk.'

'It can't be possible,' said Wilmet, the only one to speak, as the other two girls looked rather blank.

'Just so far that the deed of partnership here is not signed.'

'What is the business?' asked Alice.

'He is a South American merchant, and deals with Rio for hides and tallow, if you prefer that to books and stationery,' said Felix, in a would-be light tone.

'Oh! but a South American merchant! That sounds quite delightful!' cried Alice. 'And you'll have to live in dear dear London! How I envy you!'

'That must be the effect you had upon him, Felix!' said Cherry proudly.

'Well, I thought I had been a specimen of the obstinate,' observed Felix. 'Here is his letter.'

He gave it as of right to Wilmet; but other eyes remarked the address to F. C. Underwood, Esquire, an unusual thing, since, as Mr. Froggatt had never aspired to the squirehood, Felix made all his brothers and sisters write only the Mister, and thus entirely deprived himself of the pleasure of Alda's correspondence.

'Where will you live? Oh! you'll let me come and stay with you sometimes?' cried Alice.

Felix smiled as he answered, 'I'm afraid our house is not built yet.'

'Miss Pearson's maid for Miss Alice,' said Martha at the door.

'Oh dear, how tiresome! but you'll tell me all about it to-morrow. How horrid it will be here when you are all gone!'

'We are not gone yet,' said Wilmet repressively. 'And if you please, Alice, do not talk of this.'

'No,' said Felix, 'it must be entirely a family matter. I know we can trust to you.'

'Thank you! I'm so glad I was there! It is so nice to have a secret of yours—and this is a beauty! Why, you'll be a great man with a house in London, just like Mr. Underwood of Centry.'

'Pleasing ambition!' Cherry could not help muttering, with an ironical smile, as Alice laughed and nodded herself away.

'Ready sympathy is a pleasant thing,' returned Felix.

'You don't mean that you think this feasible?' said Wilmet, with a negative inflection in her voice.

'I think it ought to be considered before it is absolutely too late.'

Both were surprised, having always thought that he considered his destiny as fixed; and as Geraldine looked on while the other two discussed pounds, shillings, and pence, it was plain to her that he had an inclination to the change. The probability of rising, the benefit of lodging Edgar, the nearness to Alda, the probable openings for the younger lads, were advantages; but against these Wilmet set the heavy London house-rent, rates and taxes—from which they were free—the expense of living, the loss of her present situation, the dangers of deterioration of health. As to Edgar, his habits must be formed, he was already in a respectable family, and Lance and Bernard ought not to be risked for his sake. In fact, Wilmet looked on London with a sage country girl's prudent horror of the great and wicked capital; and when that experienced man of the world, Felix, tried to prove that she did it injustice, he was met with a volley of alarming anecdotes. He hinted that ladies' schools might need teachers there, but was met by the difficulty of forming a new connexion; and when he suggested that Cherry's talent might be cultivated, Wilmet hotly exclaimed, 'She could never go about to classes and schools of art!'

'Not alone, certainly,' said Cherry wistfully.

'Edgar is as good as nobody, and I should be of no use in places like that,' added Wilmet.

'I'm afraid you don't look very chaperonish,' said Felix, contemplating the fair exquisitely moulded face, the more Grecian for the youthful severity that curved the lip and fixed the eye. 'If we could only turn her inside out, Cherry, she would be a dozen duennas in one!'

'And then the Pursuivant. You would not like to desert poor Pur,' added Cherry.

'I could do that better in Town in some ways.'

'Mr. Underwood would think that as bad as Edgar's drawing,' said

Wilmet. 'No, no, Felix, you have learnt one business thoroughly, and it would be foolish to begin a fresh one now. Besides, how about Mr. Froggatt?'

'Of course I should do nothing in such haste as to inconvenience Mr. Froggatt,' said Felix; 'and no one is more anxious for our real benefit, if this were possible.'

'But you see it won't do,' reiterated Wilmet.

'Perhaps not,' he answered, with more of a sigh than his sisters expected.

Rather nettled, Wilmet set to work with pencil and paper to calculate expenses; Geraldine looked up at Felix, who had taken up a book, and begun to whistle, 'For a' that, an' a' that.'

Presently Wilmet, by way of making assurance sure, went off for her account-book; when he looked up and said, 'How should you have liked this, Cherry?'

'I don't know. I've not thought. Did you?'

'I hadn't time before our Pallas Athene settled it; and I believe she is right, if she would not lay it in quite so hard. It only seemed a pity to lose our last chance of a lift in life without at least considering it.'

'I thought you did not care about lifts in life.'

'I ought not. But when it is brought home that we have slipped down two degrees in the social scale, it is tempting to step up one again! However, it plainly cannot be.'

Yet when Wilmet mustered her irrefragable figures to prove how much poorer they would be in London than on their present income at Bexley, he would not go into details, saying that he wanted to hear no more about it, in a tone that a little hurt her. He was so uniformly gentle and gracious, that what would have passed unnoticed in most brothers, was noticed anxiously in him; and as Wilmet darned his shirt sleeve, a glistening came between her eyes and her needle, as she felt the requital of her prudence rather hard. Must all men pant to be out in the world, and be angry with women for withholding them?

Nor was Geraldine devoid of the old prick, when she thought of the degrees in the social scale in connection with the words about tradesmen and merchants.

Wilmet was not quite happy without knowing that the letter of refusal was written, and was more vexed than she liked to shew when Felix laughed at her for supposing he could have made time to write it on a busy Saturday, even if there had been any London post to send it by. Poor Alice Knevett got a considerable snubbing for bursting in to ask the decision, and lamenting over it when she had heard it; but she stood her ground with a certain pertinacity of her own: and so late in the evening, that Wilmet had gone up to put Stella to bed, Felix came up with the letter in his hand. It was so carefully expressed, that Cherry could not help saying saucily that it was worthy of the editor of the Pursuivant; while Alice, much impressed by the long words, enthusiasti-

cally broke out, 'It is a most beautiful letter, only it ought to have said just the other thing!'

'Why, what would you have done without Cherry?' said Felix.

'I'd have come to stay with her! And it is such a pity! A merchant is a gentleman, and I am sure you could get to be anything—a member of parliament, or a baronet, or—' as if her imagination could not go farther; but she looked up at him with a dew of eagerness glistening in her bright hazel eyes. 'I was telling Cherry it does seem such a dreadful horrible pity that you should be nailed down in this little hole of a place for life.'

Felix smiled—a man's superior, gratified, but half melancholy smile—as he answered, 'At any rate, you won't lose the pleasures of imagination or of pity.'

'But I want to see you have the spirit to try,' cried Alice eagerly. 'I know you could.'

'It would not be right,' said Felix, sitting down by her, and in full earnest gentleness and gravity setting before her the reasons that Cherry had hardly thought it worth while really to explain—namely, the impossibility of their being able to pay their way and meet the needful expenses, and the evils of the young inexperienced household residing in London, resigning security for dependence.

Alice, flattered by being treated as a sensible person, said, 'Yes,' and 'I see,' at all the proper places; then drew a sigh, saying, 'It is very good in you.'

'I knew you would see it in the right light,' replied Felix.

'Oh!' but the sigh recurred. 'I can't help being sorry, you know.'

'There is nothing to be sorry for,' he said gratefully. 'I was disappointed at first myself; but for sheer usefulness to one's neighbour, I believe that this present position, if I have sense to make use of it rightly, is as good as any; and the mere desire of station and promotion is—when one comes to look at it properly—a thing to be mortified.'

She opened her eyes in amazement, and made a little exclamation.

'They may be well when they come,' said Felix in answer; 'but I have thought it over well to-night, and I see that to do anything doubtfully right for their sake would be falling down to worship—you know whom, for the sake of the kingdoms of the world.'

Alice hung her head, overcome by the pure air of the region where he was lifting her; and in a sort of shyness at the serious tone in which he had spoken, he added, smiling,

'Then you'll forgive the "sound of it."'

'O Mr. Underwood,' she said, in the simplest and most earnest voice that Cherry had ever heard from her, 'I'm ashamed to recollect that nonsense!'

(To be continued.)

DOMINIE FREYLINGHAUSEN.

BY FLORENCE WILFORD.

CHAPTER I.

PACING up and down a little grass-plot at the back of a quaint house in Albany, (U. S.) one afternoon more than a hundred years ago, was a young girl, whose real age was barely sixteen years, but whose fair, large, well-developed beauty gave her the appearance of being at least twelve months older. She was a native of the state of New York; but, belonging to a Dutch colony which adhered faithfully to the traditions it had brought with it from Holland, her dress was that of a Dutchwoman of the period; and the plain stuff bodice and kirtle, striped petticoat, and black ribbon passed through the flaxen hair, seemed almost too prim and sombre apparel to harmonize with the rich character of her loveliness. She had a book in her hand, and was learning something by heart—studying it with childish intentness, and now and then repeating the words aloud, as if hoping so to impress them more distinctly on her memory.

Presently she sat down in a stiff green arbour, which was placed with its back to the house, looking over a strip of very unpicturesque vegetable beds towards the broad waters of the Hudson, which swept along at the end of the garden; and then for a moment her hold on the book relaxed, and her mind wandered off into reverie.

'Your lessons grow harder and harder, Dominie!' she said mentally; 'and my time for learning seems to grow less and less. Mother will be wanting me for the cake-making soon, but I *must* get this perfect first. It will never do to miss another class day, nor to go to the class with my lesson half learnt. How angry you were with Anna Gronow, when she had not that table of references perfect!'

She leant her head back against the green wall of the arbour, and her lips unclosed in a smile—such a happy smile! assuredly not because Anna Gronow had been scolded, but because on the same occasion somebody else had been praised, or rather tacitly approved of, after the fashion of the stern reserved Dominie, from whom actual words of praise came but rarely.

It was a great surprise, when her eyes came down from their happy musings, to see standing before her the very person whom she had been so lately apostrophizing. He had come across the grass at the back of the arbour, unseen therefore by her, and now appeared suddenly at the entrance, its arched opening framing him round as in a picture, but scarcely leaving sufficient margin at the top to give full effect to the striking, almost colossal figure, so full of dignity and grandeur that it seemed to need the worthier setting of some lofty Gothic doorway.

He was of middle age, with regular features, a powerful brow, and a face altogether far more noble and intellectual than the ordinary Dutch type; his expression was very fine—sternly thoughtful, yet tempered by benevolence, and with a certain visionary outlook in the eyes which often made his simple congregation wonder of what their pastor could be thinking. It was not a calm face, however—only one that struggled after calmness; and though he spoke slowly and distinctly, with deliberation and decision, it was not a calm voice either, but one subdued by a strong will into this mechanical composure. Self-mastery seemed his prevailing characteristic; he looked like one who was always doing battle with himself and always conquering, and who would have small mercy on those who were either too indolent to attempt such an encounter, or too weak to come off victorious.

'What, giving way to idleness, child?' he said; 'with your book in your lap, and your mouth open, and your eyes I know not where. I shall not have a perfect lesson to-day, I see.'

At the sound of his voice she started up, curtseying in confusion. 'Indeed, I believe I know it fairly well, Sir,' she said, blushing; 'but I did not expect it to be heard till next class-day.'

'No? I thought, as I was coming here to speak with your mother, I would hear this, and set you another lesson for next time—the same that your companions have; but I fear you have little zeal for learning.'

Her blue eyes ranged along the garden beds as if seeking an excuse, and then came timidly back to his face. 'I have so much to do, Dominie,' she said.

'So much, that in the golden hours of the morning you can sit idle here, with your thoughts all astray,' he replied sarcastically.

Ah! if he had but seen her diligence as she walked to and fro, conning her lesson!' thought she; but she only said, 'Will you sit down, Dominie, and let me try to say it?'

He sat down, and took the book—a sort of lengthy catechism, with illustrative quotations from standard Dutch divines; and she stood in front of him, repeating her task in a cadence too monotonous and measured for the mind to have had full share in the performance, but still with almost perfect accuracy as far as the words went.

As she stood there, just outside the arbour, in the full light of day, so exceeding fair, so unconscious of her fairness, the Dominie must have been blind indeed if he had not noted into what a beautiful woman this child of his teaching was ripening. He did note it, but with a certain regret, springing from a source of which she knew nothing.

'Fairly well learnt,' he remarked, when she had finished; 'but I wish you had given your mind more to the repetition. What have you been thinking of all this time?'

She played with her apron-string, and made no answer.

'Tell me,' he added authoritatively.

For a moment she averted her face shyly, but a reaction of courage

followed; with a smile that was quite brilliant in the bravery of its innocence, her blue eyes glanced up at him with the honest answer, 'I was wondering if you would be pleased with me, and would see that I need not be chidden for idleness.'

'Child, you live too much for praise,' he said, with rather melancholy gravity.

'But it is just what I do not get, Dominie,' she answered quaintly and demurely.

He smiled in spite of himself for an instant, but rejoined very gravely, 'Better if you do not; what can man's praise do for us, but lift us up and feed our self-conceit? He who toils for *man's* 'well done,' will never attain to *God's*.' His voice dropped low in the last sentence, as if he were speaking to himself almost more than to her; and for a few seconds he seemed lost in thought. Then he roused himself, and said drily, 'You will do well to get by heart the contents of the next two pages—see, from here to here,'—indicating the place with his finger.

She came to his side, and stooped down to look at the book, her fresh peach-like cheek quite close to him, the sun glinting on her long dark eyelashes and making them as radiant as her hair. It was as if a bright sun-ray had come between him and the printed lines: he was dazzled just for a moment; then he remembered that this beautiful creature was no pagan goddess to inspire a mistaken worship, she was just 'one of the flock,' one of his own young people, to be instructed, warned, comforted, or lectured, just as seemed to him best.

'Assuredly she is very beautiful!' he said to himself; 'but better for her, perhaps, if she were not.'

'My child,' he said aloud, 'you have heard, no doubt, that the orderly peacefulness of our town is to be broken to-day by the arrival of an English regiment. It need, I trust, make no material difference in our quiet lives; but there will be the more need that we should all walk steadily in the good ways which strangers in their folly are apt to sneer at, and that the maidens of the flock in particular should keep the veil of a perfect modesty and discretion around themselves and their comings and goings, so as to give no sort of occasion for them to be lightly spoken of.'

'The soldiers will make the town look gay,' she said musingly, with innocent lack of comprehension of the Dominie's exordium.

'A small benefit that!' he rejoined scornfully. 'I trust I shall not see our lads and lasses gaping after them, as I have seen in other places before now. You, in particular, Franzje—since I must speak plainly, it seems—I would wish you not to go abroad for the future, save under your father's or mother's sheltering wing; it will not be fitting for you to walk the streets alone.'

'I may go to Cornelia's, may I not?' she asked, her eyes dilating with the utmost wonder and dismay.

'Not unless accompanied by one of your parents, or at any rate by one of your brothers—the elder ones, Evert or Jan.'

'Then I shall scarcely ever go at all,' she said sorrowfully; 'for my father and mother have too much to do to go visiting often, and in this fine weather the boys are off to the woods all day long.'

'I cannot help it; the adjutant of this regiment is to be billeted on the Bankers, and it will not be well for you to go in and out there, as you have done hitherto.'

'Cornelia will think I do not care for her; she is always vexed if I stay away a single day,' she said in a low voice.

'Cornelia will find consolations,' he replied, with rather sarcastic emphasis; then, more gently, he added, 'I have good reasons for giving you this prohibition; you must trust me, Franzje.'

'Oh, I do!' she said readily, with such dutiful reliance as was particularly welcome to him at that moment; and though the sweet serenity of her face was still a little troubled, she made no further objection, but followed him into the house—for he had risen to go while she was speaking—without another word.

He had not particularly desired her attendance, for he had wished to say a few private words to her mother, a hard-featured yet not uncomely dame, whom they found in the handsome wainscoted parlour, turning out the contents of an oaken press which stood at one corner of the fire-place. There was no need, however, of scheming to secure a *tête-à-tête;* neither the Dutch pastor nor the estimable matron had the least idea of treating the beautiful young lady whom they both addressed as 'Child,' with any degree of ceremony.

'I was wishing to say a few words to you, Madame Ryckman,' began the pastor at once.

'To be sure, Dominie.—Dear child, go up to your room, and put your drawers to rights. I have been looking at them, and they are not quite in such fair order as should be.'

Franzje, thus dismissed, went straight to her room as bidden, and without pausing to take that look in the glass which is supposed to be the primary business of every pretty girl on entering her bed-chamber, advanced to the tall chest-of-drawers which stood between the windows, and addressed herself to the task of re-arranging its contents.

It was rather a gravely pleasant place—this room of hers—scrupulously clean, primly in order, with the chairs in rows against the wall, and the carved wood-work of the old four-poster shining with extremest polish, and the Dutch-tiled fire-place, on which was represented the story of Tobit, as white and bright as could be, and the carpetless floor looking redolent of bees' wax and frequent rubbings.

There was nothing straggling or out of place, but a rich spray of some creeping plant, which had made bold to look in at the open window, and even to stretch itself across the sill with a sort of defiant grace; and there was nothing to suggest the idea that the occupant of

the room was young and light-hearted, till Franzje pulled open a drawer in which was a motley collection of coloured breast-knots, embroidered aprons, quaint high combs, queer-shaped pincushions, half-finished socks, and scraps of ribbon—all the little belongings which girls love to accumulate, and which are apt to get into dire confusion from a few vigorous routings of the young fingers when in eager search of some lost article.

There was a certain 'order in disorder' observable even here, however; there was nothing sordid or slovenly in the possessions thus exposed to view—nothing which was out of harmony with the fresh bright wholesome look of the owner. The Ryckmans were thriving people, and Franzje was one of the best-dressed, neatest, most refined, of the maidens of the little colony, and was thought to have the best dowry. She had a number of brothers, certainly—one older, five younger; but Baas* Ryckman, as his dependants called him, had made a good deal of money in his earlier days by trading with the Indians, and had also inherited some property from his father, one of the original band of colonists who had settled in Albany in the previous century; so that he would be able to put his sons out into the world, and yet to portion his daughter comfortably too. Her mother was already beginning to get together a store of household linen for her; and it was considered quite a settled thing that she should marry in a few years time, though at present she was a child, whose duty was to think of home tasks, and not of suitors. The education she had received had been rather of a desultory description, but compared with most of her companions of her own sex she was a marvel of intellectual prowess; for few of them could do more than just read and write, or had a notion of any language except Dutch and English, both of which they learned almost insensibly as soon as they could speak. Franzje had had the advantage of stray lessons from the two most accomplished people in Albany, namely, the Dominie—who was not a native of America, but had come from Holland, and from a brilliant university career, to take the charge of this expatriated flock—and Madame Schuyler, a clever cultivated elderly woman, the wife of a Colonel Schuyler who lived at the 'Flats,' a country place a mile or two from the town; and with their help she had acquired some knowledge of history and geography and French, and some acquaintance with general literature. In theology she was perhaps better versed than most girls of her age in our own day; but it must be confessed that it was more for the sake of pleasing the Dominie than from any innate preference for the study, that she plodded so diligently through the laborious commentaries of Dutch divines with which he abundantly supplied her, and took such pains in preparing for the weekly catechisings, which she still was considered young enough to attend. Not that she was an irreligious girl—far from it; but the hard dogmatic teaching which

* A Dutch term signifying master.

she received from books, side by side with the tender practical teaching of simple home life, seemed to her something inseparably distinct: it was like the difference between a science and a handicraft; and she had not yet learnt to see that the latter might be founded on the former, that 'theology' was in any way to help her in loving God, and being dutiful to her parents, and patient with her younger brothers, and reverential towards the Dominie. Had she been set to learn the Scriptures themselves by heart, she could have seen the use of it, and would have enjoyed the task—indeed, she had learnt to know them well without any constraint; but anything so delightfully simple as that was not to be hoped for. 'The harder the better' seemed to be the Dominie's theory; and was this altogether original on his part? Does it not seem to have been rather the object of teachers of the last century generally to make knowledge—sacred knowledge especially—as dry and repulsive as possible? And are not we of the present day going somewhat, perhaps, into the opposite extreme—so bent upon making everything easy and pleasant, that even sacred mysteries must be 'popularized' and explained, their deep meaning shallowed to the comprehension of the multitude?

Baas Ryckman was one of the elders of the Dutch church, and being a thoroughly good man, and somewhat better educated than most of his colleagues, had been singled out for special friendship by the pastor, who was on more intimate terms with him and his family than with almost any other people in the place except the Schuylers. Franzje and Evert Ryckman, an orphan lad by name Killian Barentse, and two or three young Schuylers and Cuylers, nephews and nieces of the worthy owners of the Flats, were supposed to be the Dominie's special favourites among the younger members of his congregation; and though he would totally have disclaimed the charge of favouritism, it was certainly on them that he had placed his brightest hopes, and to them that he looked to give a tone to the others.

Perhaps the privilege—like most privileges—was not quite without its drawbacks: Franzje, as she sorted her laces and ribbons, wondered to herself whether the Dominie had cut short all the other girls' independent promenades in the same way as hers; and having a shrewd suspicion that he had not, could not quite bring herself to be grateful for his special care of her. It was all right, of course; 'the Dominie had said it,' and so it must be; but it was something new and inexplicable to the simple-minded unconscious girl, and she was just a little inclined to be dolorous over it.

'Franzje!' called a boy's voice from the stairs, 'the soldiers are coming! I saw them in the far distance as I stood on the roof just now, and I can hear the band. Look out of your window.'

The dismal train of her thoughts was interrupted; she ran to the window, and, leaning forward, could just catch the distant strains of military music. Gradually it drew nearer and nearer, and became

mingled with the steady tramp of advancing feet; and as the regiment came in sight, other heads began to appear at other windows; but still the one charming flaxen head, the one rich radiant face all aglow with this new excitement, that peeped out from the bower of twining creepers, was the loveliest of any, the most attractive sight for the soldiers marching in—at least for those of them that had any taste.

Most of the officers were on foot, like the men; but the colonel and the adjutant were mounted, and of course had a better view in consequence, though the curvetting of their impatient steeds somewhat hindered their attention. As they passed the Ryckmans' house, the adjutant—a young and handsome man—looked up; and evidently something that he saw there fascinated him, for he checked his horse a little, and his dark face wore its most gallant smile.

At this moment the Dominie, who had finished his conversation, issued from the doorway, and seeing the direction of the officer's gaze, he too looked up, turning round to do so. Instantly Franzje drew in her head, her fair open countenance—in which there had been no trace of self-consciousness before, only eager childish delight and curiosity—growing crimson all at once with a burning painful blush; for was not this the 'gaping after the soldiers' which the Dominie had so sternly deprecated?

Yet in that brief moment, the picture that the two men saw had stamped itself in their memory; the picture that *she* saw, in hers. Often, very often afterwards, as she stood musing at that window, would she seem to see again the slight, graceful, and yet haughty figure of the officer on horseback—the vivid scarlet and gold of his uniform, the handsome, brilliant, aristocratic face under the jaunty little cocked hat; and then from the porch below there would seem to issue, hat in hand, the tall, massive, gloomy form of the pastor; and she would see the sunlight falling on his gray uncovered head, and feel once more the grave reproach in his deep thoughtful eyes, which had driven her into the shadow of her room, away from the soldiers and the music and the bright outside world—from all which had so pleasantly absorbed her but a minute before.

She could not forget the young English officer—his proud graceful bearing, his smiling glance at her; and yet she had rather a grudge against him, and all his men, for having been the unconscious means of depriving her of her independence, and more especially of her constant visits to her friend Cornelia.

'It's very tiresome of them to come here,' she said to herself, thinking of the soldiers, before she went to sleep that night; 'but they didn't look as if they would be rude, and it seems hard that I may not go to Madame Banker's because of them. I think it was rather crabbed of the Dominie—' Then she stopped herself. 'Oh! what am I saying? If I were good I should never even *think* disrespect. He knows best, he told me to trust him; so I ought, so I will!'

Her sweet lips parted in—oh such a smile! the little rosy mouth fixed, as it were, for a moment in a dimpled trance, the tender filial light growing and growing in the large starry eyes. Certainly, if Dominie Freylinghausen were the autocrat of the little community, this was one of the most confiding and most loyal of his subjects.

(To be continued.)

ENGLISH LINKS OF FOREIGN FORGING;

OR,

'THE LADY WITH THE LONG NOSE.'

(A TALE OF CONTINENTAL TRAVEL.)

BY A. F. FRERE,

AUTHOR OF 'WONDER-CASTLE;' 'THE THREE SONS-IN-LAW,' ETC.

'DID you hear what those new girls were saying at the table d'hôte, Mabel, about their coming over the Gemmi?'

'What, those very hairy young ladies, with a lavish display of ribbons, do you mean? No; was it anything curious?'

'Very curious it sounded, but I could only catch half. Those Americans opposite made such a fearful noise; and then the rattle of the Kellnerinnen's stout shoes on the boards!'

'Yes, I suppose practice does something in travelling, for *I* can't hear a quarter of the odd things you pick up, Ida. Well, but about these new comers. They are not very attractive-looking, I should say.'

'No, I'm disappointed in them. Hugh and I happened to be near when they were having coffee in the garden yesterday, all jaded and dishevelled from the mountain. One hoped great things from combs and brushes; and I thought the frizzly one had such nice eyes, and the shaggy one looked decidedly clever. One sees now that they belong to what Hugh calls 'the South African species of the genus Englishwoman;' but they are very well for table d'hôte acquaintance.'

'Only,' said Mabel, 'Mrs. Fulham does not quite like *any* table d'hôte acquaintance.'

'A fine shield for your shyness, Miss West,' returned Ida, with an arch glance at her friend's face. 'However, you are under her wing, and must of course be ruled by her ideas. Hugh, who is my Mentor, (and a tolerably strict one sometimes, I assure you,) has not at all that notion. He is fastidious enough about liking people; but that true British aversion to strangers *as* strangers is not in him. For my part, I can't help taking to people if they seem the least pleasant, unless they are outrageously smart, or wonderful walkers, or *very* great talkers,'

ended Ida, with a kind of comic deprecating emphasis on the *very*, as if to obviate the possibility of too close personal application.

'But,' observed her companion, also looking rather comical, 'we don't get to the Gemmi adventure.'

'Ah! well, this is all I heard. The shaggy one, when her sister was rather quizzing her for wanting the guide constantly at her elbow, while *she* took all the sharp turns above the precipices without wincing, retorted, 'It's very well to boast, but you know you couldn't do what the lady with the long nose did!' and then came some story I could not catch, but it seemed to be that this remarkable female, (something very strong-minded and hideous, I suppose,) not only walked all alone *down* the further side of the pass—a most giddy affair, I assure you, quite another thing from *mounting* it—but was leading a kind of idiotic man behind her!'

Mabel shuddered. 'Did they get down safe?'

'So it appears; for the German gentleman in spectacles, who sat next the frizzly damsel, seems to have met the same curious couple near Lenkerbad, at the foot of the steep part, when he crossed it, a few hours later; and *he* thought the feat truly wonderful, such as only an *Ingleesh latie* could perform!'

'Was she English, then?'

'I can't tell; I want to make out all about it. If you would change places at tea, and let me sit next the frizzly girl, I could get the whole story; and perhaps they will be gone to-morrow—the shaggy one said something to the papa about getting rooms at Berne.'

'With all my heart, if Mrs. Fulham does not mind. But what makes you guess they are father and daughters?'

'I don't know,' said Ida laughingly; 'one can't help guessing at relationships, and making the people one meets into families.'

'*Our* party then must puzzle them dreadfully!'

'Not a bit,' exclaimed Ida, with a sudden rush of ideas. 'On the contrary, nothing can be plainer. You and I are sisters, Hugh is brother to us both, Colonel Marston is Mrs. Fulham's son, and you are his wife.'

'My dear child!' cried Mabel, bursting into a laugh.

'And the mother of Edwin and Eva.'

'Why not take that honour to yourself, then?'

'It wouldn't do,' said Ida, shaking her head. 'I don't look dignified enough. No, you must be the married sister, which accounts for your dragging those lovely silks daily about the rocks, while I, poor little Cinderella, go meekly in ash-coloured alpaca. Besides, that ring on your left hand looks wonderfully as if it *might* cover something else, you know.'

The allusion caused Mabel's colour to deepen a little, but without displeasure; for Ida, with all her lively chatter, had delicacy and womanly tact, and knew her ground well. So both young ladies joined in a merry laugh at the absurdity of the supposition, till Ida suddenly exclaimed,

'What a shame to be talking all this foolish gossip, when those lovely snow-peaks are putting on all their sunset glory!'

'Yes, indeed; let us go on where the trees will not interfere;' and they moved into full sight of that triad of wondrous beauty, the Jungfrau, Möneh, and Eiger, rising above the wooded banks of the Lake of Thun, and now reflecting the gorgeous flame-colour and crimson of the western sky. The girls watched the pageant with exclamations of delight at each deepening and changing tint, till the fading splendour was succeeded by that strange, livid, death-like hue, so well known in Alpine scenery, and the gazers were hushed into silent awe.

'It makes me think,' said Mabel in a low tone, as they walked towards the house, 'of that verse, "The glory of this world passeth away."'

'Yes; and yet one never feels *how* great it is, so much as here. I do think everybody must be the better for seeing snow mountains! Hugh says they send him back to his desk with three times the heart he had before.'

A bell had announced tea, and the two young ladies hastened into the long salle-à-manger, where cups and glasses, knives, forks, and spoons, tea-pots, and tall bottles, promised one of those substantial and composite meals, which adapt themselves to the hungry or the thirsty, the masculine or the feminine taste; an active staff of neat waitresses ministering with equal alacrity to the varied wants of the company.

But before I proceed with my story, it will be only fair to give the reader a true introduction to the party *travestied* above. Suppose we borrow a fashion of the old novelists, and catalogue them as follows:—

Mrs. Fulham, a widow lady of about sixty: travelling for health, but not a regular invalid. A kindly sensible English gentlewoman, a little averse to new ways and new ideas.

Colonel Marston, her son-in-law and escort: a meritorious, rather dry Indian officer; with his two elder children, *Edwin* and *Eva*, aged eight and six. (Mrs. Marston remains in England with the younger ones.)

Miss West, a young lady of some fortune, a friend of the Fulham family: graceful, gentle, rather shy; has never been abroad before.

Mr. and Miss Neville, brother and sister, only semi-attached to the Fulham party: old travellers, though young people; brisk, lively, very much devoted to each other. Hugh has been a settler in Australia, and came home a few years back to take a post in a good family banking-house in London.

Tofts, familiarly Toffy, maid to Mrs. Fulham, and general manager for the party; a middle-aged, sturdy, practical woman, with more native wit than foreign words: and *Thomas*, a stout steady English butler.

The scene, at the present moment, is the Pension Itten at Thun, on the lake of that name; an excellent specimen of its class, with comforts far above the average, a beautiful situation on the outskirts of the little town, and the active supervision and delicate personal attentions of its

handsome Swiss mistress and her husband—the latter a retired major in our Indian army.

Ida had secured the desired seat opposite the 'frizzly' young lady, and lost little time on her tea and cold ham, watching till the clatter of cups and spoons should sufficiently have subsided, to ask for the whole of the Gemmi story. There were few additional details, however, to be obtained. Nobody had an idea who the courageous lady could be; only one of the guides had picked up from a peasant on the top of the pass, that her strange-looking companion had been left straggling behind his comrades, a troop of Swiss workmen; and, unused to mountain descents, this poor man, a foreigner, had fallen into such a state of panic and horror, that he could not move a step further. Then the lady, who was walking alone, it appeared, spoke to him in his own language, which seemed to encourage him wonderfully; and taking his hand, they set off together. The peasant, who had offered his services, had been rejected, watching them for a long way down, till the zig-zags finally hid them from sight.

The story was freely canvassed at table. There were no great Alpine climbers present, so the element of detraction was left out; some thought, however, that the lady was unfeminine—some, that her undertaking was over-rash.

'She did it for a good purpose,' exclaimed Ida warmly.

'But, my dear,' suggested Mrs. Fulham, 'when there was the peasant who offered to do it.'

'For a large consideration, I should suspect,' said Colonel Marston; in support of which view the hairy damsels began volubly narrating their own experience in bargaining with the same individual for a drink of goat's milk and kirschwasser.

Hugh Neville, who had been absent from the early dinner on an excursion, and had been too arduously making up his lee-way in eating for previous speech, now rested his knife and fork for a moment, looked up with his bright brown eyes from under a pair of bristling eyebrows, and said, 'It's just a question of head and feet. If you've got good ones, the risk is infinitesimal. But I think the lady was a brick. What is she like? Young or old?'

The ribboned sisters looked at each other. 'I don't know,' said one. 'She was dressed in black, and had a very long nose.'

'What!' exclaimed the horrified Hugh, suspending a cutlet on his fork.

'It was not so *very* long, Annie,' corrected the other sister.

'Well! it must have been tolerably remarkable, for one could not help observing it,' replied Annie; 'and we only saw her for about three minutes, you know. Now, Emma, don't go and spoil the story.'

'Goodness! I'm not going to, if you care. It shall be an ell long, and make up a first rate "incident of travel."'

Edwin and Eva, who had lately come in for their cup of bread and milk before going to bed, stood open-mouthed at the above description.

'A lady with a long nose!' exclaimed the little girl confidentially to Mabel, who was her great friend. 'That's just like the fairy-tale you told us, of the princess who ate that pear.'

'No, it was a fig,' said Edwin; 'and when she awoke, her nose had grown down into her lap. Is this lady's really like that?'

'Not *quite*, I hope,' said Mabel.

'At all events, "handsome is that handsome does,"' observed the grandmother. 'Poor lady! I don't like to hear her canvassed in this way at a public table. I hope she is *not* an Englishwoman!'

Ida, to whom this was said, (for Mrs. Fulham's conversation at public tables was always strictly private,) could not repress a little smile, though she kept all her sentiments discreetly to herself, until, the general party breaking up, she could creep round for a cosy chat with her brother, who, having despatched his heavy viands, was now discussing what he called 'frivolities.' After a while, Hugh lit his cigar, and the two strolled up and down the moonlit garden, while sounds of pleasant music came through the open windows of the salon, and the occasional ring of voices, and the glimmer of light dresses among the trees, betrayed the presence of other saunterers. Mrs. Fulham always retired early to her room; and Mabel West, too timid to remain with her book in the salon, had done the same, when Ida, with a gentle warning tap, poked in her head at the embowered ground-floor window of her friend's chamber, and coaxed her to come out also. 'It is so warm and delicious; and there is Hugh to protect us, you know, from the dangers of the darkness.'

'That moon challenges your statement,' said Mr. Neville, laughing. 'I can't assume any great virtue in my services. But you should see the Blünelis Alp, Miss West; she looks quite an empress among the mountains to-night, with all her snowy robes draped round her. This little thing (indicating Ida) will do nothing but chatter about climbings and adventures, and ladies with remarkable profiles. I want a rational companion.'

'Stuff!' cried his sister, 'as if *you* hadn't been telling me ever so long a history of your own wanderings up the Simmenthal, with a familiar sketch of its geological or sugar-loaf formation, and a most aggravating eulogium on the lovely flowers which you gathered for me, and then lost out of the crown of your hat!'

Mabel was fairly out now; and the three walked, and chatted, and contemplated, sometimes in gay, sometimes in graver strain, till Hugh became conscious that he had got up at four that morning, and Ida that she had certain frills and buttons to sew on overnight, for to-morrow's respectability.

'If Tofts has not stolen a march upon you,' suggested Mabel. 'She has quite come to look upon you and your brother as part of her property and its responsibilities.'

'I'm afraid she is rather ashamed of our turn-out,' said Ida; who, however, always presented a neat appearance on what she called an

allowance of two gowns and a half, while the less travelled ladies had encumbered themselves with a variety of excellent but useless garments, and lived under a bondage to their boxes, which the Nevilles could never have endured. Hugh and his sister were in the habit of taking short runs on the Continent, on the shortest possible notice, putting themselves into a night train at one end of France, and getting out (or, as Ida confessed, *being taken out* sometimes very tired) at the other, to the astonishment of friends who supposed them safe at home.

'Oh, thank you, Tofts; you *are* delightful,' exclaimed Ida, when, reaching her little room, she found that worthy woman in the act of biting off her last thread from the work. 'You will make quite a fine lady of me, I'm afraid; but I shall have to get on without you when we go to Grindelwald next week!'

'Pray, Ma'am,' said Tofts dubiously, 'is Grinny—what's the name?—one of them mountain places you and Mr. Hugh are so fond of?'

'Yes, a grand place, Tofts, all among the snow-peaks and glaciers; you can't think how beautiful!'

'I dare say, Mum: but the washing—how is that to get done?'

'Now, if you're going to worry over that, Tofts, I shall say good-night. We always do get washed somehow, I assure you, but I really can't settle it days before! Doesn't Miss West want you?'

Tofts retired, uttering a combination of frog-like sounds, intended to represent the *Schlafensiewohl*, which she was proud of having learnt from the Swiss chambermaids, and which Ida exacted from her on all possible occasions.

(To be continued.)

SEVEN PHASES OF AN AUTHOR.

I.

'The Editor of the Literary Gatherer presents his compliments to Miss Helen Stanley, and has much pleasure in accepting the paper entitled "A Yachting Trip," which she has kindly forwarded to him. He will always be glad to take into consideration any contributions "Blummie" may feel inclined to send to his magazine.'

'THERE now, Mamma! what do you think of that?' said a bright young girl, as she finished reading aloud the note found lying on her breakfast-plate. 'You're never to call me "silly child" again, please; but to treat me with the respect due to an author.'

'Well, my dear, I am almost too astonished to think anything about it at all. What put such an idea into your head? and how came you to send away your contribution so secretly, without telling us anything of it?

Don't go about as if success had turned your head, but come and tell me all about it.'

'Well, Mamma dear, if you had been waiting anxiously these three months, hoping every day to receive some intelligence of the first literary ship you had sent out to sea, and despairingly concluded it had been engulfed, even you would have exulted, I think, when you found it was actually going to be printed. Dear me! though I sent it, somehow I scarcely ever expected that!—and the editor even wishes for some more articles! I'd begin another this very morning, if I could only find a subject.'

'You have not answered my questions yet, my dear.'

'No more I have. Well, I don't know what put it in my head to send it to a magazine, except that I have always had a wish to see myself in print, and because I enjoyed the yachting trip so much myself, that I thought other people might like hearing about it. As to not telling you before, Mamma dear—why, I thought that if I did not succeed, it was better that nobody but myself should be disappointed. And you know, as it was not a love-letter, there was no harm in sending it clandestinely.'

'Well, well, the surprise is certainly all the greater; but my curiosity will be sorely tried by having to wait till the article is printed. So it is an account of that yachting pic-nic you went on with the Maynards. I hope you have not put in any personalities?'

'Oh no, that would not have been quite pleasant to anyone. Oh, here comes Harry—I must tell him! Harry, allow me to introduce myself as "Blummie," your sister the authoress!'

'You an authoress?' growled Harry, a tall school-boy of sixteen, 'author of mischief, I suppose you mean. What's up now?'

'Read this note, you uncomplimentary boy. Now, what do you think of that?'

'Well, I suppose you are going to be a regular blue. I thought your stockings were a deep enough colour already, but now we shall see you walking about in a dowdy gown with a cotton umbrella—bah! you'd better take off your chignon, put spectacles on your nose, and a pen behind your ear, at once.'

'Nonsense, Harry—I don't see that there is necessarily any opposition between pretty gowns and literature. I mean to combine them, so don't be afraid of my making myself a guy. Give me a kiss, and congratulate me at once.'

'I'll give you a kiss and welcome, but I won't congratulate you. I don't want my sister to be a literary woman. Quill-driving is not girls' work: they had much better leave it to men. And when is this wonderful production of yours to make its appearance? I'll be critic; won't I cut it up in a dashing review!'

'No, you won't do anything of the kind, I know; but as you are so contrary, I will leave you to your cold breakfast, and go and tell Papa.'

And off ran Helen to her father, who was laid up with a sprain. She

felt so excited with delight, this success seemed such an important era in her life, that she longed for some vivid sympathy untempered by an 'if' or a 'but.' This she hoped to receive from her father, who, more than anyone, was fond of his darling. She silently gave him the note to read; and when he had finished it, he put his arm round her and said, 'This is indeed a surprise, my sweet one, and I congratulate you on your success. Who would have thought of my little Nell being an authoress? I shall be anxious to see your first literary attempt. Is it to be the first and last, or do you propose to continue writing?'

'I think I should like to continue, if I find I have the ability, as there is this opening. You know I have always had a taste for scribbling. But what do you think about it, Papa dear?'

'I think authorship will be a nice resource, furnishing you with a pleasant mental exercise. But do not make it more than that, or think of taking it up as a profession. Even the most successful authors will tell you that it is weary work, and that a literary life is full of disappointments. Besides, it brings a great responsibility.'

'I don't see that writing brings more responsibility than speaking, Papa dear?'

'Yes, it does, my child. In the first place, more people read your writings than hear you speak. For my second reason, I may quote Socrates, who says, "Writing has this inconvenience, and truly resembles painting. For its productions stand out as if they were alive; but if you ask them any question, they observe a solemn silence. And so it is with written discourses; you would think they spoke as with some wisdom, but if you ask them about anything they say, from a desire to understand it, they give only one and the selfsame answer. And when it is once written, every discourse is tossed about, everywhere, equally among those who understand it and those whom it in no wise concerns, and it knows not to whom it ought to speak and to whom not." Do not you think this applicable to the question? Your writings will go forth into the world, and be read by people of every variety of disposition, who will be impressed only by that which has affinity to their own minds; and if they misunderstand your written words, you are not by to modify or explain them. To all who read, those words may bring good or harm. What a grievous responsibility if it should be the latter!'

'Yes, Papa dear, I feel that to a certain extent; but don't you think most people read books just to pass the time, as they would sew or walk, and carry away no distinct idea from any? In that case no harm or good would be done, for the whole is forgotten a few hours after.'

'Even if it be so, and people carry away no particular idea of what they have read, (perhaps many books contain no particular thought that *could* be carried away,) nevertheless they are unconsciously influenced by the tone of the work, put into tune with holiness or worldliness, and thus pushed a step up or a step down.'

'You do indeed frighten me, Papa,' said Helen. 'I could help writing

anything that should knowingly do harm, but how can I be sure that the tone of my writing shall be such as shall raise people higher? Tone is a thing I can be no judge of, myself.'

'I believe, my dear Helen, that apart from our positive actions towards other people, quite distinct from all actual teaching, everything that we *are* is continually radiating out of us, colouring our work, as well as exercising an unconscious influence over all around us. Do you not think that your own state of mind will, above all, colour your written words, which are really a part of yourself put on paper, and that they again will tint the thoughts of those who read them?'

'Yes, dear Papa, I believe you are right. But how, then, shall I manage? Must I only write serious things, that I think will have a good influence? I would much rather undertake lively articles, or even novels.'

'And so you may, my ambitious little Nell. Write as lively a novel as you will, but at the same time keep your heart close to God, and your mind pure and holy. Then, even through all the cheerfulness, will run an undertone, which, though apparently unheard, will be all the more felt. Then, while affording innocent amusement, you will be helping your readers upward.'

'I will try, Father,' said Helen in a low voice. 'Pray that I may succeed.'

'Do you also, my love, ask God to help you; and remember that it will be doubly incumbent on you to seek His blessing, if you undertake to teach others. Now, is your delight quite damped by such a serious lecture?'

'No, Papa, not damped, but perhaps a little *gravened*, if there is such a word.'

'Then, before you go away, grant a request to your father. Promise me that you will never begin writing without praying for God's help and guidance, and never send a work to press without asking God's blessing on it. Then I shall be content, and always rejoice in your success.'

'I will try to remember to do so,' said Helen, bending her head; and her father, laying his hand on her shining hair, murmured, 'The Lord bless thee and keep thee, the Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.'

The 1st of May came; and the post again brought a packet for Helen. A number of the Literary Gatherer lay on the breakfast-table, and opening it with eager fingers, she turned to the index. Yes! there was her own article—'A Yachting Tour; by Blummie.'—the printed title seeming to strike a thrill through her by its familiarity and yet strangeness. No one else had yet come down, so she sat down at once to read her own thoughts. There they were, standing out in print, and filling the young author's mind with triumphant delight. But, as she read, an eerie feeling stole over her. The words, assuming a strange unreality, seemed to be her own, and yet not her own. They looked so different

from what they were in their rough manuscript state, that she scarcely recognized the children of her own brain. She felt as if someone had crept into her mind, stolen her thoughts and memories, and put them into that black staring type. It seemed such a dream, that Helen felt giddy and cold. So strange was the effect of coming for the first time face to face with a part of herself, of looking at her own words from the outside instead of the inside, of being at the same time in the first person and the third, of being at once author and critic, that the young writer would almost have turned faint, had not that small type riveted her as with basilisks' eyes, till she had read her article to the very end. Then she sat and mused; the sense of its unreality alternating with the conviction that she was indeed its author, and a vague complacence at her own performance. Not in the sense in which Emerson wrote, but none the less truly, did her own thoughts 'come back to her with an alienated majesty,' and cause surprise that she, Helen, could be their parent. She was beginning to recover from her first emotions, when Mrs. Stanley entered the room; and rising to meet her, she said, 'Mamma, here is my first literary production; would you like to see it?'

'Yes, indeed, my dear. So it has come out at last! Make the tea, will you, for I must begin it at once.'

Mr. Stanley and Harry now came in, and Mrs. Stanley exclaimed, 'Oh, look here—you are just in time. Here is Nellie's article. Read it out, my dear, will you? I was just going to read it to myself.'

Mr. Stanley took it from her, with a smile. Breakfast and everything was forgotten while the reading lasted, broken occasionally by expressions of approval and pleasure, and 'Hear, hear,' from Harry, who ended with 'Three cheers for our little blue!'

Helen herself had sat with burning cheeks, listening to her own words. Still that vague sense of unreality haunted her—a listening, somehow, to a self that was not her real self; and she was only recalled from the land of dreams again by the warm congratulations of her father and mother, that dearest praise an author can receive!

It was not till they had all betaken themselves to their cold tea and tough toast, that Helen perceived a business-like looking letter lying upon her plate. She opened it.—Inside the envelope was written, 'With the Editor's compliments;' and out of it dropped a post-office order for two pounds. Again the flush deepened on the young girl's face. She had never dreamt of receiving payment for her article: the mere fact of its insertion was a success she had hardly dared to believe in; but this was an additional source of rejoicing. It was not only that, to a clergyman's daughter, two pounds seemed a small fortune, which would enable her to carry out many cherished little schemes; but there was the natural triumph, implanted in human nature to sweeten man's lot of labour, of possessing money of her own earning. She held up the treasure for all to see, exclaiming,

'Two pounds! isn't that nice? I'll give you the very first real

presents I have ever been able to make, because they will be bought out of my very own money. You shall have the edition of Carlyle you wished for, dear Papa, and Mamma a new work-basket, and Harry a splendid bat. And you must keep these things always, lest this should be the last time of my earning any money. And I shall be able to pay dear old Bessie's rent, and all sorts of things.'

'I think it will be a magical two pounds, if it does all you intend, Nell,' said her mother, laughing. 'We shall have you as independent as possible, now you have the means of making a private purse of your own.'

'She had better not depend upon it much beforehand,' said Mr. Stanley; 'but I am glad you have received some payment, not on account of the money, though it is pleasant to have that, but because it recognizes a certain degree of merit.'

'I'm not glad of it at all,' put in contradictious Master Harry. 'I won't have any woman's earnings spent on me. It was quite bad enough for Nell to set up as a blue-stocking, but it's worse and worse for her to turn money-grubber as well. I'm not clear that it's a woman's place to put herself forward at all, but I *am* sure that it's not her province to earn money unless it's absolutely necessary. That's *our* duty. We are to have the sweat of the brow, and all that sort of thing.'

'But my earning a little money will not interfere with your doing so, you contrary boy,' argued Helen.

'I don't suppose it will; but it would do us all much more good if you women would content yourselves with being pretty and kissable, and making the house bright.'

'But it is possible to do both, as I told you before.'

'No, it isn't, indeed; I believe men's only chance of escape from being quite mercenary, is being able to throw off all money matters when they get home, by having some dear little women to talk to who are deliciously ignorant of everything to do with business.'

'Well, I don't see that I am likely to have my "delicious ignorance" of money matters destroyed by a little authorship, even if it does bring me a little filthy lucre sometimes.'

'Oh yes, it will all vanish by degrees. You'll be putting yourself up in other markets besides the matrimonial one; selling your writings to the highest bidder, haggling over prices, and writing to "suit the public taste," by giving it what it will pay most for, instead of what your own best nature dictates to you.'

'Now, Harry, I know you don't really believe what you say.'

'I do, though,' persisted Harry.

'I did not know you had such decided opinions, Harry,' said his father. 'This comes, I suppose, of sending you to a London school. But I really think, my boy, you may make yourself easy on Nellie's account. We have a private compact, which will obviate the evil consequences of authorship.'

'Harry's harangue has reminded me of one thing,' said Mrs. Stanley. 'Nellie ought to send a receipt for this money.'

'Oh no, Mamma! I'll just write to the editor, and say it has arrived safely. I don't know how to send a receipt.'

'Always do things in the proper way. There's a piece of paper. Write—"Received from the Editor of the Literary Gatherer, the sum of Two Pounds, in payment for an article entitled 'A Yachting Tour;'" and then sign it. Wait till I put on a receipt stamp.'

The stamp being duly affixed, Helen carefully avoided it in writing her name, and thereby rendered the receipt of no legal value. So a second had to be written; and Harry, looking over it, exclaimed with comic pathos, 'Alas! the first chip off the delicious ignorance!' and with an audible groan left the room.

Nellie also was now free to carry off her treasures to her own sanctum. Was it unpardonable vanity which made her there read again her own article, and then put on her hat to run down and shew it to her friends in the village? If so, it certainly received a deserved check. To her own eager imagination this success seemed the one great event—a turning-point in her life—which everybody would be as delighted at as herself. Her friends did indeed congratulate her kindly, but soon turned away to some other subject. Somehow, in the midst of their gratulations, rang out a want of sympathy which struck a chill into the heart of the young girl, who had not yet learned that so it must ever be in life. There is no such thing as complete sympathy on earth; two hearts can never be entirely one. The all-absorbing crisis in one person's life can only be an unabsorbing passing event to another. Best so, perhaps: our lives would soon burn out, were every man's joys and sorrows as intense to us as our own. Many a time did eager little Nell receive this lesson during the next few weeks; though, on the whole, her writing brought much pleasure to her, and brought a certain measure of appreciation, which was half sad, half sweet—sweet to human vanity and love of estimation, sad to the clinging woman nature which loves to be 'little,' and to find all its pride in another. Sometimes one feeling was uppermost, sometimes the other; and she would resolve to give up the notion of being an authoress, and aim only at being the 'loveable house-fairy' Harry so much preferred. But the *cacoethes scribendi* was still upon her: from time to time she wrote tales and essays; and, from becoming more accustomed to success, she became less chilled by the want of vivid sympathy; being ever deeply and fully content, when her good father, tracing in their tone the fulfilment of her promise, closed the book with a smile of satisfaction, and laid his hand on her head with a fervent—'God bless you, my child.'

And so the first-fruits of the young author, coming forth with prayer and benediction, would carry only blessing whithersoever they went.

(To be continued.) AUSTRALIE.

LOUISA QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

PRUSSIA was tottering on the verge of ruin, after her disastrous wars with Napoleon the First. We need not dwell here upon the King's vacillating policy, or upon the treachery of some of her ministers—both, in some measure, causes of her misfortune. We dwell with more pleasure on her political regeneration, and on the patriots, Von Stein, Hardenberg, Blücher, Scharnhorst, and others.

But long before she began to regain her place among nations, her moral tone was improving. This improvement was chiefly brought about by the bright example of the noble Queen Louisa.

Louisa, 'the Unforgotten,' was indeed Prussia's guardian angel. Her domestic virtues formed a strong tie between king and people. Her premature death, and all her sufferings, thoroughly aroused the slumbering hatred of the nation against the oppressors of all Germany. It was well known that the unmanly calumnies of Napoleon had pained her deeply. In an evil day she was persuaded to intercede with him, personally, for some mercy to her country; and she left his presence, mortified and insulted.

After this, she retired into domestic life, devoting herself to her husband and children, and to her plans for the good of Prussia. But her heart was broken by sorrow: her health gave way, and a short illness ended her life.

No woman ever exercised a more powerful social influence than did Louisa. Her simplicity, her sense of right, her horror of vice or impurity, influenced both court and people. Her strong feeling of her duties as wife and mother, has doubtless borne its fruits in the once corrupt court of Berlin.

She taught her children to yearn for a united Fatherland, and to anticipate that glorious future for their kingdom, which every day is bringing nearer.

In her day, Prussia was almost in the position which poor France holds at this moment: she was utterly crushed by an overwhelming foe. It is true, she had a stable government, guided by a virtuous, though weak man: but she had to deal with a cruel grasping adversary in Napoleon the First; not with a man of stern honour, and chivalrous feeling, like her present king, William the First. If then, Prussia has shone so brilliantly, after her dark days, now more than fifty years ago, and if her trials were needed, to bring out her noble qualities, and her real strength—may we not hope that France will one day rise from her misfortunes purified, and wiser than she has ever been before!

Louisa was born on the 10th of March, 1776. At the time of her birth, her father, afterwards Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, held the rank of Field-Marshal in the service of the Elector of Hanover. Her mother, a princess of Hessen Darmstadt, died after the birth of her

tenth child; so Louisa and her sisters were brought up at the court of their grandparents. They were carefully educated by Mademoiselle Gelieux, a Swiss lady. She instilled the highest principles into the mind of her gifted pupil; though in later days the Queen used to say that her training had been more French than German. This was not the fault of her excellent grandmother, the Landgravine; but rather, it was the fashion of the day to make Parisian manners the universal model. However, Louisa and her sisters, became more and more charming, both in body and mind.

Jean Paul celebrates them as follows in his dedication to 'Titan :'—

'Aphrodite, Aglaia, Euphrosyne, and Thalia, once looked down upon earth, and weary of the ever bright but cold Olympus, they longed to be among the clouds of our world—where the soul loves more, because she suffers more; where she is sadder, but yet more tender. Then they resolved to assume the mortal form. They descended from Olympus. Just as they touched the first flowers of earth, emitting rays of glorious light, but casting no shadow, Fate, the stern queen of gods and men, lifted her sceptre, and decreed that "immortal should become mortal on earth, and that every spiritual being should become human." Thus they became mortals, and sisters, and were called Louise, Charlotte, Therese, and Friederike.'

In one of her excursions with her grandmother, Louisa was taken to see the Cathedral of Strasburg. Another time she visited the Netherlands, and took great delight afterwards, in reading Schiller's history of their revolt against Spanish tyranny.

Louisa was also present at the Coronation of the Emperor Francis the Second, which took place at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and there she made acquaintance with the mother of Goethe.

The Princess of thirteen, was indebted to the lively old 'Frau Rath,' for one great treat. She was allowed to pump, to her heart's content, at the well in the court-yard; while Madame Goethe, by main force, shut up the strict governess in her room, and prevented her from calling back her pupil. Louisa never forgot this incident; and many years after, when she was Queen of Prussia, she sent the dear old lady a beautiful gold ornament, which Madame Goethe used only to wear on great occasions.

In a few years, the Princess, who had pumped so merrily, had grown up into a lovely girl, uniting every charm of body and mind.

During the war with the French Republic, Frederic William the Second established his head quarters at Frankfort. Louisa was now seventeen, when she and the Crown Prince of Prussia, met at Frankfort. It was at a banquet given one evening, after the play, that they saw each other for the first time. Years after, when he was a grey-headed man, the King would tell of the voice within him, which said, 'No other woman on earth shall be my wife.' There was mutual fascination. The Crown Prince wooed, and Louisa was won.

This was no political marriage, but a union from thorough sympathy,

such as rarely falls to the lot of crowned heads. There was another happiness for Louisa. The sister, with whom she had shared every joy and sorrow, from the earliest childhood, was betrothed to the younger brother* of the Crown Prince. The two brides were married at Darmstadt on the same day, and they entered Berlin together, on the 22nd December, 1793, amid the acclamations of the people. Triumphal arches, adorned with festal emblems, had been erected; and a pretty little girl greeted the Crown Princess with a few appropriate verses. Charmed at the loveliness of the child, Louisa followed her natural impulse: she took the little one in her arms, and kissed her mouth.

'Good Heavens!' cried the stately Mistress of the Robes, in her horror at such a breach of prescribed forms, 'what has your Royal Highness done? This is contrary to etiquette!'

'What,' said the Princess, laughing, 'may I not do it again?'

From the very first, her inclinations were opposed to the rigid formalities of the court. In presence of the throne she never lost her womanly tender feelings; and the straight-forward character of the Crown Prince was always her support. Their pure and domestic life, was entirely in contrast, to the irregularities of the ruling monarch.

The happiest days of the Princess were passed in the retirement of their modest Château of Paretz, where they were surrounded by a few chosen friends, far from the bustle and luxury of the Palace. Here Louisa acted as hostess: the table at which she entertained her guests was more simple than that of many a private gentleman. Here, she and the Crown Prince could ramble about in the green meadows, without any restraint; or she would rest under the trees, reading some favourite author. Every village child knew, and loved, the 'Gracious Lady of Paretz,' as they called her; many a present of bon-bons or clothing they received at her hand. At harvest time, it was her custom to mix with the labourers, and to join in their dances. On these occasions she wore her full court dress; and even the stiff Mistress of the Robes was made to take her part—a great amusement to the Prince and Princess.

Louisa was the happy mother of many children, whom she watched and educated herself, rather than entrust them to strangers.

The King died in 1797. His extravagance left a heavy debt on the treasury. The young King was as faultless in his private life as his father had been bad; and the force of his example, and that of the Queen, was soon felt at court. Louisa preserved the same amiability, and the same domestic virtues. The splendour of the throne never dazzled her, nor did the universal homage paid to her ever interfere with her sound judgement. She inaugurated a new moral era; the court grew purer; and lies and hypocrisy, could not fight against her candour: all prejudice she despised.

* Prince Louis of Prussia married Friederike, Princess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. On his death, she married a prince of Solms-Braunfels, and afterwards, Ernest Duke of Cumberland, and King of Hanover.

Once, at a large court, she puzzled the young wife of an officer, by inquiring about her birth, or as we should say, what was her maiden name.

Frightened and confused, the lady, who was not of noble birth, stammered out, 'Your Majesty, I am not of noble birth.' (Literally, 'I am not born.')

The court circle tittered scornfully; but Louisa's serious face silenced the expressed contempt of the high-born company.

'Well, Frau Majorin,' said the Queen, bowing kindly to the young lady, 'you have indeed answered me with simplicity, yet with some satire. What I understand from the phrase, to be of noble birth, is if it bring any special superiority. I have never been able to join to that advantage any spiritual or mental gift, seeing that all men are born exactly alike. Certainly, it is cheering to come of a stock where one's ancestors have been distinguished for their good qualities and their services to the state. Who would not honour and be proud of such? But, thank God! we can find them in every class, and some of the greatest benefactors to humanity have sprung from the lowest origin. We may inherit the advantage of circumstances; but each must win real personal merit by his own efforts, his own self-control. Thank you, dear Frau Majorin, for having given me an opportunity of expressing my opinions without reserve. I consider these opinions not unimportant to any of us, and I wish you, in your married life, that happiness which alone can spring from the heart.'

If she strove to balance the prejudices of birth, she equally tried to atone for the injustice of nature.

On a triumphal journey through Pomerania, she was received, at Stargard, by a group of children dressed in white, who were to scatter flowers before her. She soon won the confidence of the little group, and they told her that there ought to have been twenty of them, only one had been sent home, because she was so ugly.

'Poor child!' said the tender-hearted Queen. 'She would have been so pleased; and perhaps she is now at home, crying.' She sent for the ugly child, spoke to her kindly, and gave her presents.

These trifles shew what Louisa's heart was.

No wonder she was beloved and adored! The people looked upon her as the mother of her country. Her virtues were sung by such poets as Novalis and Schlegel: men looked up to her with respect and admiration; and women saw in her, their exalted ideal. But she valued above all, the King's deep love: Louisa was indeed his greatest treasure. So passed her bright days of prosperity, till the long-threatening storm burst over Prussia.

Then this noble woman shewed, amid sorrows and troubles, her heavenly nature; and exchanged her earthly crown for the martyr's thorny wreath.

The extravagance, and evil government, of Frederic the Great's successor had rudely shaken Prussia. Still, by outward and deceiving

magnificence, her ruler tried to keep up her importance. But Prussia's position was altered by the French Revolution, and by the genius of Napoleon.

Certainly, at the beginning of his reign, Frederic William the Third did not shew himself able to contend with the change of circumstances. From shyness and distrust of himself, fostered by his early teaching, he allowed his ministers to manage the state. These ministers were not always equal to their post; and their chief, was the weak Count Haugwitz. The King loved peace, and wished, at all costs, to remain neutral. There were two distinct parties at court: one led by Haugwitz, inclined to close union with Napoleon. The royal princes, specially the popular Louis Ferdinand, were on the opposite side; also Blücher, Stein, and Hardenberg. We will hope that these disapproved of the acceptance of Electoral Hanover as a gift from the French conqueror.

Queen Louisa was strongly opposed to the French party. She foresaw that Prussia's future was bound up with that of all Germany.

However much the people longed for war, the King could not make up his mind to declare himself, till Napoleon, regardless of all treaties, invaded Anspach, part of Prussia. Then a cry of fury resounded through the land, and the army burned with ardour to be led against the foe. Austria sent Archduke Anthony to Berlin, inviting the King to join her. The chivalrous Alexander of Russia came to Berlin, and induced Frederic William to join the league against France. Then came the secret treaty of Potsdam, at the tomb of Frederic the Great, in the garrison church.

It was at midnight, that the two monarchs met in the torch-lighted vault. Louisa, too, was present with her husband, while Alexander, bare-headed, after pressing his lips upon the pall, grasped the King's hand and swore eternal friendship.

Hardenberg's policy seemed in the ascendant; but the defeat of Austerlitz intervened, and once more, the counsels of Haugwitz brought disgrace upon Prussia.

However, the contempt of Napoleon for his ally, again forced Prussia into open war. The excitement was tremendous. The people called, To arms! The ardour of Prince Louis inspired the army, and the beautiful Queen herself rode into Berlin at the head of her own regiment of huzzars, wearing its uniform. Again Prussia conciliated England, and with Russia, she declared war against Napoleon, before her allies could take the field.

But who was to command the troops? All the generals were aged veterans of the days of Frederic. The King, who had every confidence in an army formed in the school of his uncle, relied equally on the generalship of the Duke of Brunswick, who had shared the laurels of the great conqueror. He *must* take the command once more, in spite of the unfortunate campaign against the French, and of his yet more unfortunate manifesto.

Charles William Ferdinand of Brunswick was now seventy-one years old, and depressed in spirit, he was most unwilling to resume the command of the army. He saw, but too plainly, that the foe against whom he had to fight, was very different from the foe of his early days, and that he was now, too old for active service. As we have said, he refused the command at first. When Queen Louisa herself came to entreat him, it was impossible to resist her. Reluctantly he yielded, and she returned to Berlin full of confidence in the future.

The incident is thus described by a German author:—

'It was a bright day in August, 1806. A crowd was collected before an hotel, close to Wolfenbüttel, on the road to Brunswick. Two handsome carriages were in waiting at the door, and two postilions, in state liveries, were harnessing fresh horses to them; though the dense crowd, sorely impeded their work. The people had waited some time in the scorching dusty road, when the door opened, and two gentlemen, in the Prussian uniform, appeared, and mounted horses held by grooms wearing the court livery of Brunswick. "It is our Duke," was whispered, as they pointed to the stately old man, wearing the star of the Black Eagle, and managing his horse with all the ease and dexterity of a youth of twenty. Waving his laced hat to the upper windows, where some ladies were standing, the Duke—for he it was—rode through the crowd, which respectfully made way for him, and set off at a rapid pace, with his attendants, for Brunswick. When the horsemen were out of sight, the people again gave all their attention to the carriages. Now a servant came out, and opened the door of the first carriage, for a lady who followed him from the house. After the fashion of the day, she wore a close-fitting white travelling suit, and a white lace handkerchief on her graceful head, fastened under the chin with a diamond pin. A mass of fair curls fell down upon her shoulders. This lady was so surpassingly beautiful, so full of majesty and angelic sweetness, that the people stood as if fascinated. Pausing for some minutes under the gateway, she acknowledged the greeting of the by-standers with kindness, then she got into her carriage, and an older lady followed her. In the next carriage were three younger ladies, and a gentleman. Once more, while the shrill horns of the postilions echoed in the woods, the lady bowed again, from the open carriage window, and then drove off in the same direction as the Duke had taken.

'While the crowd dispersed, returning to the town, or discussing what they had seen in the neighbouring gardens, the travelling cortège went on to Brunswick, and stopped at the ducal palace. The Duke, surrounded by a brilliant retinue, stood at the chief entrance to receive the Queen. During the short interval that had elapsed, between her arrival and his hasty ride from Wolfenbüttel, the aged Duke had changed his uniform for a court dress, and he was waiting to hand Louisa out of her carriage, while the guard of honour in the court-yard saluted, and the drums beat. She was received by the Duchess at the top of the marble steps.

'The lady so honoured, and whom Duke Ferdinand had met on horseback, with all the gallantry of a young man, was Louisa of Prussia, who had come to spend one day at the Residenz. She had left Berlin, on a serious mission, and she had many weighty matters to discuss with the Duke.

'How little the good Brunswickers who thronged the gardens and square till late in the evening, hoping the admired Queen would shew herself once more, knew, how important in its results to themselves that hurried visit was to be!

'This visit from the Queen of Prussia, was destined to be the last day of splendour for the Court of Brunswick.'

Now we must go on to the grievous history.

On the 10th September, 1806, at five o'clock in the morning, the Duke left Brunswick, leaving Count Wolffradt, who was afterwards a minister of King Jerome's, to govern his country. On the 10th of October, followed the battle of Saalfeld, where Louis Ferdinand of Prussia, fell in a hand-to-hand combat with a French hussar. Four days later, came the disastrous defeat of Jena, where the brave Duke was mortally wounded. The poor old man, followed by the remains of his disordered army, was conveyed across the Harz mountains in a litter to Brunswick, where the palace was already deserted. 'What disgrace!' were the only words he said. He was blind from the musket ball in his head, and he sent his chamberlain to Napoleon, to beg him for mercy on Brunswick, and on her dying Prince.

Napoleon's cruel words are well known: 'The House of Brunswick has ceased to reign. Tell General Brunswick to seek a new home across the seas. If my troops find him, he is a prisoner. I will annihilate him and all his family.'

So Brunswick was joined, to the new kingdom of Jerome Bonaparte, and the misfortunes of Prussia thickened.

We must digress, for one moment, to say that Duke Ferdinand was conveyed to the neutral state of Denmark. He died in a village near Altona, after some weeks of lingering pain. Misfortune seemed to mark his race. His heroic son, the Duke of Brunswick, fell among the first at Quatre Bras, leading his gallant Black Brunswickers into action; and his daughter was the unfortunate wife of George the Fourth. Another of his descendants has been forced to abdicate, and the beautiful palace has been burnt to the ground, within the last few years.

The King of Prussia was forced to disband his army, to give up his fortresses, and to take refuge at Königsberg. About this time too, Louisa had to bear the loss of one of her sons. All the while, Napoleon was attacking her moral character, in the most shameful manner. In his bulletins he attributed the war entirely to her influence, and suggested that her love for him, made her the tool of 'the handsome Emperor of Russia.'

Her unshaken faith in Providence was her support in this bitter hour; her conscience told her how pure her heart was, and she quoted in her flight the lines of Goethe:

'Who ne'er in tears did eat his bread,
Who ne'er hath spent the sad night hours
In weeping—sitting on his bed,
He knows you not, ye Heavenly Powers.'

Meanwhile, war raged in Prussia. Napoleon had entered Berlin in triumph, issuing thence his famous decree, that England should be declared in a state of blockade. The citizens of Berlin were disarmed, and the arsenal was in possession of the conqueror. It was then Napoleon robbed the grave of Frederic the Great, while he blackened the reputation of Queen Louisa. Then it was, that the standing army of Prussia was reduced to 42,000 men. The Treaty of Tilsit came, after the meeting of Alexander and Napoleon. The Czar, infatuated by Napoleon, agreed to all he proposed, and abandoned his ally to the conqueror.

The supposed interests of Prussia demanded a fearful sacrifice of the Queen, as by the influence of her beauty, the King hoped to win more favourable conditions from the Emperor. We wish she had not yielded, and that she had never interfered in politics. But she consented, and as a suppliant, appeared before Napoleon, whose whole wish was to insult her by his repelling demeanour. How could she expect to find chivalrous feeling in the man who had so cruelly attacked her in his bulletins?

An hour after her arrival, Napoleon approached with a large suite. He rode a little grey Arab: generals held his stirrups as he dismounted. The King and the Princes met him at the foot of the stairs. The Emperor had a little riding-whip in his hand; he took off his hat, and bowed right and left. Then he went up to see the Queen.

She received him with the finest tact, never forgetting her womanly dignity, and royal station. After the first greeting, she touched immediately on the real cause of her journey. He interrupted her, however, asking, among other questions, 'How could you begin the war with me?'

'Sire,' replied the Queen, with dignity, 'the renown of the Great Frederic allowed us to deceive ourselves as to our strength—that is, if we have deceived ourselves at all.'

In the course of their conversation, Napoleon could not but be impressed by the irresistible charm of her beauty and manner, as well as by her strength of mind. He annoyed her with empty compliments, and invited her to supper. During the banquet, her only anxiety was to get some word from him which could give her hope. She had set her heart on at least prevailing on him to relinquish Magdeburg. But the Emperor, by whose side stood the subtle Talleyrand, was too much upon his guard. He tried to be polite, and even gracious; but his answers were evasive. It must have been a strange spectacle, when female beauty and refinement, were striving to overcome masculine pride, and political selfishness.

When they rose from table, Louisa said to him mournfully, 'Will you let me depart without one remembrance which may enable my heart to

unite my admiration for a great man, with my gratitude for a generous conqueror?'

Instead of answering her, Napoleon took a rose from a vase of flowers which stood near him, and offered it to her, with a low bow.

She was about to decline his gift, but she controlled herself after a while, and accepted it. 'At least,' she said, 'With Magdeburg.'

'Your Majesty must be pleased to remember,' he said abruptly, 'that it is for me to offer; and for your Majesty, only to accept.'

The Queen repressed her tears with difficulty. Her humiliation had been in vain.

Peace was concluded; and no one felt the sacrifices and disgrace of her country more poignantly than the Queen. The loss of Magdeburg was specially bitter to her. Magdeburg was, she said, written in letters of blood on her heart.

Yet Louisa did not give up to despair; her courage never forsook her: she was the prop of the broken-down King, and the consolation of all near her. She saw too, how needful it was to exalt the moral tone of the people, and to awaken the national conscience. She looked to education of the rising generation, as a preparation for better times. She endeavoured to introduce the system of Pestalozzi into the schools of Prussia, and she carefully studied the history of her 'beloved Germans.' Theodoric was her favourite hero; for Charlemagne, she considered too much of a Frenchman. She brought the noblest spirits of the day round the King, as she recognized the lustre of men like Stein and Hardenberg.

In fact, the disasters from 1806 to 1812 really gave a new spring of life to Germany.

Under the administration of Von Stein, Prussia began her reforms. Serfdom was abolished. The nobles were no longer to be a privileged class. The army was reformed; and others besides the nobility were allowed to hold military commands. These were the days of the 'Tugendbund,' or League of Virtue, which was joined by Stein, Schill, and others, and which made its way all over Germany. Thus, Prussia was beginning her preparations, for the decisive War of the Liberation.

It was during her flight to East Prussia, that Louisa said the following words to her two eldest sons, the late, and the present, King of Prussia:—

'My sons, you are now at an age when you can thoroughly enter into the great events which are happening to us. Recall these sad hours, when your mother is no more; weep for my memory, as I now weep for the overthrow of my country. But do not be content with tears alone; you must act: you must develop your powers. Prussia's good angel may yet be with you. Then free your people from the shame, the reproach, the disgrace, under which they languish. Try to win back from France the untarnished fame of your ancestors, just as the 'Great Elector' avenged on the Swedes the defeat of Fehrbollin. Do not be corrupted by this degenerate age, my children: be men; try to prove yourselves

great captains and heroes. Without this ambition you will be unworthy descendants of Frederic the Great. And if all your efforts cannot lift up the glory of our crushed land, at least you can seek death, as your uncle Louis Ferdinand sought it.'

We will give some extracts from her letters written to the Duke her father, in those days, where she describes her family life as her comfort amid the darkest hours.

'The King, that dearest of men, is more tender and loving than ever. He is just like a young bridegroom.' She continues: 'Our children are our treasures, giving us hope and comfort, and our eyes rest on them with delight. The Crown Prince (Frederic William the Fourth) is full of animation and spirit. He has excellent talents, which are well-trained and developed. He is true in all his feelings, and he has not the power of dissimulation. He is specially fond of history, and his ideal is ever attracted by the great and good. He has plenty of wit, and we are greatly amused with his comic merry notions. He is devoted to his mother, and as pure as possible. I dote upon him, and often talk to him of the time when he will be king.

'Our son William' (the present king) 'will, if I am not mistaken, be very like his father; he is simple minded, brave, and sensible. Also, he is the most like his father in looks, only I do not think he will ever be so handsome. You see, my dear Father, I am as much in love as ever with my husband.'

Again she writes to her father:—'That things should have turned out as they have done seems to me more and more natural. It is evident that Divine Providence is leading us into a new era of the world's history. There must be another order of things: old things have become obsolete, and die away of themselves. We have slept too long upon the laurels of Frederic the Great, who, the leading man of his century, inaugurated great changes: we have not advanced with the times, so they have passed us by. There is no doubt things will turn out for our good: our faith in Divine Perfection assures us of this. But, as good can only come into the world through the good, I do not believe that the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte is secure and firm on his apparently brilliant throne. Only justice and truth can be firm and quiet; and he is only politic—that is to say sagacious. He is not guided by eternal laws, only by the circumstances of the moment. Accordingly, he stains his government with many crimes. He is not honest in any righteous cause, or with mankind. His boundless ambition is only for himself, and his own interest. He is a man more to be admired than loved. Prosperity has blinded him, and he thinks he can do all things. Besides, he has no moderation; and a man without moderation, must one day lose his balance and fall. I believe firmly in God, and in His moral government of the world. This I cannot see in the rule of violence: therefore, I entertain the hope that these dark days are but the beginning of a better time. . . . . As God wills: all according to His will. I find

comfort, power, courage, and gladness, in this hope, which lies in the depths of my heart. All in this world is so transient! We must go through it. May we only ripen and improve every day.'

At this time the Queen was living in the greatest retirement, only occupied with the good of her country and of her family. More and more, her spirit aspired to Heaven. Her faith strengthened under her trials, and her special comfort was in the study of the Psalms. 'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy,' was in her favourite Psalm, the 126th. She hoped for nothing more from this world, all for the future. She bitterly deplored the dissensions of Germany, and did all she could, to put aside discord, and support the noblest minded men, against French intrigues at the court.

Soon after the Peace of Tilsit, Louisa went with the King to St. Petersburg, where the Emperor Alexander gave her the most brilliant reception. But the pomp and splendour of courts could not dazzle her; she had learnt too well the nothingness of earthly things. She was far more touched and gratified, by the joy of her people when she came back to Berlin, after the departure of the French. She was moved to tears by the confidence and unshaken affection which welcomed her.

Her many sorrows and mortifications had begun to undermine her always delicate health. The roses paled on her cheek, and her sunken eyes told how much she had wept. Her prophetic glance had foreseen the exaltation of her country, for which she had laboured with all her might; but she was not permitted to see the day of liberation.

One last pleasure was granted to her. She had long wished to visit her father and her family at Strelitz. The first meeting was soothing; but its joy was soon clouded by her slight illness, which revealed, with frightful rapidity, a fatal heart disease. Her husband, himself ill, hastened with his two eldest sons to the sick-bed of his dying wife.

'Ah!' said the heart-broken man, 'were she not mine, she would live; but being mine, she is sure to die!'

He constantly held her hand in his, as if he would not let her go.

'Lord Jesus!' she prayed, in the agony of death, 'grant that it may be short!'

Five minutes later, on the 18th of July, 1810, her suffering was over; and her pale face was like that of a glorified saint. The sorely-tried King knelt beside her, with his children, bathing the hands of the departed with his tears.

Not only Prussia, but all Germany, mourned for Louisa. Every house was a house of mourning; and sorrow for her death, aroused men's hatred for the oppressor who had made her life so sad.

Poets have sung her virtues; wise men have praised her intellect. But Louisa's grandest memorial is in the hearts of all true Germans, who look on her as the first of her sex, and the noblest of queens.

Well might the late King Frederic William the Fourth say, 'The union of Germany lies at my heart: it is an inheritance from my mother.'

A. B.

GERMAN WAR SONGS.

TRANSLATED BY ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

I.

(Melodie, *Ich hatt einen Kameraden.*)

Wir zogen miteinander,
Hornist und Musketier;
Vier Arme, wenn wir stritten,
Zwei Füsse, wenn wir schritten,
Ein Herz, wenn in Quartier.

Wir hielten fest zusammen,
Was immer mochte sein;
Sobald mein Horn sich rührte,
Da focht und da marschierte
Der Brave hinterdrein.

Bis auf das Feld von Lützen;
Da traf die Kugel recht;
Da lag in seinem Blute,
Der treue und der gute,
Der tapfre Landesknecht.—

Und sprach: Das Gott genade;
Mir kommt die letzte Noth!
Und deck mich zu mit Rasen,
Und thu das Lied mir blasen:
'Wohl starb er treuen Tod.'

Ich nahm ihn in die Arme;
Die Augen schloss er sanft;
Ob er, ob ich geschieden?—
Wir lagen beid in Frieden,
Und tief auf uns die Nacht.

Drauf deckt ich ihn mit Rasen,
So wie er mir gebot,
Und blies mit hellen Zähren,
Ihm über's Grab zu Ehren,
'Wohl starb er treuen Tod.'

Als wir nun heimwärts zogen,
Die Fahne flog im Wind,—
Da jauchzten Väter, Brüder,
Da drängte durch die Glieder,
Ein Weib, mit ihrem Kind.

Sie forschte rings und winkte,
Mit augen thränenroth,
Das Herz schier wollt mir brechen,
Ich blies—ich Konnt nicht sprechen,—
'Wohl starb er treuen Tod.'

We wandered side by side,
Bugler and musketeer:
Four arms—whene'er we fought;
Two feet—whate'er we sought;
One heart—for bed or bier.

We kept us firm together,
Whatever might befall;
Soon as my horn resounded,
Quick, bold, and true, responded
The brave lad to my call.

Till on the plain of Lützen
Direct the shot was sped;
It struck—and pale and gory,
Low on the field of glory,
Rested the soldier's head.

He spake: God's will be done;
It comes—the last faint breath;
The green turf o'er me lay;
Then with thy bugle play,
'Brave, faithful unto death.'

I took him in my arms,
He closed his eyes from light;
We could not, could not part,
And I pressed him to my heart
All through the silent night.

I laid the green turf o'er him,
Obeying his last breath,
And tear-choked blew again
The soldier's honoured strain—
'Brave, faithful unto death.'

Homewards we turned: our flags
Waved, danced, whilst shouted wild
Fathers and sons,—unheeding
One, through the tumult speeding—
A woman with her child.

Tear-stained she gazed; no word
Escaped her gasping breath;
My heart was nigh to break;
I blew—I could not speak—
'Brave, faithful unto death.'

II.

O Strassburg, O Strassburg, du wunderschöne Stadt!
Darinnen liegt begraben so mannicher soldat.
So mancher, so schöner, auch tapferer soldat,
Der Vater und lieb Mutter böslich verlassen hat.

Verlassen, verlassen, es kann nicht anders sein!
Zu Strassburg, ja zu Strassburg, Soldaten müssen sein.
Der Vater, die Mutter, die gingen vor's Hauptmann's Haus:
'Ach, Hauptmann, lieber Herr Hauptmann, gebt uns den Sohn deraus!'

'Euren Sohn kann ich nicht geben für noch so vieles Geld;
Euer Sohn und der muss sterben im weit und breiten Feld,
Im weiten, im breiten, dort draussen vor dem Feind,
Wenngleich sein schwarzbraun Mädchen so bitter um ihn weint.'
Sie weinet, sie klaget, sie trauert gar zu sehr:
'Ade, herzliebstes Schätzchen, ich seh' dich nimmer mehr.'

Volkslied.

Oh, Strasburg! oh, Strasburg! thou wondrous lovely town!
Wherein so many brave ones in death have laid them down;
So many, and so beautiful, who once in joy did dwell,
But to father and loved mother must now say sad farewell.

Farewell! ah me! Farewell!—no other word we know;
For to Strasburg—yes, to Strasburg—the soldier true must go.
The father and the mother, they seek the captain's tent,
'Oh! Captain, honoured Captain, give back the son we lent!'

'For money or for tears, your son I may not yield;
Your son! he needs must die on the far distant field—
The distant and the broad—where stands his country's foe;
E'en though his dark-eyed maiden in grief is weeping low.'
She weepeth and she mourneth, she sorroweth full sore;
'Farewell, thou loved heart's treasure, I see thee nevermore.'

III.

(Melodie, *Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser.*)

Treue Liebe bis zum Grabe
Schwör ich dir mit Herz und Hand:
Was ich bin und was ich habe,
Dank ich dir, mein Vaterland!

Nicht in Worten nur und Liedern
Ist mein Herz zum Dank bereit;
Mit der That will ich's erwiedern
Dir in Noth, in Kampf und Streit.

In der Freude, wie im Leide
Ruf ich's Freund' und Feinden zu:
Ewig sind vereint wir beide,
Und mein Trost, mein Glück bist du.

Love unchanging to the grave
Swear I now with heart and hand:
What I am and what I have,
Springs from thee, my Fatherland.

Not in song alone or word,
Doth my grateful soul o'erflow;
But in deed I draw my sword
Thee to shield from dreaded foe.

Joy or grief can part us never,
For thy friend and foe are mine;
Bound am I to thee for ever,
Thou my stay, my fortunes thine.

Treue Liebe bis zum Grabe
Schwör ich dir mit Herz und Hand:
Was ich bin und was ich habe,
Dank ich dir mein Vaterland!

Love unchanging to the grave
Swear I now with heart and hand;
What I am and what I have,
Springs from thee, my Fatherland.

Hoffman v. Fallersleben, 1839.

SÉDAN AND ITS HOSPITALS.

BY ZETA.

I WAS spending a few rainy days at Ostend in the beginning of last September, when the news was brought by telegraph that the French and Prussian armies were engaged in deadly hostilities on the frontier of the very kingdom which was then affording us a home. Two brief lines gave us all the information we could yet expect to hear, and it was announced from other sources that the Belgian army was doubled in strength, and was forming a human barrier along the borders of the two nations, to protect its threatened neutrality. Even commercial Belgium was stirred by the intelligence; and as for me, I could think of nothing else from morning to night but the war; and I reproached myself for selfishness, and wilful neglect of my suffering fellow-creatures, for not hastening at once to the scene of action, and doing all that one willing hand could do to relieve them, if it was only to give them water or food, and raise their dying heads on a pillow. My sole comfort was in working from morning to night at making shirts, picking charpie, and wrapping up bandages, to be forwarded by the National Society to the seat of war. Ostend is a practical-looking place, not likely to foster romantic high-flown notions, and my companions were least of all inclined to tolerate unconventional conduct on the part of anyone connected with them. I was not permitted to pass my whole time within doors, as I would gladly have done, to give it up entirely to the cause of the sick and wounded; and at all hours I was liable to perpetual interruptions from chance visitors and pleasure engagements; so at last I adopted the plan of carrying a great bundle of calico to the end of the fisherman's pier, and there, in a waterproof cloak, and partly sheltered by a shrimping net, I stitched away, unmolested except by the rain. Ostend is too generally known to need description, with its shipping quarter, and fashionable parade connected by curious old-fashioned streets, where public notices are posted up in Flemish, and women habited in white caps and black-hooded cloaks, looking at a little distance like Sisters of Mercy, seem to conduct the whole business of the town. I saw the little Prince Imperial, with his reduced retinue, embark by the Dover steamer for England on the 5th of September; a pale slight boy, very like his mother, looking worn and fatigued by

the scenes through which he had lately passed. He narrowly missed crossing in the same boat with the Duc de Nemours; his tutor (probably to avoid such a meeting) having postponed his departure till the evening steamer at the last moment. It would have been an episode similar to the scene described by Voltaire in the spirit-world, if the son of Louis Philippe and the heir of Napoleon III. had actually encountered each other on board.

Days passed by, and conflicting accounts reached us, of famine and pestilence in Sédan, and of thirty thousand wounded in the town and in the villages round. My brother appeared at a timely moment, and expressed his willingness to accompany me; and on the 13th of September—the happiest day of my life—we took our tickets for the little road-side station of St. Hubert, on the Luxemburg line, travelling by Ghent and Namur, to avoid the crowded Brussels. The whole line seemed in agitation. The stations were preparing for the reception or relief of the wounded men as they should be brought from Sédan; and at St. Hubert we found all the carts had been taken for military purposes, and although it was not late in the afternoon, we were obliged to put up for the night in what Bradshaw truly calls 'a miserable town in the forest of St. Hubert.' A hay-loft would have been luxury to the accommodation which we both contrived to obtain. Our respective hosts, being mere cottagers, could not provide us with a meal; but I had brought a supply of provisions enough to last for several days, so E—— went out and bought a piece of bread in the evening, and I made some tea in my etna, and opened a tin of condensed Swiss milk, and another of sardines, and with these we made a very good supper and breakfast. Then came the question as to how we should proceed to our destination, which I had determined should be nothing short of Sédan. By strict inquiry we heard of an old man who kept a donkey-cart, which he had probably hidden lest it should be seized by the soldiers; and with a sufficient bribe we prevailed upon him to let it convey us with the very small amount of luggage that we had brought. The distance was variously stated at twenty, twenty-five, and thirty miles; and as the road was good and the donkey strong, he was supposed to be equal to the journey; but to the passengers the fatigue was very great of jolting along at a slow pace in a cart without springs for nearly a whole day. I could pity the French peasantry, whom we met in similar vehicles, and whose scanty furniture was piled below them as they sat shaded by an umbrella on the top of their effects, which they were bringing for safety into Belgium; some of these were refugees from Balan and Bazeilles; others, I afterwards heard, were disguised French soldiers, who were trying to evade both the Prussians and the Belgian police, and to escape to Paris.

Our donkey-cart was often obliged to stop, to rest the animal, and to refresh the driver, and it was late in the day before we arrived near Sédan; the approach to it being plainly marked by the knapsacks,

helmets, bayonet sheaths, and other remains of the splendid armies, which were now taking their last sleep only a few inches below the soil on which we stood. We dismounted to make a nearer survey of the graves, marked by two rough sticks tied together with grass in the form of a cross, which spread over the fields on each side of the road; a Frenchman or a Belgian tourist who was there before us was composedly surveying the same scene. He told me he could easily feel the bodies just below the ground with his stick, and offered it to me to do the same; but I recoiled at the idea of disturbing a human corpse, and politely declined.

These delays brought us to Sédan long past the hour at which the gates of the town are closed for the night; and again we were obliged to put up with any accommodation that we could find till the next day. The cottages round Sédan were still full of wounded men, there were even a few in barns; but after some difficulty, we found two spare hay-lofts, paid four francs a-piece for their use, though we slept in company with cocks and hens, rats and mice, and hundreds of nameless insects. The following morning we walked into the town, my brother and an old man in a blouse and clumsy wooden shoes whom we hired, each carrying a large carpet-bag, which was the only luggage we had with us. We seemed to be descending into quite a hollow as we approached the draw-bridge in front of one of the gates. The moat, which still bore strong evidence of having been used as a gigantic grave, spread round the fortifications on each side of us; and high above it, a sentinel carrying a needle-gun paced up and down on the top of the earth-works. We entered a narrow stone-paved street, bordered by tall houses, and rather poor looking shops, interspersed with quite fashionable residences, which led us into an open market-place, containing a round building filled with flour-sacks. There were orders about recruiting for the French army, signed by the French Emperor, and dated a month back; orders of the Empress Regent; orders of the Prussian Royal Commander-in-Chief; orders signed by Prussian Generals; orders of the Mayor—all pasted together upon the walls in curious confusion; and an equally miscellaneous population crowded the streets—market people, women in caps, women with yellow handkerchiefs tied round their heads, men in blouses and wooden shoes, French soldiers who had been wounded but were now well enough to air themselves in the streets, Zouaves, Turcos, Prussian soldiers, Bavarians, young officers in spectacles, German recruits of every size and almost every age, Sisters of Mercy, and the Knights of the Red Cross. A red cross badge could be obtained in many of the shops, and some tourists bought one and wore it while they were in Sédan, imagining that they might find it an advantage; but the authorities recognized no red crosses as belonging to real knights, which were not also impressed with the official stamp of the Prussian, French, English, Belgian, or Dutch branches of the International Society. Passing through the Place de la Halle, we entered the Place aux Armes, where

numerous fruit sellers had established themselves in the centre of the square. A very plain looking church, not unlike St. George's in Hanover Square, is approached by a row of steps from the Place, and we looked at the inside, which contains numbered pews with doors, (an institution I thought peculiar to England,) but it is otherwise well decorated. The wounded had only been just taken from it, and it was being cleaned. Two German soldiers followed us. I observed they took off their hats and walked quietly round it, as any Englishman would have done, who was only impelled by curiosity to enter a sacred building. Two French soldiers came in too. *They* did not think it necessary to take off their hats, though I believe they were Roman Catholics, but lounged about with their pipes in their mouths, and their hands in their pockets, as much at their ease as if they were in a public café. The same difference between the two nations was also shewn on Sunday, when both this Roman Catholic Church and the Protestant Chapel were filled with German and Bavarian soldiers, but there was not a French soldier in either of them, though a great many were left in the town.

The women depend much upon the power of Ste. Geneviéve, a holy virgin, who lived in the time of Attila, to save Paris from the Prussians, as they assert that she once saved it from the Huns; but except the clergy, I never saw an instance in Sédan, of either an appeal or faith in the power of a greater than Ste. Geneviéve; they seem to place entire reliance upon their own moral and physical strength, and assert that civilized Europe cannot exist without them, and must sooner or later come forward in their behalf. Much cannot be said for the theology of the Germans, taking them collectively; but they shine in comparison with the levity and the infidelity of the French.

A college stands in a second square leading out of the Place aux Armes, but all the students have been obliged to relinquish their beds to the wounded, and every elementary school in the town is closed. Going along the Rue Napoleon, we came to the Place du Rivage, from which a bridge crosses the river Meuse, and a road leads off through a second city gate in the direction of the Chateau de Bellevue. From another side of the Place du Rivage we were directed to enter the Place du Turenne, and apply at the Hotel du Croix d'Or for rooms. It was very full of Prussian officers, and of both doctors and nurses connected with the English hospitals, but there was room for us; and we were agreeably surprised to find, after ascending a dirty gloomy stair-case, two comfortable apartments at a moderate price, for nearly all the hotels and lodging-houses in Sédan were charging exorbitant prices for most uncomfortable accommodation. We were told that some kinds of provision were not always to be had, so we must not expect a very sumptuous table d'hôte; but the landlord did his best for his guests, and considering that the town was still ostensibly in a state of siege and under martial law, it was pretty well to find any table d'hôte at all. We could, however, obtain no letters or newspapers or any cash remittances, while we stayed in

Sédan, as both the bank and usual post-office were closed. A Prussian field post was opened while we were there; but as the letters went round by Berlin it was a very long time before we could communicate with England through it, and all letters had to be posted unfastened, so that they might be read if the authorities thought proper.

The object of my journey was accomplished so far that I was provided with regular work in one of the hospitals in the town, and generally passed twelve hours a day there, returning to the hotel at night. The German hospitals were terribly crowded, and much in want of assistance in Sédan; but in their own country, where there are German women to look after them, and devote their whole time to the work, they are admirably managed; and the French prisoners have an equal portion of their care. Many of the German wounded in Sédan were Bavarians, and I was very thankful that three years in a school at Munich had enabled me to master their rather difficult patois, which I heard was a stumbling-block to many English and French women, who would gladly have assisted them. Two wounded Bavarians were pointed out to me as the two principal actors in the Ammergau mystery play, which was closed abruptly in July in consequence of the breaking out of the war; the performers being called upon to join the Bavarian contingent. They were a very grateful devout set of men; though some of the nurses told me that they found the French much better patients than the Germans, and more resigned to their condition. I was surprised to see the French soldiers so little depressed by their defeat. They would not call it a defeat, but attributed it to treachery, or to the bad conduct of their generals, whom they were never tired of abusing. It is curious that although the French officers mix far more with their men than is customary in England or in other continental countries, and are far more familiar with them, yet the privates seem entirely wanting in respect or attachment to their superiors. In Germany, a captured French officer is saluted by a German private, and treated with the same honours that would be given to an officer in the German army; while at home in France, a French private will no longer salute his officer, when his officer is without power to control him; and if report speaks correctly, it is a mark of respect seldom seen now in the active French armies at Tours, and other parts of France.

My duties principally lay with those of the wounded who had sustained such fearful injuries that their case was utterly hopeless. The mitrailleuse and chassepot inflict horrible wounds; and some of these men, who had lost a vital part of their body, yet lingered for many days, often in a state of delirium, or if they retained much sensibility, rendered unconscious by frequent opiates. The doctors had so very much to do, that it was desirable their time should be spent on those who had a chance of life, instead of attending to others for whom no good could be effected; and the nurses and chaplains had a melancholy task in the endeavour to assuage their

sufferings, or to support them through their passage into the valley of the shadow of death, which is beset by as many phantoms for the soldier as for the weakest child. One man thought himself still on the battle-field, and kept shouting to his men; another seemed the victim of unseen terrors, and would clasp my hand, begging me on no account to leave him, and trying to detain everyone else whom he could near him, as if we could protect him on the long journey which each man, saint or sinner, must make alone. A third seemed troubled by some family matter which weighed heavily on his mind. He addressed me, and a Sister of Mercy who waited upon him, as his mother, and entreated us to forgive him.

The Germans seemed more capable of appreciating religious consolation than the French, who either refused to believe that they were dying, and talked with the utmost flippancy to the last, or else were seized with the greatest fear of death, and flinging themselves wildly about in their mental agony, were perfectly incapable of listening to the earnest priest who would gladly have administered to them the last office prescribed by our holy Church. The Roman Catholic branch refuses the Holy Communion to her children unless they have previously confessed and received absolution; and few indeed of these poor Frenchmen were in any condition to conform to her requirements on this point. Yet the French camp had been a centre of gaiety and dissipation up to the time of the last battle, which laid it low. What have those rulers not to answer for, who have encouraged their people in irreligion, and thus deprived them of the only Beacon to light them through the dark waters of death? But who can measure the depths of Infinite Mercy?

The French soldiers who were only slightly wounded were remarkably lively and cheerful, and used often to tell very amusing stories about their former campaigns. The young recruits were the most sorrowful, and the most anxious to return to their own homes, instead of going as prisoners into Prussia; and some of these were Parisian shop-keepers, or men in a position far above a common soldier, who had been drawn into the army by the last conscription, which permitted no one to buy a substitute. The Zouave regiments seem to have been recruited from every nation in Europe, and are evidently not very strictly disciplined. One of the Zouaves told me that there is no commissariat arrangement for them in the army, but that each man is provided with cooking utensils, and is expected to beg or steal his own food when he comes to an enemy's town—occasionally, indeed, when he comes to a friendly one. There was a Breton among the wounded. He spoke a curious dialect not unlike the Welsh, to whom the Bretons bear a strong affinity in many respects, being also a pure Celtic race. He told me that the name for the personage called by the vulgar in England Old Nick, and in Norway Old Erick, is in Brittany Old William; and that it was commonly supposed he was identical with the King of Prussia,

as they were all sure that the French armies could only have been overthrown by Satanic agency. This is the way in which the French talk, believing themselves invincible except against foul play.

It was a curious contrast when I returned in the evening from the hospital to the hotel, and joined the lively party at the dinner-table, generally increased by two or three tourists, who were hailed as beings from the outer world. They usually contradicted many reports which were afloat in the town, but which had been firmly believed; for in default of authentic news the French invented it, and they have very lively imaginations indeed. We heard at different times that Marshal Bazaine had escaped from Metz, and was marching straight upon Sédan, so that it was possible this unfortunate city would have to sustain another siege; that Paris had fallen, and was entered by the Crown Prince of Prussia; that Russia had entered into an alliance with France; that Austria had joined Prussia; and that there was a counter revolution in Paris, with the object of placing the Prince Napoleon upon the throne. The first of these reports caused the most consternation; for though short, yet the siege of Sédan was a terrible experience, and owing to the imperfect management of the commanders of the French army, the town was completely stripped of provisions before the Prussians had entered it, and for two days the inhabitants were even without bread. If the siege had been prolonged, it could have been nothing but a massacre, as the town is not fitted to resist modern artillery; and the general who conducted the manœuvres of the Prussian army shewed a most thorough knowledge of the country, as well as of military science, when he drove the enemy in this direction, till it huddled precipitately into such a treacherous retreat, from which there was then no escape, and where the Prussians held it at their mercy.

One day was so much like another at the hospital, that on looking back there seems to have been few incidents that I can describe. The days on which some of the wounded were taken away marked the flight of time; and very melancholy occasions they were. Several waggons lined with straw, and some covered, others open, used to arrive at the door of the hospital, and an order came that a certain number were to be sent off in them. One or two of the younger men who were nearly well were rather glad of the change; but others would pretend that they were suddenly much worse and could not be moved, or feign delirium. Two or three were really in an almost unconscious state. I saw one unfortunate man being dressed by the men-nurses in preparation for his departure. He asked repeatedly in a confused way where he was going, and who he was going to. 'A la gare,' was the very brief reply; but he evidently understood nothing about it; and at the last moment I obtained permission that he might stay behind, as I found we had made up the right number without him. The journey to the station was a terrible trial to men so little advanced towards recovery. Bouillon, a village some miles out of

Sédan, would be their first halting place; but that was small, and already much over-crowded by refugees from Sédan and the Belgian soldiers quartered there, and probably no accommodation could be found for them; so they would not move out of the waggons till they had traversed the whole distance, more than thirty miles, to Libramont, a station on the Luxemburg line of railway, the next beyond St. Hubert. At Libramont they would be transferred, at the cost of much pain and fatigue, to horse-boxes and cattle-vans, where they might wait hours, till a train passed which could convey them away either to Namur or into Prussia, as the case might be. Wine, cigars, sandwiches, apples, and other refreshments, would probably be offered to them by the charitable persons who attended the railway stations for this purpose; but still they had to endure much suffering before they could reach even a frontier hospital in Germany, where, however, once quartered, some of the many excellent nursing sisterhoods would be prepared to receive them, and every effort made to ensure their recovery. At first, many who left the hospital at Sedan were without pillows, blankets, or any other bedding than straw; but the Society in London soon began to send these articles out with a liberal hand: and I can assure all those who have so generously contributed their time and labour to the relief of these poor patient men, that their kind efforts were greatly appreciated; and that the eye-shades were most valuable to those who had to drive miles, stretched on their backs, along an exposed straight road, in the full blaze of the mid-day sun; that the shirts often replaced a mass of rags torn and burned by shot; that the soft wool pillows enabled those to sleep who could find no relief to their aching heads when only supported on a wisp of straw; and that hardly a thing arrived in a box from England which did not find an immediate use.

There is a large bomb-proof barrack high up on the fortifications of the town, which during the bombardment was filled with the wounded, and protected from the Prussians by a red-cross flag. It was given up to the Anglo-American ambulance, which consisted of an English doctor and his pupils, and several lady volunteer nurses, assisted by one or two professionals; and these carried on their self-imposed task under fire with the most perfect coolness and devotion, during the terrible days of the 31st of August and the 1st of September. The arrangements of this hospital were the admiration of the French residents in Sédan, and it was hoped that the same band would have been permitted to have entered Paris when their services were no longer required here; but this has been prevented by the Prussian officials, for some reasons of their own; and I believe it is now working at Orleans or Tours, no longer aided by the Society in London, but entirely on its own resources. No ambulance can be more deserving of assistance; for when at Sédan its members seldom drew the full allowance granted for their maintenance, so as not to

expend a greater proportion of the Society's funds than was absolutely necessary. Five of the lady volunteers occupied one bed-room, a long bare apartment furnished with a bench instead of chairs; and when they first arrived in Sédan they had great difficulty in obtaining sufficient food for their patients, much less for themselves, and cheerfully underwent many privations. When the Australian beef in tins, and other preserved meats, were sent out, they were considered the greatest luxuries, and were, in fact, far superior to the stringy half-starved meat which was procured in the neighbourhood of Sédan, or to the flesh of the horses killed on the field of battle, which supplied the butchers' shops in the town for at least three weeks.

Another of the English hospitals was at Balan, a large village about a quarter of a mile from Sedan. On the 1st of September the Emperor and his staff occupied a part of the road between this village and the town. Two or three of the houses had been burned down; and the Prussians left many of their wounded on that portion of the battle-field. These had been taken into the mairie and a large private house, where the pictures, looking-glasses, and chimney-piece clocks, still adorned the handsome rooms in which the men lay on straw; and they were placed under the charge of Dr. Frank and some of the Sisters of Mercy from All Saints', Margaret Street, who also attended to another hospital close to the village of Bazeilles, about a mile and a half further along the same road. Bazeilles had formed the centre of a tremendous battle, in which the villagers had joined, turning their houses into rifle-pits and ambuscades, till one by one every habitation in the place was burned to the ground.

There the blackened ruins still remain, like another Pompeii, a melancholy picture for the nineteenth century, in the heart of civilized Europe. The station, the church, the mairie, the shops, the restaurants, are all a heap of stones; and the little children were sitting among them when I visited it, gravely presiding over extempore stalls filled with knapsacks, plumes, bullets, and other relics from the battle field. Along the road leading back to Sédan the ditches were lined with knapsacks and bayonet sheaths. The French Protestant ambulance supported three hospitals for French soldiers in some country villas, between Balan and Sédan. Their charity was not restricted to members of the Reformed Church, as they took in anyone in need of their care; and two French abbés as well as a French Protestant minister, were attached to it as chaplains. The Dutch and Belgians had not been behindhand with other nations; for they each maintained a hospital at the village of La Chapelle, and at a post-house between Bouillon and Libramont.

At some distance beyond Bazeilles lies Pouilly on the Meuse, where Mlle. Monod, the daughter of the late eminent French Protestant minister, M. Adolphe Monod, had established a hospital in a disused factory, and for the first three weeks after the battle she never slept in a bed. She is now giving her valuable aid to the French armies of Tours

and the Loire. Throughout this district the peasants have become beggars, and the sternest magistrate could hardly have resisted their appeals for a sous. They generally promised to pray for us in return. The privations which they have undergone have not affected the appearance of the children to any considerable degree, for all I saw looked stout and healthy; but in this beautiful climate nature can be sustained on a far smaller amount of comforts than in our own. It will, I am afraid, be very different when the winter begins to set in.

On the opposite side of the town of Sédan, the Chateau de Bellevue has also been converted into a hospital; and the room with the large glass windows, in which the King of Prussia and the Emperor Napoleon met together, was given up to the wounded, as well as a rather handsome dining-room hung with tapestry. A small garden and orchard is attached to the chateau, a deserted and neglected avenue, and a few apple trees shedding their fruit, which no one has time to pick up. There is an extensive view of the whole town and neighbourhood from the front of the house, with the ruined railway line running between, and a train drawn up before the little wooden station, as if it was only waiting for the porter to ring the bell. Further off, beyond the Meuse, is the hill from which the Prussians shelled the town, and compelled it to surrender with its garrison of 80,000 men; and in a retired spot below the hill, there is a very picturesque cemetery, where, day after day, a small procession was to be seen winding up a narrow road and past a stone-mason's yard—a choir boy in a cassock and cotta bearing the crucifix, a priest chanting the *Dies Iræ* or some other funeral hymn, and a small ambulance cart with a few soldiers walking on each side, conveyed the corpse of a comrade who had died in one of the hospitals, to its last earthly abode. Returning from the cemetery into the town, we passed by a munificent institution, the Hotel des Pauvres, founded by some ancient benefactor of the middle ages. There is no poor law in France, but private benevolence in ancient times has provided, in many of the towns, an admirable substitute for our workhouse; and I felt ashamed and humiliated, when I saw that Sédan in its adversity was still capable of maintaining the poor in much greater ease and luxury than we can do in England, although we have so long been mercifully preserved from the horrors of war.

Three of the town gates have been closed by the Prussians, to enable them to keep a smaller garrison; and as waggons loaded with bread, hay, and ammunition stores, are coming all day long into the town, the streets leading to the open gates are very noisy and crowded, and the sentinels are occasionally obliged to decide which vehicle shall pass first. In most cases of dispute between a Frenchman and a Prussian, the Prussians evidently tried to be impartial; and considering that war is always beset with horrors, the French have really very little to complain of from them. At the beginning of the campaign they tried to suppress many authentic tales of the Zouave and Turco barbarity on the field of

battle, lest it should excite the Germans too much, and lead them to recriminate; and when we think of the enormous forces they have to deal with, both of their own troops and the prisoners, and the distance from a railway station, it seems marvellous that they should have hitherto been able to keep the north-east of France so well provisioned; for bread, butter, and vegetables, are not dearer at Sédan than at Ostend. The whole town looked so well ordered, and so much at its ease, that it was difficult to believe that a bombardment could be going on only ten miles off, for Mèziéres was surrounded, and we sometimes heard the guns. In expectation of the fall of Metz, and the possibility of the beds in Sédan being wanted for more wounded men, the Prussians have taken great pains to clear out all the hospitals as soon as the patients were fit to go; so that within five weeks of the battles, the principal ambulances had left Sédan, making their way through Belgium to Germany, or through Belgium and England to France. There has also been some alarm lest the garrison should be surprised, as bands of Franc-tireurs, and other irregular French troops, have been lurking about in the neighbourhood, disputing with the wolves for a hiding-place in the woods of the Ardennes, and pouncing upon Prussian provision waggons or anything else that they can pick up. A complete panic was caused one day in Sédan, from an ammunition waggon blowing up just after it had entered the town, by which six Bavarian soldiers who were conducting it were killed and wounded, and all the windows in the houses near were smashed to pieces. The noise was frightful; and as everybody thought that another battle was beginning, or that there was some treachery, the draw-bridges were drawn up, the guards doubled, and every preparation made to stand on the defence. It was afterwards supposed that the accident was caused by a spark from a pipe or a cigar.

The prospect of a very troublesome journey between Sédan and Brussels made me delay my return home, even after the hospital to which I was attached had been closed, as I hoped that every day might give time for matters to improve in that respect. At last, on the 20th of October, we set off in the diligence which leaves Sédan at eight o'clock in the morning, and reaches Libramont in time for a train passing for Namur at a little after five. As far as Bouillon the road is very pretty; but beyond, it is a straight military highway obscured by clouds of dust, and with here and there a solitary post-house where the diligence stopped to change horses. The birth-place and barony of the eminent crusader, Godfrey de Bouillon, contains a picturesque castle standing on a high cliff above the river Meuse; but the town itself is poor and dirty, and when I saw it, was much overcrowded with soldiers, tourists, and refugees. Every Frenchman seems to think he has a right to get as much as possible out of an Englishman, and our driver contrived to obtain our fare twice over from my brother and myself. He took advantage of a moment when my brother was taking our tickets at Libramont, to follow me to say we had not paid our fare from Bouillon,

so I immediately gave him the ten francs he demanded. When my brother returned I found he had secured through tickets from Libramont, and therefore had already paid for the whole distance; but our driver had by that time retreated, and appeared no more till we were safely established in the train.

We waited hours, till it was quite dark, and then the coloured steam of the engine began to appear in the distance. A long crowded train, with two engines and every description of carriage coupled together, drew up, and a grand scramble ensued, which ended in our obtaining seats in a third-class carriage, though we had paid the first-class fare; our company consisting of two Prussian soldiers, one or two Belgian women in caps, a German lady who had been nursing a son at Sédan, and two Frenchmen. All the men smoked; and though at the next station we tried to change our carriage, we were told that having once chosen our places we must keep them till we got to Brussels, and we had therefore no redress but to remain where we were; the windows being so small that the carriage resembled a prison van; though at Namur the guard was compassionate, and we were favoured with a lamp. But no one must be particular about accommodation who chooses to travel on the Continent in a time of war; and anything was better than passing a night at Libramont, notwithstanding that we arrived at Brussels two hours after the appointed time, and did not succeed in finding bed-rooms till nearly twelve o'clock.

Half an hour's journey the next morning brought us to Antwerp, a city which, in spite of its fortifications, cannot look warlike, but bears peace and commercial prosperity in its every aspect; in its spacious and splendidly furnished private houses, and its exquisite works of art. We contrasted the condition of the wealthy Flemish farmer, living in a cold gloomy climate, with an almost perpetual fog, and that of the agriculturists in the East of France, with their bright unclouded sky, yet now reduced to beg their bread. It was with an aching heart that I turned my back upon those desolated districts, and reflected that the miseries I had witnessed in Sédan were still being reproduced in almost every province of France. A great many French soldiers are stationed at Antwerp, and receive rations and lodgings from the Belgian Government. They look ragged and dirty, but seem well satisfied with their treatment, and are free to lounge about the town as they please; many of them were fugitives from the last battles round Sédan, and they appear to be in no particular hurry to take a further share in the war; for, according to their own accounts, they had been miserably treated during the campaign, and for a fortnight had not taken off their clothes, or received their proper rations. The French soldiers would, however, rebel or desert if they were expected to undergo the privations which the Prussian soldiers have cheerfully endured. For a long period while on their march, the Prussian army was fed on a kind of sausage made on purpose for the troops, as it will keep for months. It is composed of

pork, pea-flour, and bread, and contains all the requisite materials for sustaining a man in good health; a very small portion being sufficient for a dinner. I tasted it more than once at Sédan, and am certain that only the pangs of hunger could induce any man who was not a perfect philosopher to eat it. We left Antwerp at twelve o'clock by the steamer for London, and after rather a rough passage, and a sixteen hours sail, landed at St. Katherine's Wharf, in the Thames.

TRADITIONS OF TIROL.

XVII.

WÄLSCH-TIROL.

THE VALLEYS OF WÄLSCH TIROL. 1. THE WÄLSCHTIROLISCHE-ETSCHTHAL —VAL DI RONCHI—BORGHETTO—ALA—ROVEREDO—SURROUNDING CASTLES—DANTE AT LIZZANA—THE SLAVINI DI S. MARCO—LA BUSA DEL BARBAZ, ITS MYTHS—SERRAVALLE—SCHLOSS JUNK—THE MADONNA DEL MONTE—INDUSTRIES—CHAPEL OF S. COLUMBAN—TRENT, FESTA OF S. VIGILIUS; COMPARISON BETWEEN TRENT AND ROME; THE DOMKIRCHE, ITS NOTABILIA; STA. MARIA MAGGIORE, SEAT OF THE COUNCIL, ASSENTING CRUCIFIX, CENTENARY CELEBRATION, LEGEND OF THE ORGAN-BUILDER—CHURCH OF S. PETER; CHAPEL OF S. SIMONIN; CLUB; MUSEUM; PALAZZI; PALAZZO ZAMBELLI, TEUFELSPALAST, ITS LEGEND, GENERAL GALLAS.

It is time that we turn our attention to the Traditions of South and Wälsch Tirol, though it must not be supposed that we have by any means exhausted those of the North. There are so many indications that the rule over the Province, or *Kreis*,* as it is called, of Wälsch Tirol, may ere long be transferred to Italy, that especially as our present view of it is somewhat retrospective, it is as well to consider it first, and before its homogeneity with the rest of the principality is destroyed. †

Wälsch, or Italian Tirol, also (and especially of late) frequently

* Circle.

† In the Comunal Council at Trent in March, 1870, something like a first step was taken in this direction by drawing up a memorial presented to the Viennese Ministry, praying that the Trentino might have a separate local government *(Un' autorità di seconda istanza)* distinct from that of Innsbruck, to which it is now subject. And this on the ground of its *nazionalità italiana*; it was voted unanimously, for the popular mind has long been prepared for it by the press, and by more or less secret propagandism.

denominated the Trentino, comprises the sunniest, and some at least of the most beautiful, valleys of Tirol. The chief are—(1) the Etschthal, or valley of the Adige, which, taking its source from the little lake Reschen, also called *der Grüne*, from the colour of its waters, near Naudon, traverses both South and Wälsch Tirol; that part of it belonging to the latter *Kreis* takes a direct north to south direction down its centre; (2) Val Sugana, or valley of the Enganieren, an ancient indigenous tribe; and (3) the Sarcathal, or Giudicaria.

1. The traveller's first acquaintance with the *Wälschtirolische-Etschthal* will probably be made in the Val di Ronchi, through which the railway of Upper Italy passes insensibly on to Tirolese soil, for you are allowed to get as far as Trent before the Custom-House visitation reminds you that you have passed under another Government. It is a wild gorge along which you run, only less formidable than that which you saw so grimly close round you as you left Verona. If you could but lift that stony veil on your left, you would see the beautiful Garda-See sparkling beside you; but how vexatious soever the denial, the envious mountains interpose their stern steeps to conceal it. Their recesses conceal too, but to our less regret, the famous field of Rivoli.

Borghetto is the first village on Tirolese soil, and Ala (in the middle ages called Sala) the first town; it thrives on the production of silk, introduced here from Lombardy about 1530; it has a picturesque situation, and some buildings that claim a place in the sketch-book. The other places of interest in the neighbourhood are most conveniently visited from Roveredo, or Rofreit, as the Germans call it; a less important and pleasing town than Trent, but placed in a prettier neighbourhood. It received its name of Roboretum from the Latins, on account of the immense forests of oak with which it was surrounded in their time. The road leading through it, being the highway into the country, bristles all along its way with ancient strongholds, as Chiusole, Castelbarco, Predajo, Avio, Castelcorno, Gresta, Beseno, Lizzana, and others, which have all had their share in the numerous struggles for ascendancy, waged for so many years between the Emperor, the Republic of Venice, the Bishops of Trent, and the powerful families inhabiting them. The last-named preserves a tradition of more peaceful interest. At the time that Dante was banished from Florence, Lizzana was a seat of the Scaligers, and they had him for their visitor for some time during his wanderings. Not far from it is the so-called Slavini di San Marco, a vast *Steinmeer*, which seems, as it were, a ruined mountain, such vast blocks of rock lie scattered on every side; there is little doubt the poet has immortalized the scene he had the opportunity of contemplating here in his description of the descent to the Inferno, at the opening of Canto XII. It is said that a fine city, called San Marco, lies buried under these gigantic fragments, concerning which the country people were very curious, and were continually excavating to arrive at the treasure it was supposed to contain, till one day a peasant thus engaged saw written in

fiery letters on one vast boulder, '*Beati quelli che mi volteranno.*' (Happy they who turn me round.) The peasant thought his fortune was made; there could be no doubt the promised happiness must consist in the riches which turning over the stone should disclose. Plenty of neighbours were ready to lend a hand to so promising a toil; and after the most unheard-of exertions, the monster stone was upheaved. But instead of a treasure, they found nothing but another inscription, which said, '*Bene mi facesti, perchè le coscie mi duolevano.*' (You have done me a good turn, for I had a pain in my ribs.)* As the peasants felt no great satisfaction in working with no better pay than this, the buried city of San Marco ceased from this time to be the object of their search. Nevertheless, near Mori, on the opposite (west) side of the river, is a deep cave called 'la Busa del Barbaz,' concerning which the saying runs, that it was, ages ago, the lurking-place of a cruel white-bearded old man, who lived on human flesh, and that whoso has the courage to explore the cave and discover his remains, will immediately on touching them be confronted by his spirit, who will tell the adventurous wight where an immense treasure lies hid. Some sort of origin for this fable may be found in an older tradition, which tells that idols, whose rites demanded human sacrifices, were cast down this cave by the first Christian converts of the Lenothal. The Slavini are closed by a rocky gorge, characteristically named Serravalle; and as the country again opens out, another cave on the east bank is pointed out, which was for long years a resort of robbers, who plundered all who passed that way. These were routed out by the Prince-bishop of Trent, in 1197, and a hospice for the relief of travellers built on the very spot which so long had been the terror of the wayfarer. The chapel was dedicated in honour of S. Margaret, and still retains the name.

Roveredo itself is crowned by a fort—Schloss Junk, or Castel nuovo, which has stood many a siege, originally built by the Venetians—but it is more distinguished by its villas and manufactories. The silk trade was introduced here in 1580, and has continuously added to the prosperity of the place. Gaetano Tacchi established relations with England at the end of the last century, and the four brothers of the same name, who now represent his house, are the richest family in the place. They have a very pretty family vault near the Madonna del Monte, a pilgrimage reached by a road which starts behind the *Pfarrkirche* of S. Maria; another pilgrimage church newly established is the Madonna de Salette. While the silk factories occupy the Italian hands, the Germans resident here find employment at a newly-established tobacco factory; much tobacco is grown in the Trentino.

* The sunnier and less thoughtful tone of mind in which the Italian particularly differs from the German character, is often to be traced in their legendary stories. Those of the Germans are nearly always made to convey some moral lesson; this is as often wanting in those of the Italians, who seem satisfied with making them means of amusement, without caring that they should be a medium of instruction.

A great deal of activity is seen in Roveredo: the *Corso nuovo* is a broad handsome street with fine trees; a new and handsome road, between the town and railway station, was laid out in the autumn of 1869. Outside the town is the so-called Lenoschlucht, reached by the *Strada nuova*, which crosses it by a daring high-arched bridge; the cliff rises sheer on the right hand, and overlooking the dangerous precipice, is the little chapel of S. Columban, seemingly perched there by enchantment; it is built over the spot where a hermit, who was held in veneration by the neighbourhood, had his retreat.

There are seven churches, but not much to remark in any of them. That of S. Rocchus, was built in consequence of a vow made by the townspeople during the plague of 1630, to invite a settlement of Franciscans hither if it was stayed; the altar-piece is ascribed to Giovanni da Udine. There are several educational establishments; and a club, which is devoted to a propagandism of Italian tendencies.

The time to see Trent to advantage is in the month of June, not only for the sake of the natural beauties of climate and scenery, but because then falls the festa of S. Vigilius (26th) the evangelizer of the country, for then the churches are crowded with all the surrounding mountain population, who, after religious observances have been duly fulfilled, indulge in all their characteristic games and amusements, often in representations of sacred dramas, and always wind up with their favourite and peculiar illumination of their mountain sides. That their city was the See of S. Vigilius, and the seat of the great Council of the Church, are reckoned by its people their greatest glories; and they delight to trace a parallel between their city and 'great Rome.' They reckon their city was founded in the time of Tarquinius Priscus, by a colony of Etruscans, under a leader named Rhætius, who established there the worship of Neptune, whence the name of Tridentum or Trent. They occupied and fortified the country, and subsequently became a power formidable to the Empire; but some twenty-five years before the Christian Era, Rhætia, as the country round was called, was conquered by Drusus, son-in-law of Augustus, and colonized. An ancient inscription preserved in the Schloss Buon Consiglio, shews that Trent was the centre of the local government, which was exactly modelled on that of Rome. S. Vigilius, who spread the light of the faith here, was a born Roman, and suffered martyrdom in a persecution emulating those of Rome, about the year 400. The city endured sieges and over-running from many of the barbarous nations which overran and sacked Rome; and researches into the ancient foundations shew that the accumulation of ruins has raised the soil, as in Rome, some feet above the original ground plan—Ranzi says more than four metres. The traces of three distinct lines of walls, shewing just as in Rome the progressive enlargement of the city, have been found, as also remains of a considerable amphitheatre; and many of inlaid pavements, &c., shewing that it was handsomely built and provided. And to complete the parallel, it was under the regime of an Ecclesiastical Ruler that, after

years of distress and turmoil, its peace and prosperity were restored. The Bishop of Trent still retains his title of Prince, but the deprivation of his territorial rule was one of the measures of secularization of Joseph II.

There are sixteen churches in Trent, of which the most considerable is the Cathedral, dating from the eleventh century, a Romanesque building of massive design, built of the reddish-brown marble, which abounds in the neighbourhood. The interior is extensively decorated with frescoes. It is dedicated to S. Vigilius, whose relics are preserved in a silver sarcophagus. Among its other notabilia are a Madonna, by Perugino, and some good paintings of less esteemed masters; also a copy of the Madonna di San Luca of the Pantheon, presented in 1465 to the then Bishop of Trent, while on a visit to Rome, by the Pope, and ever since an object of popular veneration. As a curiosity, is shewn a waxen image of the Blessed Virgin, modelled by a Jew. It also contains several curious brass monuments. The Church of Sta. Maria Maggiore, where the great Council was held, on this account surpasses it in interest, though of small architectural merit: there is a legend that when the final Te Deum at the close of the Council was sung on the 4th of December, 1563,* a crucifix, still pointed out in one of the side-chapels of the Cathedral, was seen to bow its head as if in token of approval of the constitutions that had been established. Sta. Maria Maggiore contains a picture of the Council, with the fathers in full session, which is not without interest, though quaint and faded and injured by lightning. It has also a very fine organ, the tone of which was so much esteemed at the time it was built, that it is said the Town Council determined to put out the eyes of the organ-builder, lest he should endow any other city with as perfect an instrument. The master, finding he could not prevail on the council-men to relent, asked as a last favour to be allowed to play on his organ, which was willingly conceded; but as soon as he had obtained access to the instrument, he contrived to damage the stop imitating the human voice, which he had invented, and which had been its great merit, and thus punished the pride and cruelty of the municipality. In the remarkable Gothic Church of S. Peter, is a curious chapel, built in commemoration of the infant Saint, Simeon or Simonin, whose alleged martyrdom at the hands of the Jews, in 1472, I have already had a reason to mention when giving the analogous legend of S. Andreas of Rinn; many relics of him are shewn in the chapel, where a festa is still kept in his honour on the 24th of March.

My limits forbid my speaking in much detail of the secular buildings and institutions, which are, however, not unworthy of attention. There are clubs and reading-rooms—in some of which, as in Roveredo, aspirations after union with Italy are steadily propagated; the spirit of loyalty to Austria, though still strong in many breasts, has nothing like the same

* A centenary celebration of the Council was held at Trent in 1863, at which the late lamented Cardinal von Reisach presided as legate *a latere*.

influence as in 1848–9, or in 1866, when the attacks and blandishments of the revolutionists of Italy were alike powerless to shake the allegiance of the Trentiners. The public museum is a very creditable institution, greatly enriched in 1846 by the legacy of Count Giovanelli's collection, chiefly of coins and medals; and there are paintings not to be despised, to be seen in the collections of the best families of the place—Palazzo Wolkenstein, Palazzo Sizzo, Casa Salvetti, Casa Gaudenti. Two great ornaments of the city are the Palazzi Tabarelli and Zambelli; and with the legend of the latter I must wind up my notice of Trent.

The Palazzo Zambelli enjoys likewise the name of *Teufelspalast*, and for this reason:—Georg Fugger, a scion of the wealthy Anthony Fugger, of Augsburg, the entertainer of Charles Quint, was deeply enamoured of the spirited Claudia Porticelli, the acknowledged beauty of Trent. Claudia did not appear at all averse from the match, but she was too proud to yield herself all too readily; and besides, was genuinely possessed with the spirit of patriotism, to which mountain folk are never wanting. Accordingly, when the reply long pressed for from her lips came at last, it informed him that never would Claudia Porticelli of Tirolean Trent give her hand to one whose dwelling was afar from her native city; she wondered, indeed, that one who did not possess so much as a little house to call a home in Trent, should imagine he possessed her sympathies. To another this answer would have amounted to a refusal, for it only wanted a day of the time already fixed of long date beforehand, for the announcement of her final choice. But Georg Fugger was not a man to yield up a hope so dearly cherished as that of making Claudia Porticelli his wife. To his determined mind there was a way of doing everything a man was resolved to do. To build a house, however, in one night, and that a house worthy of being the home of his Claudia when men should call her Claudia Fugger, was a serious matter indeed. No human hands could do the work, that was clear; he must have recourse to help from which a good Christian should shrink; but the case was desperate, he had no choice. Nevertheless, Georg Fugger had no mind to endanger his soul either; the game he had to play was to get the Evil One to build the house, but also to guard from letting him gain any spiritual advantage against him; and his indomitable energy devised the means of securing the one and the other. Without loss of time the devil was summoned, and the task of building the desired palace propounded to him; the tempter willingly accepted the undertaking, on his usual condition of the surrender of the soul of him in whose favour it was performed. Georg Fugger cheerfully signed the bond with his blood, only stipulating first for the insertion of one slight condition on his side—namely, that the devil should do one little other thing for him before he claimed his terrible guerdon. 'Whatever you like! It won't be too hard for me!' boasted the Evil One; and they separated, each well satisfied with the compact.

The Devil's Palace has a splendid design, 'worthy the genius of

Palladio,' writes a modern traveller, who has only seen it in its decadence. On the night in which it was built, it was resplendent with marbles and gilding and tasteful decoration; furnished it was too, to satisfy the most fastidious taste, and the requirements of the most luxurious. With pride the devil called Georg Fugger to come and survey the lordly edifice, and name his 'final condition.' Georg Fugger was prepared for him; he had taken a bushel of corn, and strewn it over all the floors of the vast building. 'Look here, Meister,' he said. 'If you can gather this corn up grain by grain, and deliver me back the whole number correctly, then indeed my soul will be yours; but if otherwise, my soul remains my own and the palace too. That is my final condition.'

The devil accepted the task cheerfully, and with no misgiving of his success. True, it took him the whole night to look through all the rooms, and collect all the scattered grain; still he had performed harder feats before that day. But the hours ran by, and still there were five grains wanting to complete the count; where could those five grains be! With a flaring torch, lighted at his fiercest fire, he searched every corner through and through, but the five grains were nowhere to be seen, and daylight began to appear! 'Ah! the measure is well heaped up, the Fugger won't discover they are missing,'—so he flattered himself. But Georg Fugger was keener than he seemed. Before his eyes he counted out the corn, and asked for the five missing grains. 'Stuff! the measure is piled up full enough; I can't be so particular as all that. The number must be there.' 'But it is not!' urged Fugger. 'Oh, you've miscounted,' rejoined the Evil One. I'm not going to be put off in that way. I've built your house, and I've collected your measure of corn, and your soul is mine; you can't prove that there were five more grains.' 'Yes, I can,' replied Fugger. 'Reach me out your paw;' and the Devil, not guessing how he could convict him by that means, held out his great paw, with perfect confidence of manner. 'There!' cried Fugger, pointing to it as he spoke. 'There, under your own claws, lie the five grains! That corn had been offered before the Holy Rood, and by the power of the five Sacred Wounds it was kept from fulfilling your fell purpose. You had not collected the full number of grains into the measure by the morning light, so our bargain is at an end. Begone!' The Devil, self-convicted, had no refuge but to strive to alarm his victor by a show of fury; and with burning claws he began tearing down the wall so lately raised. But Fugger remained imperturbable, for he had fairly won the palace, and the Devil himself had no more power over it. He could only succeed in making a hole big enough for himself to escape by, which hole was for many and many years pointed out.

But Fugger had established his claim to Claudia's hand, who rejoiced at the gentle violence thus done her; and many happy days they spent together in the *Teufelspalast*. In later years it passed from their family into the hands of Field-marshal Gallas, who lived here in

peaceful retirement after his renowned exploits in the Thirty Years War, whence it was long called Palazzo Gallas or Golassi; but it has lately again changed hands, and now acquired the name of Palazzo Zambelli.

(To be continued.) R. H. B.

THE CUMBERLAND STREET CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

Most of the readers of The Monthly Packet are readers also of Aunt Judy's Magazine, and are therefore well acquainted with the admirable Children's Hospital of Great Ormond Street, and with 'Aunt Judy's cot and its little occupants.' Will it now be thought presumptuous if we beg for a corner in The Monthly Packet, to plead for a much smaller and less known Hospital for Children—that of Cumberland Street, Eccleston Square? and if we even feel a hope that we may get an additional cot there from lovers of the Daisy Chain? A Daisy-Chain Cot will convey many pleasant thoughts to poor little Londoners lying in it.

In this hope, we are going to put down a few statements, taken from the three Reports already published of the Belgrave Hospital for Children, with a few details kindly given by the Lady Superintendent; and we trust that hearts will be moved to help this charity, when it is seen how much help is needed, and how much good has been already done.

The Great Ormond Street Hospital, established seventeen or eighteen years ago, cannot of course alleviate all the cases of children's sufferings which owe their origin to unhealthy dwellings, insufficient or unwholesome food, and neglect. So many of these sad cases came to the knowledge of the richer inhabitants of Belgravia, that so long ago as 1863 a committee was formed to raise funds, and procure a house in which a beginning might be made towards a Children's Hospital. A certain amount of money was raised; but the difficulty of finding a suitable house was very great; and it was not till the beginning of 1867 that the opportunity occurred of obtaining the house, 1, Cumberland Street. Immediately the work was begun. Twelve beds were fitted up in four rooms, which are light and airy, with the proper amount of cubic and floor space carefully provided. Medical men of well-known skill promised their assistance; and a lady, Miss Munro, offered her invaluable services as Lady Superintendent, and has ever since devoted herself to this work of mercy. A nurse, who had had considerable experience in the management of sick children, was engaged; and shortly after a second, who was to attend especially to the surgical cases. These two nurses are assisted by two young girls, who are taken into the

Hospital on payment of a small sum for their board, for the express purpose of being trained in the work of nursing children.

From an early period after the opening of the Hospital, in March, 1867, the applications for admission became numerous, and soon the beds were nearly always full. Sixty-one patients, some very severe cases, passed through this house between March and the end of the year.

It was originally intended by the Committee to confine themselves to the treatment of in-patients, but soon they found it absolutely necessary to provide for the treatment of out-patients; so numerous were the applications for this kind of relief, that the managers were obliged to limit these out-patients to children who came with a recommendation from a subscriber. Even with this limitation, 1081 out-patients were prescribed for in the nine months ending December 31st, 1868. This made it needful to have an additional physician and surgeon; and the services of Dr. Reginald Thompson and Mr. Pick were secured.

On January 1st, 1868, seven little patients were remaining in the Hospital; and during the year fifty-three boys and sixty-one girls were admitted. Of these, fifty-eight were discharged cured; thirty-eight were relieved or made out-patients; three were incurable; one was discharged at the request of the mother, who wished to nurse the child herself; six died; fifteen were still in the Hospital on January 1st, 1869. Amongst the out-patients were some who ought to have been made in-patients, but there was no room.

By this time the necessity for enlarging the scale of the work became apparent, and an urgent appeal for an 'Extension Fund' has been made. If this appeal is answered, the Committee will be enabled to open a new ward or wards. In 1869, only eighty-eight patients were received into the Hospital; but this is accounted for by the great majority of surgical cases, and the very long treatment required by these cases, the greater number of them being chronic. One child was in the Hospital 144 days; another, 122; a third, 120.

The Lady Superintendent writes: 'There are so many of the children about whom something interesting might be told, that I find it difficult to make a selection. They are almost invariably wonderfully patient and tractable, and, when not actually suffering, quite contented and even merry. I must just mention little Frank S——, as he was admitted into the Hospital not very long after it was opened. He was about six years old, an affectionate sensitive child, who felt leaving his home very much. His mother could not venture to come and see him, lest it should make him fret; and the event of his day was being allowed to sit up in bed at a certain time to see an elder brother pass the Hospital on his way to work. Poor Frank had to undergo a serious operation, but notwithstanding was quite quite reconciled to remaining with us for several months; though the sight of what he called "the stuff you put on splints with"—*i. e.* chloroform —always put him in a terrible fright. He was quite unable to walk when he became a patient here, but now gets about very fairly with crutches.

'A week or two after he was admitted, James S—— was brought to us—a bright happy-looking boy, who made himself at home at once. It was soon found that his case was incurable, and he had much to suffer; but he always tried to be patient and contented. He would ask if I should have time to read to him, and generally add, "Perhaps if you can't to-day, you will to-morrow." One Sunday, about a fortnight before his death, the other children in the ward were repeating one of the "Hymns for Little Children," (How good is the Almighty God!) of which he was very fond, and he said, "I can't say it out loud, but I am saying it in a whisper; you know I am saying it, don't you?" He seemed quite to realize that he could not recover, and used to beg his mother not to grieve. The religious instruction he had received at school was well remembered by him. This was also particularly noticeable in little Kate F——. She was only about five years old; and it was most affecting to hear her in her delirium repeating, with folded hands, the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and as many of the Commandments as she could remember. The hymn I have mentioned, as being such a favourite with James S——, often reminds me of the surprise I felt when two verses of it were repeated by poor Emma T——, a rough uncivilized little creature about four years old, from the east of London, to whom it seemed at first a hopeless task to teach anything, even tolerably good manners. She was, however, an affectionate child, anxious to please all who shewed her kindness, and therefore she gradually improved in all respects. As an instance of the change in her habits, I may mention that one afternoon finding her crying a little, (a most unusual thing,) it turned out that she thought her hands were dirty, and was in a hurry to have them washed. She remained with us until her death, and was latterly so tractable and thankful for all that was done for her. Her mother (a widow and very poor) seemed also very grateful and satisfied with the care the child had had. As a proof of this, one dreary afternoon last winter, a poor woman came to the Hospital, carrying with much difficulty a little girl who had received some injury from a fall a short time previously. She announced herself as a friend of Emma T——'s mother, near whom she lived, and who had entreated her to bring her child here to make sure of having the best advice and care.

'I am often struck by the trustfulness of the children—they seem so thoroughly convinced that all that is done for them is done for their good. One little boy, who has had twice to return to us for painful operations, came back without the slightest reluctance, and the other day preferred a request that he might remain here altogether. When the second of the operations was going to be performed, it happened, most unfortunately as I thought, that he was told of it the day before; but instead of dreading it, he and another boy, to whom something was going to be done, amused themselves by making two dolls go through the whole thing, pretending to give them chloroform, putting on splints, &c. Treating dolls as patients is a favourite amusement with both girls and boys; and the way

in which other toys are arranged is often very droll—Noah taking his family for an airing in an omnibus, or on a steam-engine, drawn by a camel or an elephant.

'Some children are, of course, much more shy on first coming than others. A little girl, about five years old, who was brought at the end of last summer in a very low state of health, would not speak for about a fortnight, and would only eat when she thought no one was looking at her—generally at night. She, however, gradually became one of the most sociable talkative patients we have ever had, and went home when well very unwillingly. The children are indeed seldom anxious to leave the Hospital after they have been in it a few days, and we miss some of them sadly when they are discharged.'

No wonder that they should be unwilling to leave the place where they have been treated with a gentleness and tenderness they could not even dream of in their own rough homes! It is touching to see how soon kindness tells on these little ones, and how ready they are to look on all visitors as their friends. The confidential way in which they present their toys to be admired, and the general clapping of hands which signalizes the arrival of a new toy, is very delightful.

Anyone who once visits this Hospital must long to see it enlarged, and its blessings given to a greater number of little sufferers.

It should be added that patients are received from all parts of England.

Subscriptions or Donations will be gratefully received by the Editor. Post-office Orders may be made payable to CHARLOTTE YONGE—Ludgate Hill, if directed to 6, Paternoster Row. They will be acknowledged in the next ensuing Number, if sent *before* the 14th of the month.

A CONVERSATION ON 'COMING OUT.'

III.

'IT is too hot to learn by heart,' said Emily Mildmay, one sultry evening in August, closing Wordsworth's Poems with a violent yawn. 'Miss Hamilton ought not to expect it; however, it only wants a fortnight to the holidays, that is one comfort.'

'Yes,' said George; 'and then good-bye to the office, and hurrah for the Lakes!'

'I wish you and Fred would not go away just when we girls can enjoy ourselves,' said Emily.

'Cannot be helped, my dear,' said Fred; 'we must go, to enlarge our minds.'

'Well,' said Emily, 'thank goodness these are my last Midsummer holidays. I shall be "come out" by this time next year; and then

hurrah for freedom—no more being forced to work, and obliged to obey Miss Hamilton!'

'I am sure she is not hard upon you,' said Fred.

'No,' said George, 'she is a regular brick; do you remember what a discussion we had about her before she came?'

'Yes, had not we?' said Emily. 'Oh, I like her very much indeed, and feel her quite a friend; but still, governesses will be governesses.'

'And girls will be girls,' said Fred.

'Yes,' said George; 'that simply means that she is here to see that you work, and she does it.'

Emily gave a slight toss of her head. 'Well, I shall see to myself after Easter,' she said, and returned to her book.

'Here she comes,' said Fred, looking towards the shrubbery gate, 'and Addy Harford with her;—so you will have a kindred spirit, Emmy.'

Adelaide Harford was a very pretty and rather wild young lady, about the same age as Emily, who at this time was within two months of seventeen. She had lost her mother when quite a baby, and having no brothers or sisters, had been brought up partly at school and partly by a very indulgent and not very wise governess, who was also to act as her chaperone when she was introduced. This lady's name was Miss Hartopp, generally abbreviated by her pupil into 'Hearty.' Mr. Harford was in comfortable circumstances; and the two families, having always lived within a walk of each other, were very intimate.

George rose and made a low bow as they approached. 'Miss Harford alone and unattended!' he said.

'Yes, Mr. George Mildmay,' she replied, with a mock curtsey. 'Miss Hamilton stopped to speak as she passed our gate; and it recurred to me that I should like "the evening out," as Anne would say; so I signified the same to Hearty, and here I am. Where is Jane?' she continued, seating herself on the grass, next to Emily.

'Dining out with Papa and Mamma,' said George.

'You are come just in time to sympathize with Emmy,' said Fred; 'she has been talking treason, Miss Hamilton—saying she would give anything to "come out" and have done with that horrid school-room.'

'Not in those words, though,' said Emily.

Miss Hamilton smiled. 'I am quite aware that Emily is looking forward to her freedom,' she said.

'Yes, and I am better off than you, Emmy,' said Adelaide, 'for I shall "come out" at Christmas; and don't I mean to enjoy myself!'

'I suppose there will not be a ball in the county that will not be graced by your presence?' said George.

'A ball—I should think not, nor anything else besides! Papa says he does not care how much I go out, so that he is not always obliged to go with me. I am afraid poor Hearty will have rather a life of it; but she is the most good-natured creature, and as strong as a horse.'

They all laughed.

'A nice desultory life you will lead,' said Fred.

'Thanks, Mr. Fred,' she replied, colouring. 'I would not be slow enough to suit your taste for something.—I am so glad he is gone,' she added, as Fred closed his book and walked off. 'I hate being lectured by him.'

'And pray what shall you do on the days when nothing happens to be going on?' asked George.

'Oh, I mean always to have people staying in the house. I shall not be dull. I am like "Mrs. Jerningham:" I consider youth is the time for enjoyment, and I mean to enjoy myself. Have you read that most delicious book,* Emily?'

'Yes,' said Emily; 'we got it on your recommendation.'

'Don't you like it?'

'Very much indeed,' said Emily.

'I think it is too delightful,' continued Addy; 'and all that first part I agree with entirely, and intend to lead just such a life as hers was.'

But suppose a "John" should step in?' said George.

'Then he will just have to step out again. I will manage better than she did in that respect; trust me for not marrying before I choose.'

'And perhaps not a "John" when you do choose?' said George.

'Oh, I do not know about that: I don't at all dislike poor John, though he is such a brute. But do not you think now,' she added more seriously, turning to Miss Hamilton, 'that girls have a right to enjoy themselves? What is the good of having health and spirits, if one is not to make use of them?'

'Certainly,' replied Miss Hamilton; 'but I hope this is not the only use you intend to make of them?'

'Oh, of course there will be other things I shall have to do—keeping house, and walking with Papa, and all that; but I do not see why I should refuse invitations when they come—just for a few years, you know. As Mrs. Jerningham says, "Youth is the time to make your play;" shall not you go everywhere you can, Emily?'

'I shall not be allowed,' said Emily, in rather a dolorous voice.

'Cheer up, Emmy,' said George, who was apparently absorbed in cutting a piece of cork into the shape of a house, 'I will escort you to as many balls as you please.'

'It is not only balls,' said Emily. 'Mamma does not think we ought to go to everything.'

'But surely you won't refuse things for the sake of refusing them?' said Addy.

'Jane does,' said George, 'and likes better staying at home.'

'Oh, Jane,' said Emily, with the slightest possible touch of contempt in her tone, 'Jane is very different from me; but we shall do that, Addy, I know; and perhaps it is right,' she added, with a sigh.

'And pray now, will you tell me why?' said Adelaide.

* 'Mrs. Jerningham's Journal.'

'Mamma thinks we should get too fond of excitement,' said Emily.

'And what is the harm of being fond of excitement?' asked Adelaide. 'I do not mean to be disrespectful to Mrs. Mildmay, I really want to know.'

'I suppose it unfits one for common life,' said Emily; 'in fact, it does that, I must say—makes every-day life seem flat.'

'Oh! that is only because you get so little of it; it does not when you are used to it; take your fill for a little while, and you will be satisfied, and ready to live a quiet life afterwards—that is what I say.'

'Like the boys in the grocers' shops,' said George, 'who are allowed to eat as many currants as they like at first, and then never want any more.'

'Well, and they enjoy the currants while they are eating them,' said Adelaide; 'perhaps it is rather different for you, Emily, because you are so many at home, and may not want so much outside amusement; but I am all alone, no companions except Hearty, and I have plenty of money, and Papa does not object, so I do not see why I should not have as much society as I like; in fact, I think it is pointed out as a duty. Besides, I shall be gaining experience all the time; the more people you see, the more knowledge you get of human nature; and you learn to talk and make yourself agreeable, which will be very necessary for me, you know.'

'And how long is this to last?' said George.

'Oh, I don't know, not very long—two or three years perhaps: there cannot be any harm in it for that time?' she said, appealing to Miss Hamilton.

'I do not quite see why you should waste your life even for two or three years,' replied Miss Hamilton, smiling; 'but I doubt whether it is in the nature of a taste for excitement to wear itself comfortably out in that way; it is more like the horse-leach, crying, "Give, give!" I do not fancy you will be ready for wholesome food by the time you are twenty.'

'Oh, I shall get right by degrees,' said Addy. 'But you have none of you told me what the harm is; you talk in this solemn way, and frighten me out of my senses, and yet you have brought no definite accusation; for I think nothing of all this about excitement;—what is the harm of enjoyment? now do tell me.'

'No harm whatever in enjoyment,' said Miss Hamilton; 'but harm in a life lived for the sake of enjoyment; for one thing, it is a fruitless chase, as you will be forced to acknowledge, my dear child, if you pursue it for any length of time.'

'Mrs. Jerningham did not find it fruitless, Miss Hamilton,' said Emily.

'Not in retrospect,' replied Miss Hamilton; 'but I think you would have found that even Mrs. Jerningham's had been flat days if you had known her before she was married. However, I am not arguing against amusement, only against nothing but amusement; why is everything to minister to your enjoyment, and you minister to nothing?'

'Oh, now,' said Adelaide, 'pray do not say that one ought to visit the poor, and teach in schools, and all that sort of thing: I am sure it is not in my line, and never will be.'

'Nor in mine,' said Emily.

'You jump to rapid conclusions,' said Miss Hamilton, laughing; 'but "visiting the poor" is a hackneyed phrase; it is, or ought to be, in your line to sympathize with your fellow-creatures.'

Adelaide sighed. 'What a dreadful turn the conversation is taking!' she said. 'I think I will go home.'

'I thought you wanted something definite,' said George.

'Well, but, Miss Hamilton,' pursued Adelaide, 'you do not really think that it is necessary to do those things?'

'I don't know about "those things" in particular,' replied Miss Hamilton; 'but I do think that in every life there should be either a definite doing good, or a definite preparation for doing good, generally both together.'

'But you do not disapprove of amusements, Miss Hamilton, I know,' said Emily.

'Not in the least; all I want is, that you should recognize the principle that no life is given to be used solely for Self; choose your way of doing good, it may be amongst the poor or it may not, though I hardly think any life can be right in which the poor have no part; but at any rate, have some definite aim for the good of your fellow-creatures and for the denial of yourself.'

'What do you think one ought to do, then?' said Emily.

'Well, the first thing I should say is, what you may think would come as a matter of course, though I fear it often does not; and that is, *be steadfast* in getting up early enough to read your Bible and say your prayers without hurry before you leave your room; then I should recommend some solid book on language to be always kept in hand, and read regularly every day for an hour or half an hour as the case may be. You have no idea what a strengthening effect it has on the mind; also, I would have a standing occupation, such as music, or drawing, or writing, definitely carried on.'

'I should not dislike all that,' said Emily; 'done in moderation, I think it would help to keep one steady.'

'Steady!' said Adelaide, 'I should think it would; I could never do it, Miss Hamilton—I might as well be in the school-room still; and as to lessons, Hearty hates them as much as I do.'

'Well, I am only suggesting,' said Miss Hamilton, smiling; 'but I should really recommend every girl to have some one definite improving thing to do at a certain hour every day, let it be practising, or plain work, or what not, only do it at a fixed time and keep to it; the habit is much more than the thing itself.

'This would be all for one's good,' said Emily.

'Yes, except that other people necessarily reap the benefit of a well-trained mind; but as to the good of others, even if circumstances prevent much more, every family life, however small, gives endless opportunities for small kindnesses and self-denials, which have a very bracing effect if

they are cheerfully met; but I would have something definite in that also: for instance, if there is any particular habit or custom which your parents like, but which you find irksome, make a point of submitting cheerfully in that particular.'

'Oh, I could do that,' said Adelaide. 'I often do as it is.'

'Then,' continued Miss Hamilton, 'for my own part, I would always have something done for the poor. I do not see how the innumerable directions in the Bible can be evaded by anyone who has any time at all. I think there should always be a certain number to be visited and cared for—under the clergyman, of course.'

'And do you think everyone ought to teach?' asked Emily.

'No, I do not,' replied Miss Hamilton. 'I would not force teaching upon anyone, though I think it is an excellent thing to do; but even then, unless a person has really no time for anything more, I would not let it take the place of visiting. I believe a good many teach in a Sunday-school merely because their conscience tells them they ought to do something; and they can do that without interfering with their week-day pleasures. Visit the parents of your scholars, if you can do nothing else.'

'I had no idea you were so strong on that point, Miss Hamilton,' said George.

'Well, I believe I am rather,' said Miss Hamilton; 'but I do consider it a positive duty for everyone who has leisure at their disposal, not with any idea of teaching them, except what may be done indirectly by reading and so on, but for the sake of entering into their feelings, of seeing how much there is to bear in the world and how well it is borne, for the sake of learning to be thankful and learning to sympathize.'

'So we should still get more than we give,' said Emily.

'Yes,' replied Miss Hamilton; 'you cannot escape the law that "he that watereth shall be watered also himself."'

'Visiting the poor would involve self-denial in giving away to them,' said Emily. 'Miss Hamilton, I want to have a talk with you sometime about how to manage an allowance; I know I shall get into such scrapes with mine.'

'Very well,' answered Miss Hamilton. 'I shall be happy to talk, but I would not have what you call "giving away" considered as a part of your visits to the poor: I would take advantage at present of your not being the mistress of a house, to have it an understood thing that you do not give.'

'That would not apply to me,' said Addy.

'Poor Addy!' said George; 'some have "greatness thrust upon them."'

'No,' said Miss Hamilton; 'in that respect it would be more difficult for you than for Emily.'

'In a great many respects, I think,' answered Adelaide: 'all the reading that you recommend, for instance, it will be pleasant enough for Emily, who has got Jane for a companion, and you to help her; but I could not sit down in solitary state to read my Butler's Analogy.'

'You might come over once a week and read with us,' said Emily.

'Well, that might be better,' said Adelaide; 'but I do not see why I need make such a point of reading; it is not in me to be intellectual, why should I do violence to my nature?'

'Oh no,' replied Miss Hamilton; 'as I said before, it is the habit of regularity that is chiefly important.'

'Well, but now,' continued Addy, 'all this does not apply to "going out," which was what we began upon; even supposing one did live in this rigid way, it would be perfectly compatible with going out in an evening as much as one liked.'

'Hardly with going to constant balls and dances, would it?' said Miss Hamilton; 'at least, you must be very different from most girls if you can get up as usual the next morning, and set to work as if nothing had happened.'

'Oh! but you would never be so cruel as to say that one ought not to go to a ball for the sake of the next morning!' exclaimed Addy; 'one might as well not "come out" at all.'

'And many little visits of two or three days at a time would interfere also,' unrelentingly pursued Miss Hamilton.

'But it would be impossible,' said Adelaide; 'you cannot refuse invitations without a reason.'

'No, but I would have these poor despised duties allowed to form a reason sometimes.'

'But you cannot be bound in that way by merely voluntary obligations,' said Adelaide.

'Why not? the obligation to amuse yourself is equally voluntary with the obligation to improve yourself—supposing, of course, that your parents allow you to do as you like.'

'But what could she say?' asked George. '"Miss Harford regrets that a prior engagement to read Butler's Analogy prevents her accepting such and such invitation;" or "Miss Harford is sorry to decline Mrs. So-and-So's dance; but she fears it will make her too sleepy to go to the school the next morning."'

'I should not feel it any breach of truthfulness,' said Miss Hamilton, laughing, 'to plead a prior engagement without going into particulars.'

'No; but fancy if one were asked the next day what it was,' said Adelaide; 'I should be sure to let it out, and then what a fearful prig one would seem! And as to visits of two or three days, or weeks either, I think they are the most delightful things in the world.'

'But how would you settle, Miss Hamilton, when to refuse and when to accept? for I am sure you would accept sometimes.'

'Yes, certainly, I would accept and enjoy myself thoroughly, and then do my very best to set to work again as soon as possible, and see if I could manage to enjoy a ball without being upset and spoilt for two or three days afterwards.'

'And suppose that result were found to be unattainable?' said George.

'Then I would give up balls,' answered Miss Hamilton.

'Would you really?' said Adelaide, in a tone of unmeasurable astonishment.

They all laughed.

'That would be a climax indeed,' said George.

'But you have not told us when you would refuse things,' said Emily.

'Well,' said Miss Hamilton, 'it is difficult to lay down definite rules, but I think one good safeguard is to have a fixed sum for spending on dress, and not allow yourself to exceed it; that would probably force you to exercise some moderation; then suppose circumstances had happened to make you rather irregular lately, and just as you were setting to work again, there came an invitation to something which you knew would upset you, I would refuse it; or if two things came very close together, one might be declined; it is always well to be able to stay at home cheerfully. Suppose you should marry into some quiet neighbourhood where your gaiety might consist of about two dinner-parties a year on an average?'

'Oh, but that would be quite different,' said Emily.

Miss Hamilton shook her head. 'Ah, Emmy!' she said, 'you are like other girls who expect that the magic of marriage is to do everything, that life will never be dull again, and that they will never be cross again, nor their husbands either, I suppose. The excitement of marriage may last some time, but it will die out at length, and the real character appear again, trust me.'

'At any rate, we should be obliged to submit then,' said Emily.

'Yes; but you would not find the process any the pleasanter for having accustomed yourself for three or four years to a life of constant excitement. Besides, if you only knew how tiresome girls are to their elders, who cannot be happy without excitement—girls that you can't ask to come and spend a quiet evening because they would think it dull, or who would get bored and flat directly in a visit where they could not have plenty of amusement, you would not be so anxious about incessant going out.'

'But it seems so slow to be always staying at home,' said Addy; 'and if there is one thing I hate more than another it is being thought slow.'

'I am not at all more partial to that imputation than you are,' replied Miss Hamilton; 'but I think you rather mistake as to what slowness consists in.'

'There is Anne coming to fetch me,' said Adelaide. 'I am sure I ought to go home a sadder and a wiser woman; but I am afraid I am not quite convinced.'

'Poor Addy!' said Miss Hamilton, smiling, 'I wish I could comfort you. But you will be a happier and a wiser woman, dear, if you will recognize the principle that amusement is not the chief end of life. Wherever God has placed us, we may be sure we are not there for the sole purpose of enjoying ourselves. Make it a fixed rule that your own

improvement and the good of others are your first duties; and if, after they are provided for, it has pleased God to put pleasures in your way, take them, and enjoy them, and be thankful.'

'And if not?' said George.

'Well, if He sees it best that your sphere of life should be quiet—what you would call dull—don't be always fretting to escape; accept it at His hands, and try to brighten it by efforts from within more than by efforts from without. And now I think we had better go in.'

L. J. W.

HINTS ON READING.

To begin with the little ones.—*Odd Stories About Animals*, (Griffith and Farran,) is beautifully got up, and will be much liked by the small brothers and sisters of our readers. 'How the cats went to the inn to dine,' is told exactly in the way small children delight to hear; but we would omit the story in which the monkey hangs himself because the cat is drowned. It is not an idea that ought even to be hinted at before children.

There is no such fault to be found with *Sunny Days at the Great Stowe*, (Griffith and Farran,) where a family of town children spend a merry month in the country with a kind aunt; and the history is narrated by a twelve years old girl, very much as such a girl would actually relate it.

Mrs. Ewing has republished her beautiful tale of the *Brownies*, with some other capital stories that first appeared in Aunt Judy's Magazine, all capitally illustrated by Cruikshank, and brought out in the attractive style in which Messrs. Bell and Daldy dress their Christmas books. The Christmas volume of Aunt Judy is a noble book for the nursery library.

A plainer little book of Mr. Warne's, *Daddy Dick*, by Mary Blomfield, we would recommend with all our hearts for village readers—or more properly *readees*. It would be capital for reading aloud to big boys. And from the same pen, though published by Macintosh, come '*A Few Words on the Lord's Supper*,' useful for distribution among the elderly people in a parish where the habit of non-communicating has grown strong.

Pictures of Cottage Life, by Margaret Poole, (Macmillan,) begins with a story that once appeared in our pages, 'Betty Slater's Skeleton,'—not a skeleton in the cupboard, but in the eye. Then follows an excellent story called 'For Better for Worse,' most touching, and giving, we believe, a most true and faithful delineation of that 'patience of the saints' that is to be found in humble life, at the same time that it shews the evils of early manual labour for children. It is a book of high quality, which we greatly recommend.

Whispers of a Shell, by Frances Broderip. (Griffith and Farran.) The book is as pretty as its name, and that is saying a great deal for it. The setting of the stories is charming; and the Amboyna scene most new and delightful.

Household Stories from the Land of Hofer, (Griffith and Farran,) is a charming collection of the legends of our universal race in the colouring of the Tirol, and will delight all who love to track the *mahrehen* in its varying forms.

The Rev. T. Carter, of Clewer, has put forth a much needed and excellent book of devotions for little children, called the *Star of Childhood*. (Rivington.) We think it fair to tell our readers, that in it they will find that for children who have lost a near relative a short commemorative prayer is provided; but we most earnestly hope that even by those who are not willing to accept this usage, the book will not be rejected, for it is a most valuable one.

We would also mention a graceful story called the *Four Messengers*, (Bell and Daldy,) who all speak to a discontented little girl, and tell her excellent stories.

Here is, too, a thick and most interesting volume of *Mission Life*—that excellent Magazine, which gives so much real, wide, and useful information on missionary labour past and present.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be writt n on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

E. A. G. *will be obliged if any reader of* The Monthly Packet *can tell her where she can find an old hymn of many verses, (fourteen or fifteen,) all ending with 'Gethsemane,' commencing in some such words as*

'When Jesus sojourned here below,
As divine historians say,
To a place He oft would go,
And it was called—Gethsemane.'

Can you inform me who is the publisher of an edition of the First Canto of Scott's 'Lady of the Lake,' with Grammatical Notes?—MAA.

C. H. C. *will esteem it a kindness if anyone who reads her inquiry can inform her of a Sisterhood or Home in or near London, to whose charitable work she might contribute her leisure in making clothing for the poor.*

Cicely *will feel obliged if the Editor of* The Monthly Packet *can inform her how Law-copying, as an employment for ladies, can be procured. Also, does the Editor know of anyone to whom a parcel of scraps of ribbon, lace, &c., suitable for making Christmas Tree articles, would be acceptable?*

S. E. *will feel very much obliged to the Editor of* The Monthly Packet *for any information regarding Associations for United Prayer among members of the Church of England, who feeling the burden of spiritual loneliness, and desiring to join with others, agree to direct the intention of their private prayers at stated times to the same objects.*

R. T. P. *begs to know if anyone can tell her what was the fate of Miss Lydia Grenfell, mentioned in* The Life of Henry Martyn.——*Lydia Grenfell lived on for many years in Cornwall without marrying. She is mentioned with praise in* The Family Pen; or, Memorials of the Taylor Family. *Holm Lee has lately made a sort of parody or imitation of her story, in a tale called* Her Title to Honour, *in* The People's Magazine.

W. *has kindly sent the original German words, and also the music, of* Hymn 360; *but we are unwillingly forced to reserve them for February, for want of space.*

Enid *will feel much obliged if any reader of* The Monthly Packet *can inform her to whom Tennyson refers in the first verse of* In Memoriam:—

'I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,' &c.

Helen.—*For the latter object, Vol. III. of* Plain Church Teaching *is exactly suitable, published by Mowbray, Oxford, price 3s.*—E. S.

The Mission-house at Plymouth *thankfully acknowledges a Parcel of Clothing and Flannel from* E. H., *with 2s. 6d. to pay carriage.*

St. Saviour's Priory *acknowledges, with many thanks, 4s. from* F. E. R.

The Sisters of the Poor, St. Michael's, Shoreditch, *acknowledge, with many thanks, £5 from* An Icicle.

Mr. Allnutt acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following sums for The Nursery of the Good Shepherd, Portsea:—J. L. A., 5*s.*; Ps. A., 1*s.* 6*d.*; E. P. A., 1*s.* 6*d.* *The funds of the* Nursery *are quite exhausted, and the smallest contributions will be most welcome.*

John and Charles Moxley, Printers, Derby.

THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

FEBRUARY, 1871.

THE DIVINA COMMEDIA OF DANTE.

The Cantica of the Purgatorio takes up the story of Dante's vision at the point where the Inferno left it. The poets have emerged from the cavern, and are enjoying the sense of newly recovered liberty after the confinement of the subterranean regions. They notice the novel aspect of the heavens, and wonder at the singular beauty of Venus, then a morning star just risen with the constellation Pisces, and heralding the Sun, who, being in Aries, (as was mentioned in the first Canto of the Inferno,) is no long distance below the horizon. Then Dante turns to the south, and sees inclining to the west the four sacred stars now called the Southern Cross. This last title was not given them till the sixteenth century, before which time they had been merged in the large constellation Centaurus; but doubtless the first navigators of the tropical and southern oceans, with the early tradition here referred to by Dante in their minds, were prepared to see some mysterious sanctity in them, and so named them after the Cross. For there is hardly any other reason for the name; they are four stars in an irregular diamond, three of the second magnitude, the fourth much smaller; and they suggest the idea of a cross by no means so well as the five stars of the Swan with which we of the northern hemisphere are all familiar, now visible directly after the early winter sunset, stretching out its arms over the western horizon. It remains to be seen what was the idea which sanctioned this tradition concerning the 'four sacred lights.' Some have seen in them a symbol of the cardinal virtues, and understood by 'the first that lived' Adam and Eve in Paradise. But apart from the fact that the cardinal virtues were not obliterated by the Fall, but continued known to, and practised by the heathen, a literal meaning is to be preferred. Five thousand years ago, owing to the precession of the equinoxes, the Southern Cross would have been visible to all the northern continents; if not in our latitude, at any rate in the countries of the Mediterranean, and corresponding parts of Asia. The disappearance of these stars in the course of generations might well invest the remembrance of them with a certain

mystery here adopted by Dante for his own purposes. The Venetian Marco Polo, the earliest of modern navigators who crossed the line, had returned home in 1295, so that we may not improbably consider that the mention of these stars by Dante in this Canto arose out of the interest excited by the story of so remarkable a voyage.

Lines 10–12 refer to the mythological contest between the Muses and the Pierides for musical supremacy, which ended in the defeat of the latter and their metamorphosis into magpies. The meaning of line 15 is somewhat doubtful. The words 'first sphere' may either refer to the sphere of the Moon, the nearest of the Ptolemaic heavens, or to the 'primum mobile,' the most distant of all. In either case the perfect clearness of the spectacle is assumed, and as far as the general idea of the passage is concerned, it is quite immaterial which view we adopt.

Then the poets are confronted by Cato of Utica, appointed by our Lord guardian of the shores of Purgatory. Dante calls him an old man, perhaps confusing him with Cato the Censor, whose old age has become renowned through Cicero's treatise bearing his name; this Cato at any rate died by his own hand at the age of fifty, and so hardly merits the epithet. It has been noticed that Virgil's speech is a model of persuasive eloquence; and we may suppose its refined flattery to have had its due effect, in spite of Cato's declaring in answer that nothing but celestial intervention should have induced him to sanction their request. Of course 'freedom' in line 71 is used of Dante in a spiritual sense, and so hardly suits the parallel attempted by Virgil in the succeeding lines. Finally, Cato in granting them permission to ascend the mountain, gives Virgil the needful directions; he is to gird Dante with the rush, the emblem of humility, to wash his face clear from the stains of the polluted atmosphere of Hell, and then to climb the mountain following the direction of the Sun, that is, keeping the left shoulder inwards in their spiral ascent. The growth of the rush again directly after Virgil had plucked it, symbolizes the inexhaustible store of divine grace, that can never be diminished by man's drawing upon its abundance.

Lines 115–117 shew that Dante was familiar with marine phenomena; indeed, our readers must already have remarked the number of similes and allusions thereto with which his Cantos abound. Line 131 reminds us of the story of Ulysses in the twenty-sixth Canto of the Inferno, where the tempest that overwhelmed his ship is represented as springing from the lofty mountain, from which no return home again was possible to him. The structure and arrangement of Purgatory will be explained on a future occasion.

THE PURGATORIO.—CANTO I.

HENCEFORTH to run her course through waters kinder,
Full sail the vessel of my lore extendeth,
Leaving a sea so terrible behind her;

Now of that second realm I sing, that sendeth
The soul of man contented to her purging,
Ere she on high made fit for heaven ascendeth.
O sacred Muses, here from death emerging
Uplift my verse, for I am yours declared;
And let Calliope rise onwards, urging
My flight of song with that full note that scared
The wretched Pierids, so that they sustaining
Its blow, of pardon one and all despaired.
Sweet hue of sapphire of the orient, reigning
Through the pure air with peace and calmness laden,
And to the height of the first sphere attaining,
Began mine eyes again with joy to gladden
As soon as forth of the dead air I wended,
Which both mine eyes and breast erewhile did sadden.
The planet that invites to love, ascended
Made all the east to smile, with lustre veiling
The Fishes that in her escort attended.
Then to the right I fixed my glance assailing
The other pole; and saw four stars seen never
Save by the first that lived. The heaven seemed hailing
Their lustre with delight enduring ever.
O widowed North, whom of such joy bereaving
These wondrous lights from thee their presence sever!
After a while my gaze that region leaving,
Somewhat towards the other pole I turned,
Where was the Wain already past perceiving,
And hard by me a lone old man discerned,
Such claim to reverence in his mien conveying
That father from his son no more had earned.
A beard full long, and in its hue displaying
White mixture like his hair, to view he bore me,
Down to his breast in double riband swaying.
The rays of those four sacred lights from o'er me
With such resplendence did his face transfigure,
That I beheld him as the sun before me.
'Say who are ye, that bursting through the rigour
Of the blind stream, have fled the eternal prison?'
He spake, and moved those honoured plumes with vigour.
'Who was your guide? whence hath the light arisen
That gave you from that night abysmal quittance,
Which all the vale in blackness doth imprison?
Have the dread statutes of the gulf such pittance
Of strength? or heaven a new decree ordained,
Whence to my cave ye lost ones find admittance?'

The Master then with hand arresting reined
My movements, and with word and signal given,
Made eye and knee shew reverence unfeigned.
Then he, 'I come not of myself: from heaven
A Lady hath come down, by whom entreated
For this man's help and guidance I have striven.
But since thou wish to hear of me repeated
In full detail the truth of our condition,
Thy will shall not be here by mine defeated.
This man hath never seen the extreme perdition;
But through his folly came so nigh exceeding
That little turning space was left. Commission
Then as I said was given me for his leading
To safety; and no other way appeared
But this alone, wherein I am proceeding.
Through all the lost race have I persevered;
Now of those souls I purpose to instruct him
Who of sin's taint beneath thy rule are cleared.
It would be long to tell thee how I plucked him
From ruin, and led him on; from high descendeth
That virtue which empowered me to conduct him
To sight and speech of thee. He here commendeth
His voyage to thy good will, that freedom seeking
So dear to aught that life for it expendeth.
That know'st thou, once of death but little recking
In Utica, when thou didst from thee sever
The robe that waits for such transcendent decking
In the great day. Whole are for our endeavour
The eternal laws; he lives, and Minos' thralling
Me binds not, for I come where dwell for ever
Thy Martia's modest eyes, in vision calling
Thee yet to own her thine, O sacred spirit.
Then us for her love in thy grace installing,
Let view thy sevenfold realm: she shall inherit
The gratitude thou hast in me inspired,
If mention there below thou deign to merit.'
'Martia such favour in my sight acquired,
While I dwelt there,' such answer then he giveth,
'That I did grant whatever she desired.
Now that beyond the evil stream she liveth
She cannot move me more, by that condition
Which from my issuing thence its force deriveth.
But if from heaven a Lady grant thee mission
As thou dost say, no need of more persuading;
Enough that thou through her dost make petition.

Go then, and gather for thy comrade's aiding
Girdle of slender rush, and lave his eyes,
To cleanse away all film his visage shading.
For 'twould be scarce becoming, that disguise
Or cloud should rest upon him, when he meeteth
The sentinel of the choirs of Paradise.
Down to the level of the shore, where beateth
The wave, this island bears full store of rushes
On the soft slime around. With them competeth
No other plant, of rigid stem or bushes
Of foliage; none beside can there be placed,
For none else yieldeth when the tempest crushes.
Hither your steps must not be then retraced;
The Sun will shew you, who but now is rising,
Where best the mountain's steepness may be faced.'
He spake and went. And I my thoughts disguising
In silence, rose, and to the Master wended,
And looked inquiringly for his advising.
And he, 'Be now my steps by thine attended;
Turn we behind us, for on that side slanteth
The plain, till in its lowest limits ended.'
Now dawn the early morning breeze supplanteth,
Which flies afar, and to my observation
The trembling of the ocean surface granteth.
Then went we through the plain of desolation,
As one who seeks a pathway lost, and thinketh
All search in vain until its restoration.
When came we where not yet the hoar-frost shrinketh,
But holds its own against the Sun, and lying
In a cool place, scarce into moisture sinketh;
The Master gently, a fit place descrying,
Both hands spread wide upon the herbage stretched;
And I with his intention well complying,
My tear-besmirched cheeks towards him fetched,
And there he wholly did in me discover
The hue that hell had hidden. Then we reached
The solitary shore, whose waters over
None sailing e'er hath yet to view been landed,
Who passage could again therefrom recover.
So there he girt me, as had been commanded.
O wondrous! for it did to birth awaken
Another humble plant, which straight expanded
There on the sudden, whence the first was taken.

(To be continued.)

TWO MULTITUDES.

'There were many coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat.'—*St. Mark*, vi. 31.

O COMFORTABLE words to those who bend
Beneath the weight of cares, who early rise,
Toil all the day, and late at night take rest,
Beset with souls that will not seek true bliss.
'No leisure!' surely words like these can lend
Strength to endure. Before our tired eyes
That multitude appears, and 'thronged and pressed,'
We suffer not alone; our JESUS has borne this!

'I beheld, and lo, a great multitude.'—*Rev.* vii. 9.

A MULTITUDE again, but not as now,
Not struggling men and women steeped in sin,
But happy saints, and bearing boughs of palm,
With golden harps, and robes washed white in Blood.
As one *that* mighty throng adoring bow,
One heart, one voice is theirs, one new-made hymn;
Peace as a river flows, drawn from the calm
'Smooth Brow of JESUS, and the Heart of GOD!'

SONGS OF OTHER CHURCHES.

BY LOUIS COUTIER BIGGS, M.A.

II.

THE EARLY GREEK CHURCH.

THERE is very much, at first sight, to discourage those who search through the service-books of the Greek Church in the hope of deriving from them material for English Hymns. There is so little apparent affinity between our own requirements and the endless complication of Hirmoi and Troparia, Contakia and Cathismata, Catavisiæ and Idiomela, that we turn, with some sense of relief, to the greater simplicity of the earliest age, and are almost driven to prefer the effusions of a half-classical muse, to the rank luxuriance of the more distinctively Christian poetry. It is true that we are, so to speak, warned

off from this ground by no less an authority than Dr. Neale, who tells us that the Greek metrical poetry of the first seven centuries, however occasionally pretty, is 'not the stuff out of which Church-song is made.'[1] Yet it seems only fair to our readers to give them one or two specimens of this period, that they may form their own judgement on this point. Perhaps the very first Christian poem of all that have been preserved to us is by S. Clement of Alexandria. It is entitled 'A Hymn on CHRIST our SAVIOUR.' A translation of a portion, in a metre somewhat like the original, may be seen in Mr. Christopher's 'Hymn-Writers and their Hymns.' Mrs. Browning, in her 'Greek Christian and Early English Poets,' has imitated the Greek Metre while translating the first few lines, but the result is not successful. The Greek is, however, so closely filled with metaphors and with thoughts expressed in the fewest possible words, that it can scarcely be fairly represented without considerable expansion; and perhaps the following may be acceptable, as an attempt to give another part of S. Clement's poem in a version somewhat more like an ordinary English hymn[2]:—

'Thou King of Thy Saints, of Wisdom the Lord!
Of the FATHER Most High Omnipotent WORD!
O JESU our Saviour, Thy joys never end:
In toils our Supporter, our Shepherd, our Friend!

Our Husbandman Thou, O make us Thy grain!
Be our Pilot to guide us, our Curb to restrain;
Our Wings to bear upward Thy flock robed in white,
The Fisher of men who are saved by Thy Might.

In sin's troubled waves, LORD, cast Thou Thy line;
Be it baited with Life everlasting, divine;
When round us the ocean shall angrily roll,
Then draw us to Thee, pure in body and soul.'

But the best-known of the earliest Greek hymns is that which is familiar to us as the '*Gloria in Excelsis*,' and which stands near the conclusion of our Communion Service. We find various forms of it as early as the third century; in some later copies it is increased by the addition of verses from the Psalms and from other sources. Several of these last re-appear in the 'Te Deum.' A versified rendering of the part given in our Liturgy appears in Tate and Brady's Supplement, 1703, beginning 'To GOD be glory, peace on earth.'

The φῶς ἱλαρὸν is attributed by Dr. Neale, (who regards it as 'the Magnificat of the Eastern Vespers,') to S. Athenagoras, who suffered martyrdom, A.D. 175. In Daniel's Thesaurus Hymnologicus, however,

[1] 'Hymns of the Eastern Church,' p. 1. He excepts, however, the poetry of S. Anatolius of Crete, whom we shall have to notice presently.

[2] The hymn, 'Shepherd of tender youth,' given in the 'New Congregational Hymn Book' as a translation from S. Clement, is scarcely even an imitation of this poem.

it is given among the anonymous hymns of the third century. A translation of it by Keble, beginning 'Hail, gladdening Light, of His pure glory poured,' may be seen in Lyra Apostolica. The following hitherto unpublished version is due to the Rev. T. L. Kingsbury:—

'Blissful Ray of Holiest Light,
From the immortal FATHER flowing,
Throned above on heavenly height,
JESU! come, Thyself bestowing,
And illume our darkening night.

Faded are the fires of day,
And the shades of evening gather;
In the waning light we pray
To the Blessed Heavenly FATHER,
And to Thee our Lamp and Way!

Holiest! in the darkest woe
Light and joy to Thine revealing,
Suffer thus our hymn to flow,
Till Thine Advent, all unsealing,
Bids the world Thy glories know.'

S. Gregory Nazianzen's hymns bear traces of having been written in the troublous times of Apollinarianism. Some of his verses have the condemnation of that heresy for their express object. Others are rather suitable for meditation than for public use, as may be seen from the following specimen, entitled 'A Prayer Before a Journey:'—

Without Thee, CHRIST our King,
No step our feet can tread:
Thou art our Way, and Thou the Spring
Whence all good things proceed.

I take this journey now,
Confiding in Thy Care:
Be Thou my Guide, my Leader Thou,
And save from every snare.

Grant me my heart's desires,
Bring me safe home, O King!
With voice of praise that never tires
My lowly roof shall ring.

It must be admitted, that the excellencies of this writer are much more conspicuous in his prose works than in his poetry. But surely his hymn to CHRIST, beginning—

Σὲ τὸν ἄφθιτον μονάρχην
Δὸς ἀνυμνεῖν, δὸς ἀείδειν.

may command some admiration, though it might be difficult to adapt it for English use. The original was probably intended for singing, for

which much of Gregory's poetry is obviously not adapted. As Daniel has included some of this latter kind in his *Thesaurus Hymnologicus*, we may perhaps be excused for attempting to present a specimen of it here. It is taken from his 'Lament for his own Soul:'—

'Alas! myself from sin how shall I save?
O that I might lie hid in cloud or wave!
O that some land were from transgression free;
(As travellers tell of shores beyond the sea,
Where savage beasts and sickness never come;)
An exile hence, there would I seek my home.

* * * * *

In fiery chariot borne, Elias soared;—
Moses escaped, when Egypt's murderous lord
Doomed babes to death;—unhurt chaste Jonah came
From the whale's jaws,—the children from the flame,—
Daniel from wild beasts' den; but who will me
From sin deliver?—Thou, my Saviour, set me free!'

A lively and amusing, though somewhat flippant account of the poetry of the younger Apollinarius is given by Mrs. Browning in the work quoted above.

It is greatly to be regretted that so much of the Greek devotional poetry is addressed, in terms which too often usurp the revepence due to GOD, to the Blessed Virgin. Euthymius's Canon 'To the Exceeding-holy Mother of GOD,' is almost as objectionable as anything in the Roman books of devotion. Nor are the Anacreontics of S. Sophronius wholly free from the same fault. This writer was Patriarch of Jerusalem in the early part of the seventh century, but his style is perhaps the closest extant imitation of Anacreon; often, as Peter Matranga remarks, presenting such beauty in its metaphors, that it seems to claim for its author some one of the most renowned poets in the golden age of Greece. Many of his poems are arranged so as to form an alphabetical acrostic. As he does not allow himself to begin a line with the long vowels η and ω, S. Sophronius has generally substituted for them a repetition of the preceding letters, ζ and ψ. The following lines are taken from his poem on the Baptism of our LORD:—

'*F*rom his home in desert cave,
From the Jordan's sacred wave,
With the LORD's forerunner sing
Holy strains to GOD our King.

*G*lorious course the Baptist ran;
Greatest prophet born of man;
Holy child of heaven-taught name,
Through the desert sounds his fame.

*H*ear him in the wilderness
Preach to those who round him press,—
"GOD is nigh, make straight His path,
Haste to flee the coming wrath."'

His address to Jerusalem[1] begins with some lines of extreme beauty, very inadequately represented in this translation:—

'O God's Own holy City!
Before Thy sacred gate,
To enter in exulting,
How gladly would I wait!
Such holy love I bear thee,
Jerusalem the blest,
My heart is sick with longing
Which nought can lull to rest.'

But he is thinking only of a pilgrimage to the earthly Jerusalem, not of a translation to the heavenly City. Probably the poem was written during a longer absence than usual from the seat of his chief labours.

With S. Sophronius, the period of metrical Church poetry in Greece may be said to close. It is true that some examples of it occur much later, and that on the other hand we have instances of Church hymns written in rhythmical prose some centuries earlier. Dr. Neale[2] is of opinion that the 'hymns and spiritual songs' of the apostles were unmetrical. One of the most popular of the Greek hymns is the beautiful evening song, *τὴν ἡμέραν διελθὼν*, attributed, on somewhat insufficient authority, to S. Anatolius of Constantinople. Dr. Neale's translation, 'The day is past and over,' is so beautiful, and so widely known, that I should content myself with referring readers to it, but that some may peruse with interest a more exact rendering:—

Now, having spent the day,
Lord, I give thanks to Thee;
May eventide, I pray,
And night, both sinless be:
My Saviour, grant me this, and save Thou me!

Now, having passed the day,
Master, I worship Thee;
May eventide, I pray,
And night, offenceless be:
My Saviour, grant me this, and save Thou me!

Now, having lived the day,
Holy One, sing I Thee;
Keep eventide, I pray,
And night, from danger free:
My Saviour, grant me this, and save Thou me!

---

[1] "Αγιον πόλισμα Θεῖον.

[2] It is worth notice, however, that he has somewhat altered the Greek of his first quotation (Eph. v. 14) in proof of this, and that with the alterations it falls almost naturally into metre. His second quotation is given by mistake as from Rev. iv. 8, instead of Rev. xv. 3.

Enlighten Thou mine eye,
O CHRIST, Thou GOD of Light,
Lest in death's sleep I lie,
Lest my foe cry to-night,
'I have prevailed against him in the fight.'

'Mid many snares I tread:—
My soul's preserver be;
O LORD, upon me shed
Thy love, to man so free:
Deliver me from them, and save Thou me!

This is, it must be remembered, a strictly literal version. In the following translation, from a midnight hymn of unknown authorship, the original has been somewhat less closely followed. It may be seen in Daniel's Thesaurus, vol. iii., p. 126.

'Now from sweet sleep arising,
Good LORD, we bow to Thee,
And join with angels praising
The mighty ONE in THREE:
Thou holy ONE, Thou GOD alone!
O be Thy mercy on us shewn!

Me from my couch and slumber
Thou hast been pleased to raise:
Shine on my heart, and open
My lips to sing Thy praise.
Thou Holy, Holy, Holy ONE!
Thou TRINITY, Thou GOD alone!

The Judge of all Creation
Will speedily be here,
And then the deeds of all men
Shall openly appear;
In fear we raise our midnight cry
To Thee, Thrice Holy TRINITY.'

The originals of these two last specimens possess some features in common; and Dr. Daniel, the Editor of the 'Thesaurus,' seems to have considered them both to belong to about the same date.

(To be continued.)

PSALM IV.

(Cum invocarem.)

HEARKEN to me, O Lord my righteousness;
Thou only art my hope in my distress;
I come to Thee in weariness and pain,
Because I never came to Thee in vain.

How is it, brothers, that ye cannot see
The peace and glory that He sheds on me?
What glittering shadow hides Him from your view?
Are ye not children of my Father too?

O turn no more my glory into shame,
Put in your title to the children's name,
Forget your pleasures wild and fancies dim,
The sons of God, and set apart for Him.

Saddened, exalted, calmed with holy dread,
Hush! for He fills the darkness round your bed;
With dewy beams of fragrant morning rise,
And offer your rejoicing sacrifice.

Ponder no more the old delusive theme,
'What earthly bliss shall realize our dream?'
If Christ upon your suppliant faces shine,
Your dream is broken, He is all Divine.

Yes, Lord, I watched them heaping up their corn,
I heard their songs upon the vintage morn,
I saw their olives yielding golden store;
I answered—Thou art mine, and Thou art more.

No blight, no drought, no winter, can destroy
The tranquil gladness of this holy joy;
I lay me down in peace and take my rest,
Thou watchest by me, I am safe and blest.

M. C.

RECEPTION AND BAPTISM OF A TARTAR CATECHUMEN.

BY H. C. ROMANOFF.

At the west end of this town is a long shabby street of small log-houses, leading straight to the forest, and to a tributary of the beautiful lake (*i.e.* mill-pond) that keeps the iron-works going. This street is exclusively inhabited by Tartars, who indeed are to be met with almost everywhere in Russia, like Jews or gipsies, but particularly towards the east. They keep themselves aloof from the Russians, and *vice versa;* and are distinguishable at the first glance by their features and costume, both of which differ essentially from those of the Russian. The men have their

heads closely shorn, and wear, beneath their fur caps or felt hats, a little skull-cap of wadded material; the rich ones have them of velvet embroidered with gold or silver thread, but the generality wear silk or even cotton-print caps; their shirts are far longer than those of the orthodox, and are worn without a girdle: the rest of their costume bears a Tartar character about it that strikes the eye of the initiated, though in material, and even cut, it does not differ much from that of the Russian.

The women wear a long dress, with an ample flounce of another colour and style of print to that of the rest of the dress, and very long wide sleeves; over this they have a sleeveless jacket. They wear a little round cap also, with long ends hanging down the back, and over it a shawl or large handkerchief, arranged square-wise, and not half-handkerchief-fashion as the Russian women are wont to wear theirs. They do not cover their faces here; but in large towns they do, the rich wives and daughters of merchants wearing veils of various descriptions; and the poorer classes hold a bit of something that hangs to their caps in such a manner as to shade their cheeks, or throw a sort of paletôt or dressing-gown over their heads, and on the approach of a Russian (masculine gender) they close it over the rest of their features. They have a peculiar, flaunting, swinging gait, arising probably from the inconvenience that their flounce causes to their ancles, or perhaps it is merely a piece of Tartar *chic*. At any rate, this gait seems to be inborn with the Tartar women: a little girl of my acquaintance, the child of a converted Tartar, and born after his baptism and marriage with a Russian, twists and flounces to this day in her European costume, just as her Tartar grandmamma did in her national garment.

Napoleon Buonaparte is considered by his admirers to have said a grand *mot* when he uttered the opinion, 'Grattez le Russe, et vous trouverez le Tatare,' intimating thereby that he considered the former to be but a civilized species of the latter. He was no great reader, everybody knows, and here he made as decided a mistake as if he had said, 'Grattez le Français et vous trouverez le' Anglais;' for the Russians and Tartars are born enemies, and have been so almost ever since either people existed; and the sad history of the period of the 'Tartar yoke,' which extended from the middle of the thirteenth century to the year 1480, and which was at last shaken off by the Tzar Ivan III., presents so many revolting and melancholy episodes, illustrative of the barbarous cruelty and haughtiness of the Khans and their soldiery, of so many Christian martyrdoms, of such heroic submission to conditions of the most insulting kind on the part of the Grand-dukes, in the vain hope of bettering the condition of their persecuted people, that it is hardly to be wondered at that the word Tartar is to this day an epithet of abuse: for instance, take the saying, 'A guest out of season is worse than a Tartar.' Dr. Robinson, in his Theological Dictionary, tells us that the two nations are descended from Magog and Meshech, two sons of Japhet, so that their separation dates as far back as it is possible.

One of the inhabitants of the street in question—the person whose conversion, reception, and baptism, forms the subject of the present sketch—came to my personal knowledge in the following manner. I was engaged in my kitchen one afternoon in the autumn, soon after the Visitation of His Eminence the Bishop, when the door leading to the yard opened, and an old woman, nearly bent double by years, wrinkled to the utmost degree of furrows and folds, but still active enough, stepped over the high threshold, and turning towards the Jana (picture of a Saint) as all the orthodox of the lower class do, crossed herself, bowed, and ejaculated 'O Lord Jesu Christ!' several times, and then began to whine the usual petition for alms 'for Christ's sake.' I was surprised, as her costume revealed her nationality; and I said, while I cut a slice of black bread for her, 'How is it, baboushka, that you ask in Christ's Name, being a Tartar woman?'

'I wish to receive Holy Baptism,' she replied, in very imperfect Russ; the more difficult to understand because she had lost her teeth, and spoke in the *staccato* manner peculiar to the aged.

'Ah? Sit down, baboushka, and tell me all about it. Who has persuaded you to think about being christened?'

'I have wished it for a long time,' she answered. 'One of my sons is a Christian, but he keeps a kabak,* and is a bad drunkard himself. Still he often says to me, "Give it up, Maminka," he says, "the Mahomedan faith," he says, "get christened, Maminka. Believe in the true Christ, Maminka," he says, (here she rose and crossed herself devoutly,) that's what he says, barinia. And so I thought, and thought, and at last I spoke to Father H—— about it, and he praised me, barinia. "You are a wise old woman, baboushka!" he says. And he gave me his blessing.'

'Will your christening soon take place?' we all asked eagerly, for the whole family had assembled round the old woman.

'God knows, God knows! Somehow it is a long time being settled; but when the Bishop was here, I went to his lodging, and stood in the vestibule to receive his blessing when he should come out. When he saw me, I made my obeisance to him,' she said, putting her hand on the top of her head and bowing low, after the Tartar fashion; 'and he asked Father H——, who was with him, what it meant, and who I was; and when they explained to him that I wish to receive the Christian Faith, he blessed me, and said I was a good old woman. Yes, barinia, he did. And he talked to me, and asked me if I had found a godfather and godmother. So I said yes, and he answered, "A good deed, baboushka; a good deed," he says.'

'It is indeed a good deed, baboushka. We should like to see your christening, so pray let us know when the day is fixed.' And in order to dispose her in our favour, I made her a little parcel of tea and sugar, (the Tartars are great tea drinkers,) and gave her a trifle of copper

* Vodka shop.

money to buy a kalatch to eat with each drinking. This had its effect immediately, and she began to relate the particulars of her feelings, of the kindness of her future sponsors, (a well-to-do merchant, and the wife of an officer,) and the persecutions she endured from her own people. The poor old soul wept and sobbed, though she expressed herself happy and thankful that she 'suffered for Christ's sake.'

From that time Melita Muhametovna, as she then called herself, became our constant pensioner. We made inquiries about her, and learned that she was formerly too fond of vodka, and led an irregular, wandering, disreputable life, although she had a trade—a singular one for a female—that of plasterer. Moss and hemp are always put between the horizontal logs that the peasants' houses are built of; and to protect the inmates still further from the invasions of wind and frost, the interiors of such houses, particularly when they are getting old and shaky, are frequently plastered with a mixture of clay, black flour or even bran, and water. The hollows between each log are filled up with 'stucco,' by which term Melita Muhametovna dignified this mess; strong old rags are then pasted over it, and the whole now presenting a comparatively smooth surface, it is either white-washed or papered, according to the means of the owner. She was upwards of seventy years of age, but looked older still; she told me that she was very beautiful formerly, 'white and fat and comely—quite a beauty!' She was an immense talker, especially if a glass of vodka preceded the cup of tea; but it was extremely difficult to understand her, even after having become somewhat accustomed to her broken Russ and imperfect articulation; besides, she always spoke of herself in the masculine gender, (the past tenses of the verbs have gender also,) so that one is constantly fancying that a third person of the sterner sex is on the scene, and thus we lose the sense almost entirely; many episodes in her life which seemed to be characteristic and entertaining, were lost upon us in this manner.

In the meantime, correspondence had been passing between the local clergy and the Bishop, the written 'Blessing' or consent of the latter being required in such cases; but consistories are not more prompt in their doings than other branches of legislature, probably on account of the immense amount of business that they all have to get through. However, Melita Muhametovna's paper did come at last, and she trudged duly to inform us that she was now going to be prepared formally for the solemn Sacrament. Various delays occurred: now from the absence of the Godfather, who was on a journey of business; now the indisposition of the Godmother; now a tiresome little bit of caprice on the part of the respectable sponsors, concerning the church where the ceremony was to take place—one voting for a new church, of which he was warden; the other for the Cathedral, as being nearer to her residence—while Melita Muhametovna was being taught and prepared by good Father H——, living in his house and at his sole expense the whole time.

First, a Christian name is bestowed, in the following manner. The convert is not allowed to go further than just within the doors of the church, as unworthy yet to approach nearer to the Altar. The Service begins with the thirty-fourth Psalm, followed by a short questioning of the convert as to his convictions; then comes a plain epitome of the truths of Christianity and the duties of a Christian, with exhortations to observe the same faithfully.

The Priest then says :—

'Wilt thou receive this pure Christian Faith truly and with thy whole heart, and learn it, and keep it faithfully to the very end of thy life, acquiring all Christian virtues, and remaining in them till death?'

Convert. Truly, and with all my heart, I will learn this Holy Faith and the Christian virtues; and in both, by the Grace of God, I will remain till death: and I give my promise.

Priest. Bow down thy knees before the Lord our God.

The convert kneels, with hands crossed on the breast; and the Priest having signed him three times, in the Name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, reads this prayer, by which he confers the Christian name on him:—

'Blessed art Thou, O Lord God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Who choosest for Thyself from all nations a peculiar people, jealous of good works; bless now this Thy handmaid *Alexandra*, (or Thy servant *Stephen*, for instance,) who has come to Thy Holy Church; open Thou the eyes of her thoughts and heart to the understanding of Thy marvellous works; open her ears to the hearing of Thy Divine Word; count her among Thy catechumens: and in Thine own good time grant that she may attain the font of regeneration and the garments of immortality.'

Here he again signs 'In the Name,' &c.

Choir. Amen.

Priest. May her name be written as a catechumen.

This little Service concludes with a short prayer of thanksgiving.

After this the religious instruction of the catechumen, (as the convert is now called till the baptism,) who is in nine cases out of ten unlearned and ignorant, is seriously attended to; he has to get *by heart* the Lord's Prayer, and the Nicene Creed; to become acquainted with the Psalms, with Christian prayers in general, to God, the Virgin, and the Saints, and with the rules of a virtuous life. He is allowed to go to church, in order that he may accustom himself to the Services, but cannot go further than just within the door; he is enjoined to pray earnestly that he may obtain Baptism, and to exercise himself in pious preparation at home; repeating several times during the course of the day, 'O Lord Jesu Christ our God, have mercy on me a sinner!'

This continues for forty days, (that is, the rubric says so, but probably this rule is capable of slight alteration when the catechumen already

knows something of what is required of him,) when the first part of the Reception takes place. It opens with the eighth Psalm, and contains a fuller and more lengthened questioning of the catechumen concerning his complete and final renunciation of Mahomet and his teachings, his complete and final confession of Christ, and his earnest desire to lead a Christian life.

'Blessed be God,' says the Priest, at the conclusion of these questions and their satisfactory answers, 'Who willeth that every man should be saved and come to the knowledge of truth, and Who is blessed for ever.'

After a short prayer for strength and steadfastness in the blessed work begun, the Priest preaches a little plain sermon for the benefit of his spiritual child, and the Service concludes with a blessing.

The second commences with the twenty-third Psalm; and a far longer and fuller questioning ensues, all to the same purpose—renunciation of Mahomet, confession of Christ, and desire to lead a Christian life. Then the Priest says, 'If all that thou hast now said is indeed the truth before the Lord God to Whom thou hast turned, declare it by an oath before the whole Church.'

If the catechumen can read, he may do so himself; if not, his sponsor reads the form for him and he repeats the words after him. It is but a repetition of what he has before declared, but accompanied with the oath that he now becomes a Christian not from any views of gain or interest; and at the end says, 'And if I confess this from flattery and hypocrisy, and come to Christ not from a sincere and heartfelt wish, I cast myself before the judgement of the All-seeing God, and may I never receive part with His chosen ones. Amen.'

Priest. Blessed be God, &c.

Two prayers form the conclusion of this service.

The third and most important Reception preceded Baptism immediately. It was performed on Whitsun-Eve, before the celebration of Mass. Alexandra Ivanovna, as Melita Muhametovna was now called, (converted Jews, Turks, and heretics, always taking their patronymic from their Godfather,) stood at the western door, with an elderly woman who had taken her under her protection, and who remained with her till the conclusion of Mass, telling her what she should do and say, and otherwise assisting her. Her sponsors were with her also.

The Priest, having put on his canonicals, issued from the Royal Gates singing the forty-second Psalm, 'Like as the hart,' with the choir; from the amvon he signed the congregation three times, and then proceeded, followed by the choir, all still singing, towards the catechumen. On the conclusion of the Psalm, the Priest says to her, 'Stand in fear, sign thyself, ungird thyself and undress thyself.'

The Deacon assists her to remove her upper garments, (which were all of Russian fashion, the Tartar dress being cast off with the Tartar faith)—*viz.* a pelisse, apron, sarafan, stockings and shoes; and thus she

remained barefooted and covered merely with a long white linen shirt, made something like a woman's night-gown, but without collar or cuffs, and what is called *three-quarters high*. The Rubric enjoins that the catechumen should have on nothing but a shirt; our old lady, however, retained the cotton handkerchief that she had on her head, pinned under her chin. With arms hanging down she stood before the Priest, who signed her brow and breast three times, and laying his hand on her head proceeded in the same manner as in the service immediately preceding that of Infant Baptism, saying,

'Let us pray to God.

'In Thy Name, O Lord God of truth, and in the Name of Thine only begotten Son, and of Thy Holy Spirit, I lay my hand on this Thy handmaid Alexandra, (or Thy servant So-and-so,) whom Thou hast permitted to seek Thy Holy Name, and beneath the defence of Thy wings to find refuge. Remove from her the old seduction,* and fill her with Thy Faith, Hope, and Charity; that she may comprehend that Thou art the One True God, with Thy Son our Lord Jesus Christ, and Thy Holy Spirit. Grant that she may walk in all Thy Commandments, and continue to please Thee; for if a man do these things he shall live in them. Write her name in Thy Book of Life, unite her to the fold of Thy heritage, that in it she may glorify Thy Holy Name, and that of Thy well-beloved Son our Lord Jesus Christ, and of Thy life-giving Spirit. And may Thine eyes ever look graciously on her, and Thine ears be open to the voice of her prayer; make her to rejoice in the work of her hands, and that in any way she may confess Thee, worshipping and glorifying Thy great and exalted Name, and praising Thee ever all the days of her life.

'For to Thee sing all the Powers of Heaven, and Thine is the glory of the Father,' &c.

Here follow the same three Exorcisms that are used in Baptism, by which the devil and his legions are commanded to depart from the catechumen, to cease disturbing him, and never more to return, praying God to assist her in resisting the devil in every temptation and weakness.

Priest. Let us pray to God.

'O Eternal Governor and Lord, Who hast created man in Thine own image and likeness, and given him power to obtain eternal life, Who despisest not him who falleth by sin, but by the Incarnation of Thy Christ grantest salvation to the world: defend this Thy creature from the slavery of the Enemy; receive her into Thy most heavenly Kingdom; open the eyes of her mind, that they be illumined with the light of Thy Gospel; give her life in charge to an angel of light, who will guard her from lyings in wait of the Adversary, from encounters with the Evil One, from the assaults of the devil, and from evil thoughts.'

The Priest blows on her lips, brow, and breast, with the words, 'May

* *i. e.* The Mahometan faith.

every evil and unclean spirit that has concealed itself and taken up its abode in her heart, depart from thence,' and reads another shorter prayer, all to the same effect; after which the catechumen is turned by the Priest towards the west, or simply desired to do so, with arms outstretched, and is questioned in the same terms as the sponsors at Infant Baptism.

Priest. Dost thou renounce Satan and all his works, all his angels, and all service to him, and all his pride?

The catechumen answers (or, says the rubric, the sponsors answer for him 'if he be a barbarian or a babe,'—*i. e.* if he cannot answer in Sclavonic,)—'I do renounce him.'

This question and answer are made three times.

Priest. Hast thou renounced Satan and all his works? &c.

Catechumen. I have renounced him.

(Also three times.)

Priest. Then blow and spit on him.

Having thus testified her horror and disgust of the Evil Spirit, she turns again to the east, and lets her arms fall to her sides again. The Priest proceeds to question her as to her further intentions.

Priest. Dost thou confess Christ? *

Catechumen. I do confess Him.

(Three times.)

Priest. Hast thou confessed Christ?

Catechumen. I have confessed Him.

Priest. And dost thou believe in Him?

Catechumen. I believe in Him as King and God.

And as a proof that she really does, she repeats the Nicene Creed. This last question and answer, and the repetition of the Creed, are made three times; and at the conclusion of the last repetition of the Creed,† the question and answer are again made three times.

Priest. Then bow thyself down to Him.

Catechumen. (prostrating herself.) I worship the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, the Trinity Consubstantial and Indivisible.

Priest. Blessed be God, Who desireth the salvation of all men, and that all may come to the knowledge of His Truth, now and henceforth and for ever and ever.

Choir. Amen.

The Service now again differs from that preceding ordinary Baptism, by the Priest reading the convert a long exhortation, the pith of which is, that now having cast off the devil and confessed the true God in His Holy Trinity, she must begin to lead a new life, to beware of falling into old sins and former habits, to eschew worldly pleasures, and so to live, that when the great and terrible day of the Lord comes, she may 'stand

* *Literally*, 'Art thou united to Christ?'—made one with Him.

† The sponsors said the Creed, by way of prompting their Goddaughter, who repeated it after them.

before Him without shame, and hear from Him the blessed and divine words, "Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world;" and may we all, by His Grace, and the prayers of the most Holy Virgin and of all His Saints, be permitted to receive the same. Amen.'

The Priest now places the end of his stole in the catechumen's right hand, and leads her through the church to the space before the amvou, where marriages, baptisms, &c., are performed, saying these words,

'Enter into the Holy Church of God, and receive the Divine and most heavenly blessing from our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and have thou part with Him and with all His Saints for ever. Amen.'

On reaching the spot, the Priest says, 'Lift up thine hands,' which she again does, keeping her arms outstretched till the end of this Service; a short Litany is chanted, in which several clauses refer to the catechumen, praying God to grant her 'the fountain of regeneration, remission of sins, and the garment of immortality; that she may be born of water and of the Spirit, attain the perfection of faith, and be gathered to the holy fold of God's chosen flock.' A short prayer is then said in a loud voice by the Priest:—

'O Lord God our Governor, Who hast called Thine handmaid Alexandra to Thy holy teachings, grant her Thy infinite Grace, wash her from all defilements, and grant that she may be born again to life everlasting, and perfect her by the strength of Thy Holy Spirit to be made one with Thy Christ.'

The Deacon enunciates, 'Whosoever will be enlightened, approach ye to the laying on of hands, and receive the blessing.'

Laying his hand on the head of the Catechumen, the Priest reads this prayer:

'O God our Saviour, Who wilt that every man should be saved and come to the knowledge of Thy Truth, and that the light of understanding may shine into our hearts; grant Thy never-dying gift to those who have well prepared themselves for Thy teaching, and unite them to Thy Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church.

'For it is Thine to have mercy on us and to save us, O our God; and to Thee we give the glory, to the Father,' &c.

Choir. Amen.

Here the Service of 'Reception' ends. The Priest retires to the Altar, where he bows to the Throne, and then comes forth, with candle-bearers carrying candles, and begins the Baptismal Service.

A large wooden vessel, in shape like a washing-tub, of about a yard both in height and diameter, stood ready filled with water, and at a few paces distance to the left was placed a screen, so as to form a little closet. The service proceeded in the usual manner, except that the catechumen held a taper as well as her sponsors. When the time came for immersion, a high stool was brought, on which the dear old woman

was assisted to stand by her Godmother, (having taken off her head-handkerchief,) and at the proper time she stepped from thence into the water, immersing herself completely at the Three Names. She then got out, and led by her Godmother, all dripping of course, proceeded to the screen, where the woman before mentioned awaited her with a complete suit of new clothing, prepared by the Godmother, who with the neighbour wiped her dry in a sheet, slipping the wet shirt off, and dressed her with the utmost speed. It was the 18th of May, a lovely bright warm day too, but although they had prepared thick woollen stockings and substantial clothing for her, she trembled with chill from head to foot when she again appeared, hand in hand with her smiling Godmother. Although the Priest did not put on her shirt himself as in Infant Baptism, the words, 'The handmaid of God, Alexandra, is arrayed in the garments of righteousness, in the Name,' &c., were spoken as the Priest put round her neck a black ribbon, on which hung a large handsome silver cross, the gift, with a girdle, of the Godfather.

At the Sacrament of Unction the Godmother partially raised her Goddaughter's garments, and the 'seal' was put on her knees. When the procession round the font took place, the newly-made Christian walked with her sponsors, holding the taper in her still trembling hand.

On the conclusion of the Service, all the spectators, following the example of the Priest, surrounded her, and congratulated her on her solemn admittance into the Church of Christ. Her attendant, who had shed tears several times during the long services, now cried outright with joy that her protègée was really baptized, for it seems that she had a great deal to do in the blessed work of persuading her 'to be a Christian,' though she had modestly kept herself in the background till now.

During the latter part of the Order for Unction, the bells began to chime for Mass. Alexandra Ivanovna put on a warm shouba, and took her place, now with the rest of the Orthodox, near the amvou, and during the course of Divine Service partook of the Holy Eucharist. As Communion followed so close on Baptism, the Sacrament of Confession was omitted.

After Mass the merchant took his Goddaughter home to dinner with him. I ought to mention that it was her name's-day too, her patron Saint being one of the Seven Virgins, whose martyrdom in the third century is commemorated by the Greco-Russian Church on the 18th of May. She continued to reside in Father H——'s house for some time, until a sort of little society of pious poor women assembled in a house that the merchant in question placed at their disposal, close to the pretty church of which he is warden, providing them also with all the necessaries of life. She does not forget her old acquaintances, however, and often comes to see us, and to tell us immensely long histories of the disputes and unpleasantnesses of the recluses, one tenth part of which is

utterly lost on us. A little cornichon of tea and sugar, and a little encouragement to bear the unpleasantnesses patiently, make her quite happy again, and she is always very pressing in her invitations to us to return her visits. During the summer we often form little parties, and make small pilgrimages to evening service in the church near which she lives, previously drinking tea in the shady garden that surrounds it; but on inquiring about her of the Sisterhood, we always hear that she has gone to see her Godpapa, or to evening service at the Cathedral. Her Tartar relatives are still very unkind to her, and I am sorry to say that the Christian son is no better than his unconverted brother; but there are great hopes of her daughter eventually becoming a convert, her husband having done so some years ago; though, strange to say, he continues to live quite in the Tartar style. She does not seem to be a favourite with the 'recluses,' who say that she is 'trying;' and what particularly tries *her*, poor thing, is that they upbraid her with her birth, and call her by the name that has now become hateful to her; because, washed in the waters of Baptism, sealed with 'the Gift of the Holy Ghost,' and believing with all the simplicity of a child in the truths of Christianity, she knows that she no longer deserves the epithet of '*Tatarka*.'

H. C. R.

SLEEPING THOUGHTS.

BY THE REV. M. G. WATKINS, M. A.

'Mine eyes prevent the night-watches.'—*Psalm* cxix. 148.

THE pine-wood murmurs, soft airs blow,
Home the tired oxen creep,
The long-drawn shades, the sky's rich glow
Bring labour welcome sleep;
Pensive I watch—the night's at hand,
The Judge before the door may stand![1]

Sweet the field-fragrance—list! the streams
Leap joyous down the vale;
Let others weave youth's fond fair dreams
Where trills the nightingale;
To me a nobler bliss belongs,
God to His own gives nightly songs.[2]

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[1] St. James, v. 9.

[2] Job, xxxv. 10; Psalm xlii. 8.

Fresher than nature's scents are vows
When sad souls hate their sin;
Prayer—the best incense which God knows
If all be pure within:
From sins and cares I crave release,
Be mine Christ's e'entide blessing—Peace![1]

Now twinkles many a shy pale star,
On lone moor, bustling street;
Now sailors o'er the waves afar
The moon's long glories greet;
Sleeping, His guidance I require,
Who Israel led all night with fire.[2]

Pardon, Good Lord, my wasted hours,
Vows broken—left undone!
I proffer Thee my soul's best pow'rs—
Vouchsafe another sun!
Beneath Thy wings shield me and mine,
I lie down trustful—all are Thine!

Blest Trinity, with loving heart,
Secure, I close my eyes;
When from the world in death I part,
With Thee sole succour lies:
At ev'ning time it shall be light,[3]
Thy Holy City has no night![4]

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CIV.

THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER.

1483.

At Christmas of the year 1482, King Edward appeared before his court in a dress of new fashion, with enormous sleeves, lined with the richest furs, and folded back on his shoulders—a garb which was supposed to conceal the unwieldiness of his figure, and to set off the beauty of his face, of which at forty-two he was still proud; and the people, who delighted in a personable king, admired and applauded him with all their

[1] St. John, xx. 19, 26. [2] Deut. i. 33; Exodus, xiii. 21; Psalm lxxviii. 14.
[3] Psalm cxxxix. 11; Zechariah, xiv. 7. [4] Revelation, xxi. 25; xxii. 5.

hearts. 'Never was king so loved,' was the sentence of the next generation; and disgusting as his character is in history, with its mixture of ferocity and sensuality, it is plain that there must have been some charm about him, which attached people strongly to his person; and where neither his indolence nor his passions interfered, his great natural talent made his judgement excellent.

London trade began to take a new start in his reign; merchants were encouraged, and the first impulse given to the spirit of naval enterprise, which became so remarkable under the ensuing dynasty; and Edward also greatly encouraged the new art of printing, partly perhaps for the sake of his sister, Duchess Margaret, and her protegé Caxton, who moved over to Westminster, and there sent forth many works from his press, and that of his partner Wynkyn de Worde. *Æsop's Fables* was one which is still extant; another is the *Recuyel of the Historyes of Troy*. The copy of this which he presented to Queen Elizabeth Woodville is still extant; and his Boke of the Game of Chess is remarkable as containing a picture of himself, presenting a book to the King, Queen, and their eldest son, a fair child with flowing curls, whose portrait exists nowhere else. *The Dictes and Sayings of Philosophres*, another work printed by him, was translated from the French by Earl Rivers, who had always been his warm patron.

To Rivers was entrusted the education of Edward's eldest son, who was brought up at Ludlow Castle, the apanage of the Princes of Wales, under minute instructions from his father, who in such a case as this, shewed admirable wisdom and discretion.

This excellent understanding no doubt made him more and more uncomfortable when he remembered his expedition to France, of which he was constantly reminded by the tertian ague that had hung about him ever since; but at least he had the satisfaction of receiving the 'tribute,' and of looking on his daughter Elizabeth as sure of being Queen of France; and he had likewise arranged—besides the Scottish contract for Cecily—that little Edward should marry Anne, the infant heiress of the Duke of Brittany; Katherine, the young son of King Ferdinand of Aragon and Queen Isabel of Castille; and Anne, the infant Philip, child of Marie of Burgundy and Maximilian of Austria.

Suddenly tidings came that the gentle Marie of Burgundy was dead. Her horse had stumbled with her, and she died of the effects of the fall. The Flemings had no notion of submitting to her husband, or even of letting him have the care of his own children. They took them both, Philip and Margaret, into their own keeping; and on the first offer from Louis XI., they delivered up the little girl into his hands to be married to his son the Dauphin, and at the same time the pension to the English was stopped.

Edward's wrath and disappointment were great. There was nothing to hinder him and others from feeling that he had let himself be duped and made the laughing-stock of the little mean-spirited old man, who

sat wasting away in his guarded chambers at Plessis les Tours, a terror to himself and to all the rest of the world.

What could the ferocious Plantagenet think of but vengeance? He appealed to Parliament, and talked and thought of nothing but a furious invasion of France; but in the midst, his passion, together with his unbridled appetite, gave a new turn to his long-continued ailment, fever came on, and a few weeks after his fantastic appearance at Christmas, he found himself a dying man.

He did not shew himself hardened. Dr. Morton, whom he had made Bishop of Ely, was constantly with him, and declared that the Finger of God had touched his heart, and that he was a true penitent. He entreated Lords Hastings and Stanley to swear reconciliation to the Queen and her kindred; but the progress of his disorder was so rapid, that there was no time to summon either his son, brother, or brother-in-law, and he died on the 9th of April, 1483, at Westminster.

After his corpse had been exposed, uncovered, that the Mayor and aldermen might certify to the reality of his death, he lay in state, royally robed, and then was buried in St. George's Chapel at Windsor, in a spot marked by a unique and exquisite monument in iron lace work, by the great Flemish smith, Quentin Matsys, a curious record of the influence which his sister Margaret's residence in Flanders exercised on English taste.

Edward had made no fresh will since he had embarked for France, eight years previously. He probably had no fears for his heir. His boys were now thirteen and nine years old, and Richard II. and Henry VI. had been welcomed to the throne, and tenderly guarded there by their uncles; but the dying king did not take into account the elements of mischief he had himself occasioned by his irregular contracts and his unequal marriage, nor the fierce and unscrupulous ambition that the long effort for a crown had implanted in the hearts of all his family.

In fact, as had been shewn in the last minority, there was no use in a king's will. The Parliament held that it had a right to appoint the protectors of an infant prince, and the government for the time being fell to the Council left by the late King.

The Queen's eldest son, the Marquis of Dorset, was the man of highest rank at the Council; and she appeared thereat with him, and formally proposed that her son, the young King Edward V., should be escorted by a strong army to London.

The words 'strong army' alarmed all the rest of the Council, who saw in it a move on the part of the hated Woodvilles and Grays to secure the government. Lord Hastings started up passionately, demanding against whom the army was intended—was it against the people of England, or the good Duke of Gloucester? For his own part, if he heard of Rivers approaching with an army, he should go off to his government at Calais, and there abide the issue.

Elizabeth and Dorset saw that the matter could not be pressed, so they

limited the number proposed for the escort to two thousand men. No doubt they only now began to understand how bitter was the hatred and jealousy felt for them by the old nobility and the princely families; and Dorset, in his anxiety, took the treasure out of the Tower, of which he was governor, and equipped a fleet with it.

This excited further distrust; and Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, a descendant, through Thomas of Glocester, of Edward III., agreed with Hastings that the Queen's kindred must be overthrown at any cost, though he was the husband of the Queen's sister Katharine. They held communication with the Duke of Glocester, who was on his way from the borders of Scotland, with the army with which he had marched to Edinburgh. He assured them of his determination to put down the Woodvilles, and therewith marched forward. The young King meanwhile, with his uncle, Lord Rivers, his second half-brother, Richard Gray, and Lord Vaughan, his chamberlain, had set out on his journey, with his escort; and Glocester expected to come up with him at Northampton.

There, however, Glocester found only Rivers and Gray, the King himself having gone ten miles further on to sleep at Stony Stratford. Buckingham arrived at the same time with three hundred men, and all the four supped cordially together, and agreed on the programme for the King's entrance into London.

But when Rivers and his nephew went to bed, Glocester and Buckingham sat on with some other friends, and agreed that there was evidently a plot on the part of the Woodvilles, to keep the boy in their own hands, and exclude the older and better born nobility from power. The only chance of preventing this was, the two Dukes agreed, to seize the person of Rivers, who was really the only man of ability of the party, and with him of young Gray and Lord Vaughan.

Accordingly, early the next day, after all had ridden most amicably to the gates of Stony Stratford, Glocester turned on Rivers, and vituperating him for estranging the affections of the young King from his kindred, he caused him to be arrested, and Gray with him.

Glocester and Buckingham then went forward, and early as it was, found the young King fully equipped and just mounting his horse, as they believed to keep out of their reach.

Glocester, in his displeasure, neither bowed nor removed his cap, but summarily dismissed his nephew's servants, and caused Vaughan to be arrested. The poor boy, gently nurtured by his mother's kindred, and unused to the sight of his peremptory half-deformed uncle, burst into tears, and besought that his other uncle and his brother should be restored; but he met with no sympathy, his affection for the Woodvilles was only an offence; he was told that his father's brother was his only fit protector, and was taken back to Northampton; while Rivers, Gray, and Vaughan, were sent off under a strong guard to Pontefract Castle.

When these tidings reached London, the Queen, never a wise woman,

took fright, and hurried away to the Sanctuary at Westminster, with her five daughters and the little Duke of York her youngest son; and Dorset, in alarm, threw up his command at the Tower, and joined her there. Their demonstrations of terror seemed to the lookers on absurd and unreasonable, as if designed to put the two Dukes in the wrong; and the citizens turned out in full splendour to meet the royal cavalcade. The Lord Mayor and aldermen went forth in scarlet, with five hundred citizens in violet, and on the 4th of May, 1483, met the young King in a long mantle of blue velvet, followed by the Dukes of Glocester and Buckingham, in mourning as well as all their attendants.

Young Edward was taken to the palace of the Bishop of London, near St. Paul's, and there received the oaths of fealty of the Council and chief personages; but as the space was confined, he was in a few days removed to the Tower of London, while preparations were made for his coronation; and his uncle Glocester was formally declared Protector of the realm, as the nearest prince of the blood.

The Queen, however, obstinately refused to come out of the Sanctuary, though invited to come and reside at court with her children, declaring herself unsafe there. She remained at the Abbot's lodgings, in the midst of piles of household stuff, with her children round her, and her long flaxen hair streaming on her shoulders, while her son Dorset made his escape beyond seas; and her whole conduct plainly intimated the strongest determination to be an injured woman, and to put the Protector in the wrong. Whether this conduct on her part really did the mischief—whether the plot was already hatched, and her instinct led her thus to act, must be doubtful; at any rate, it had the effect of making the nobility feel that the breach between Dame Bessie Gray and the King's uncle was irretrievable. Her wise brother Rivers was out of reach; and the young King, who was a lad of thirteen, quite old enough to have a strong will of his own, seems to have continued to shew so decided a preference for his mother's kindred, that Glocester perceived his tenure of office merely as Protector would be brief; and that moreover the acclamations with which he had been personally hailed, and the general dislike to the Woodville blood, made him believe that it would be possible to snatch at the crown itself.

Old historical tradition, and its noblest mouth-piece, Shakespeare, represent Richard as having conceived this design long before, and having secretly removed his brother George from his path with a view thereto; but it is much more probable that the plot was only suggested to him by the circumstances in which he found himself in London, in the spring of 1483, passionately beloved by the people, and upheld by them in opposition to the 'new men,' whom the young King was longing to recall to his side, as he would have the power to do perhaps in one year, certainly in four or five.

Angered and jealous, and discussing his grievances with Buckingham and Howard, both descendants of Edward III., it seems that Richard

bethought him that this child of the Woodville had not yet been anointed or accepted by the nation, that kings owed their crown to the will of the people, that the two former minorities had been evil times, and that there was a flaw in his brother's marriage, to say nothing of the scandal so often in the mouth of Louis of France.

Why not set the child aside, and begin a reign far more glorious and beneficent than had been that of the indolent pleasure-loving Edward? Richard put off the coronation, and felt his way; Buckingham and Howard both promised their aid; but Lord Hastings, whom he contrived to sound through his friend the lawyer Thomas Catesby, expressed his intention of holding faithfully to the young King, and even appears to have shewn some disposition to join the Queen and her son Dorset, being now fully convinced that Glocester's intentions were disloyal. Richard had really loved and admired Hastings, and would gladly have won him over; but finding that such overtures only awakened his loyalty, he resolved to strike suddenly and violently before the two parties had time to coalesce.

Accordingly, he sent messengers to such as remained of his kinsmen the Nevils in the north, and to the Mayor and citizens of York, so as to have a strong body ready for his support; but all was done with secresy.

On the 13th of June, 1483, the Council met as usual in the Tower of London. Lord Hastings had received a message from Stanley, telling him that he had dreamt that he saw a boar wounding and rending them both, and proposing that they should take horse and escape; but Hastings was not to be disturbed by so ambiguous a warning, though as the Boar was Richard's cognizance the drift was scarcely concealed. He laughed and joked with a pursuivant about the days when he had been under arrest for a quarrel with Lord Rivers, and entered the council-chamber.

At nine o'clock, an unusually late hour, the Protector came in, asking pardon for having played the sluggard; and turning to Dr. Morton, the Bishop of Ely, he talked to him of the beautiful strawberries in the garden of his house at Holborn, and asked him to send for some.

Presently, however, he quitted the chamber, and returned in about an hour's time, apparently in a state of great perturbation, knitting his brows and contorting his features, as though he had just heard some terrible news. As all sat silent and amazed, he demanded, 'Say, my Lords, what do they deserve who hath compassed the death of one so near to the King, and in such charge as I?'

'Surely, my Lord,' said Hastings, breaking the astonished silence, 'whosoever they may be, they deserve the death of traitors.'

'They are,' broke out Richard, 'no other than my brother's wife, and the vile Jane Shore! See how, by their sorcery and witchcraft, they have destroyed my body.'

So saying, he plucked up his sleeve and shewed a lean 'werish withered arm,' no doubt hitherto carefully concealed.

'Certainly,' said Hastings, who probably well knew the true state of the case, '*if* they have done any such thing, they deserve to be well punished.'

'*If*,' thundered Richard; 'dost thou answer me with ifs and ans? I tell thee, traitor, they *have* done it, and thou in this villainy hast joined with them. By holy Paul, I swear that dine I will not till thine head is brought me.'

He struck the table with his clenched fist; armed men rushed in, crying, 'Treason!' the lords started up, chairs and tables fell; Stanley was struck by a pole-axe, and blood streamed down his ears; the Bishop of Ely found himself a prisoner; and Hastings was taken out to the green in front of the Tower, made a hasty shrift to the nearest priest, and then was forced to lay his head on a log of wood that happened to be at hand, and was beheaded.

As soon as dinner was over, Richard sent for the chief Londoners, and shewed himself and Buckingham in old suits of rusty armour, which they said they had been forced to put on in haste on the discovery of a plot on the part of Hastings and the rest, to kill them while sitting in council. The strange witchcraft story was not alluded to. Such a withering of the arm as Richard exhibited is sometimes produced by a stroke of paralysis in early childhood; and it is just possible that Richard, who was a mere child when his brother married, might have had such an attack, and have associated it with the witch Duchess Jaquetta and her progeny; but he could only have put it forward against Hastings in the blind wild desire of inventing accusations.

Of the truth of this extraordinary scene there can be no reasonable doubt, since it was recorded by the most truthful man of the succeeding generation, Sir Thomas More, who had it from the lips of the Bishop of Ely himself. Jane Shore was at once made the object of vengeance, not for her witchcraft, but for the supposed participation in Hastings' plot. The real reason probably was, that with all her errors, she was a warm-hearted affectionate woman, who had really loved the King, and being very rich, and rather popular among the citizens, was likely to raise a party in favour of his son. She was therefore stripped of her riches, and made over to the Bishop of London, to do penance for her evil life, and walked to St. Paul's Cross in her kirtle, with a taper in her hand, after which—her credit gone—she retired into obscurity.

The Queen remained in her sanctuary, but her brother Rivers and her son Gray were in Richard's power in Yorkshire; and he sent off, through his servant Sir Richard Ratcliffe, directions that they should be put to death. Richard Gray and Sir Thomas Vaughan were beheaded without form of trial, apparently on the same day as Hastings. Vaughan, an old man, appealed aloud to the tribunal of God; and Ratcliffe answered with a sneer, 'A goodly appeal; lay down your head.'

'I die in the right,' he said; 'take heed you die not in the wrong.'

Rivers survived ten days, and had some shadow of trial before the Earl of Northumberland, for compassing the Protector's life. He spent one of his last days in composing a poem on his changed fortune. He was a gallant knight, against whom no charge can be brought but that of a little vanity at his sudden elevation, and an eagerness to support it, which made him accept Louis's pensions, and all he could gain besides; but those two months of captivity must have been a bitter time to him, when he saw himself withheld from coming to the aid of his helpless sister and her children. Thus he sung:—

Somewhat musing,
And more mourning,
In remembering
The unsteadfastness.

This world being
Of such wheeling,
Thus contraireing,
What may I guess?

I fear doubtless
Remedyless
Is now to see my woful chance,
Lo in this trance,
Now in substance,
Such is my dance.

Willing to die,
Methinks truly
Bownden am I,
And that gretely,
To be content.

Saying plainly
That fortune doth wry
All contrary
From mine intent:
My life was lent
Me to one intent;
It is nigh spent.

Welcome fortune;
But I ne weand
Thus to be spent,
But so it meant,
Such is her wont.

Rivers was alive till the 23rd of June, for he then put the last touch to his will, but he seems to have been beheaded the next day; and the whole of the Queen's relatives were now dead or beyond the sea, none remaining with her save her daughters, her eldest son, John Gray, Marquis of Dorset, and her youngest, Richard Duke of York. No plan of Glocester's against young Edward could take effect while his brother was at large, and in the Queen's hands; and he therefore resolved on removing the younger prince from the Sanctuary.

For this purpose he convoked the Council, and represented the Queen's folly in persisting in secluding herself there, as if any harm were intended her; and added that the young King wanted his brother's company, and that the Duke of York must appear at the coronation.

Wherefore he deputed the Archbishop, Thomas Bouchier, to visit the Queen, and bring away the Duke. If she would not consent, he must be taken by force.

Both Archbishops spoke up for the inviolability of the Sanctuary, but they were rudely put down by the Duke of Buckingham; and the Council decided that a child whom no one wished to hurt could no more be sheltered there, than a boy who ran away from school would be. Both ought to be delivered up to their lawful guardians.

So the Archbishop, a kind old man, persuaded by Richard's plausible reasons, set forth on his mission, convinced that the Queen was a silly obstinate woman, and that the brothers ought to be together; and wishing, above all, to avoid the scandal of having the Sanctuary broken by armed men.

Poor Elizabeth Woodville was a weak and vain woman, but the instinct of her mother's heart was against the giving up her boy, though she had not the courage to go with him. When the Archbishop came to her in the Jerusalem Chamber, she replied at first that the young Duke was sick and needed her care.

The Archbishop acknowledged that a mother's care was needful for a child, but added that the Council invited the Queen herself to come and resume the care of both her sons in the State apartments at the Tower; but on her declaration that she would neither leave the Sanctuary nor part with the Duke, he observed that she had made no objection to sending her eldest son to Ludlow, far away from her.

'True,' she angrily said; 'but the one prince was in health, the other sick;' and then she burst out, 'Troweth the Protector that the King doth lack a playfellow? Can none be found to play with the King but only his brother—as though princes could not play without their peers, or children without their kindred, with whom they often agree worse than with strangers?'

'The more suspicious you are, Madam,' said the Archbishop, 'the more jealous are others of you, lest under a pretence of danger you cause him to be conveyed out of the country.'

He then explained to her that a child who had committed no crime was not a subject for the privilege of the Sanctuary; and that if the Duke were not yielded up, the Protector would fetch him away by force.

The mother on this hotly declared that she had consulted lawyers, and knew she was right, and that it was absolutely unsafe for both children to be together in the hands of the uncle who called himself their next heir.

The Archbishop, upon this, said he would not dispute with her, but that if she gave the child up to him, he would pawn body and soul for

his safety; otherwise, he would not interfere: and he rebuked her for her evil suspicions of the Protector and Council.

Then he turned to depart; and Elizabeth, suddenly overpowered by a sense of her weakness, and feeling him at least an honest guardian, better than the men of violence whom she was bidden to expect, broke down at last, retracted her angry words, and then taking her boy by the hand, she said, 'Lo, here is this gentleman, whom I doubt not would be safely kept by me if I were permitted. I here deliver him, and his brother's life with him, into your hands; and of you I shall require them before God and man. Faithful ye be, I wot well, and power ye have if ye list to keep them safe; but if ye think I fear too much, yet beware ye fear not too little.—Farewell, mine own sweet son, God send you good keeping! Let me kiss you once ere you go, for God knoweth when we shall kiss together again.'

Marie Antoinette dressing her child to be led away by Simon, occurs to our minds when we read of this scene: but Marie Antoinette was a prisoner, and could not have followed her son; while Elizabeth, clinging fast to the Sanctuary out of a womanish terror, gave up the only chance of watching over and protecting her son, or making known his danger.

With many tears the little boy left his mother and sisters, and was led away by the Archbishop, who conducted him to the Star Chamber, where the Protector took him in his arms, exclaiming, 'Now welcome, my Lord, from my very heart!'

Thence he was carried to the Tower, where he met his brother, and both remained in the royal apartments, while the good Archbishop, who had acted in all innocency and simplicity, felt that he had done the State a service in overcoming the caprice of a suspicious woman. The fate of her brother and son at Pontefract was not yet known in London; and when the tidings arrived it must have added to the Queen's despair, and excited some suspicion in others.

On the 22nd of June, (the day before Rivers's death,) a sermon was announced at Paul's Cross, by Dr. Shaw, a divine of some reputation. He took for his text, Wisdom, iv. 3—'The multiplying brood of the ungodly shall not thrive, nor take deep rooting from bastard slips.' Thence he enlarged on the evil life of the late King, and the levity with which he had made contracts of marriage, especially with Dame Eleanor Butler, and later with Dame Elizabeth Gray. 'No doubt,' said Dr. Shaw, 'Eleanor was the true wife, Elizabeth no such thing, and therefore her children had no claim to the throne.' Nay, he even had the effrontery to hint at the older scandal, observing how unlike King Edward had been to the Duke of York; 'While,' he said, 'behold the very features of that mighty prince!' It had been arranged that Richard should appear in a balcony at that moment, but by some accident there was a delay, the preacher had finished his panegyric, and found himself obliged to repeat it over again when the subject of it appeared.

The people were intended to cry, 'Long live King Richard!' but this

fulsome address, and gross insult to the old Duchess Cicely, who was living among them at Baynard's Castle, and had just assumed the Benedictine habit, so amazed them, that they only stared at one another; Richard himself looked shocked; and Shaw, hastily ending his sermon, slunk home, and is said never to have ventured out of doors again, but to have pined away with grief and shame.

The sermon had been a failure, but it had served as some preparation; and the next day Buckingham went down to the Guildhall, and harangued the citizens on the invalidity of Edward's marriage. Most were silent, but a few hired persons threw up their caps, and cried, 'Long live King Richard!' and the Lord Mayor had been already gained over.

A party of nobles and citizens went the next day, with Buckingham at their head, to Baynard's Castle, where Richard was staying with his mother. He appeared at a window, and heard, as if it were new to him, all about the marriage to Eleanor Talbot or Butler, and further that Clarence's children were put out of the question by their father's attainder; so that the people of England had decided on offering the crown to him.

He bowed, thanking them, but professing no eagerness to reign, and declaring that he would rather see the crown on his nephew's head.

'Sir,' said Buckingham, 'the men of England will never crouch to a bastard.'

Thereupon Richard owned that it was his duty to obey the voice of his people, and that he took upon himself the royal estate of the two noble realms of France and England, the one to subdue, and the other to rule!

His mother heartily concurred in all this. The proud Nevil had always hated 'Bessie Woodville,' and was ready to see her humbled, and she had known from the first of the contract to Eleanor. Indeed, Stittington, Bishop of Bath and Wells, came and made oath that he had himself married Edward and Eleanor. He was a man of bad character, whose oath was not worth much, but it convinced the Archbishop for the time; and on the whole it seems probable that Edward had really made an informal marriage, the technical validity of which ought to have been inquired into by uninterested parties. Hatred to the Woodvilles was really the great influence that brought over to Richard's cause not only his mother, but most of the Yorkist nobility.

He sent for his wife, Anne Nevil, and her son; and bringing them to the Tower, placed them in the royal apartments, whence the dethroned—or rather never throned—Edward and his little brother had been removed; and robes were ordered for them to appear in at the coronation.

On the 5th of July, 1483, Richard and Anne were crowned; Buckingham carried the King's train, and Anne's was borne by Margaret Beaufort, who, after the death of her Tudor husband, had become the

wife of Lord Stanley. Archbishop Bouchier anointed and consecrated them at St. Edward's shrine, and they banquetted in Westminster Hall; while in the Jerusalem Chamber the unhappy Elizabeth, among her daughters, heard the sounds of the music she had looked to hear for her son, and asked where that son was.

So, soon asked the Archbishop, who had pawned his soul and body on the safety of the children; so asked the Duke of Buckingham; so asked every home in England.

It was one thing to avoid a minority by finding a flaw in the marriage of the designing and vain mother; and another thing to condemn two innocent children to a dungeon for life, or to death itself. Where were the boys?

No one knew them to be alive; but beyond dark rumour, and a quiet sad certainty on the part of those to whom they were nearest and dearest, nothing more was ascertained, though throughout the country people were singing the ballad of the Babes in the Wood, with an under-current of thought as to the cruel uncle and the two ruffians who slew the innocent children.

And the manner of their death has remained a 'historic doubt.' Whether they were really murdered is sometimes questioned; but this seems certain, since their uncle would otherwise have produced them to silence the outcry against him. To have sent them abroad, as was sometimes alleged, would have been very unlike so able a man as Richard, who would thus only have raised enemies against himself and his son; for boys of thirteen and nine were not like to forget their rank and right, and many a foreign sovereign would have delighted to avail himself of their quarrel, as Philippe Auguste had done of that of Arthur of Brittany. Perhaps popular belief inclined to the mysterious and dreary wanderings hand in hand in the forest, with lips stained with blackberries, and the final sleep beneath the pious redbreasts' leafy pile; but about nine years later, a confession was published, said to have been made by two of the four persons concerned in the murder.

According to this confession, King Richard sent one John Green to Sir Robert Brackenbury, the Constable of the Tower, commanding him to make away with the children. Brackenbury refused; and Richard being overheard lamenting the difficulty, his page suggested one Sir James Tyrrell as fitted for the purpose.

Tyrrell was summoned, and agreed to do the King's bidding; whereupon Brackenbury was commanded to give up the keys of the Tower to him for one night. During that night, he brought in two servants, John Dighton and Miles Forrest, big powerful men, who smothered the two boys by pressing pillows on their faces as they lay asleep. Edward, it was said, had apprehended his fate for some days past, had paid no attention to his dress, and spent his time in weeping and lamentation; but both seem to have been peacefully sleeping when their lives were actually taken.

Sir James Tyrrell was called in to see the corpses, and they were buried at once at the foot of the staircase, but were afterwards removed from thence by Brackenbury's priest to another portion of the Tower by the King's desire.

Such was the story told by Tyrrell and Dighton, and published by command of Henry VII. Some discredit was thrown on it by the fact that it was his interest to establish the certainty of the children's death, and some of the circumstances were improbable. Richard was not the man to consult about murders with a chance page, nor was the exchange of keepers for one night probable. Indeed, these two particulars almost appear to have been foisted in to give circumstantiality to a story which might be known to the King to be true in the main, but which he wanted to dress up for the ear of the public.

As for the bodies, they could not be found when search was made for them where Dighton had buried them, at the base of the Bloody Tower, but he believed them to have been removed; and another search was made without effect under Queen Elizabeth. However, in 1674, under the White Tower, about ten feet under ground, a great chest was discovered, containing the bones of two children, corresponding in age to Edward and Richard of York; and these were by command of Charles II. placed in a marble urn among the tombs of the kings in Westminster Abbey.

(To be continued.)

THE ANGEL OF BRITTANY.

CHAPTER I.

If we could more generally recognize the truth that the Kingdom of Heaven is within us and not 'beyond the sky,' we should be more ready to open our eyes and our hearts to the gentle ministrations of angels clad in fleshly garb. They come among us, dwell with us, bless us with their tender love and protecting care; yet we deny their very existence, because we catch no glimpse of the wings, whose first office would be to bear them away for ever from a world not worthy of them. Not so unbelieving were the simple French peasantry, when they named their countrywoman, Maria de la Fruglaye, the Angel of Brittany.

The life of this noble Bretanne has been lately given to the world with charming grace, partly in her own words, partly in those of a sister *religieuse*. No one can peruse the interesting details which this work affords of her life—both in her early years, and subsequently, when she entered one of the sisterhoods of her Church some time before her death—without sympathizing with the poetic reverence for her virtues, which

have induced her countrymen to confer upon her the title of *Ange de la Bretagne.*

On her mother's side she was descended from one of the old families of Brittany, the Comptes de Loz. The chateau of Kerdüel near Launion was their home, where they spent most of the year, devoted to the care of their two little girls Caroline and Josephine, and otherwise occupied with the duties of their station. They were much beloved by their tenantry, for in Brittany the feudal system retained something of its pristine charm down to the days of the French Revolution, and the old ties existed between the owners of the land and the people upon it. The relations between the family de Loz, and the peasantry occupying their estates, exemplified this happy state of affairs, and were marked by beneficence and protection on one side, by gratitude and faithful service on the other. But the spirit of the Reign of Terror swept over Brittany, as through every corner of France; and a day came when M. and Mdme. de Loz were arrested and conveyed to the prison at Launion, leaving behind them at Kerdüel their daughters, aged eight and nine. The Revolution of 1790 had no mercy on family sorrows. One poor mother begged leave to nurse her dying child; the answer she received was, 'Your child will die without you as well as with you:' and M. and Mdme. de Loz could entertain no hope of re-union till the storm was over. In the meantime they took their sorrows to the Great Comforter, who is a friend to the friendless and a refuge from despair.

Kerdüel, which is described in its palmy days as a gloomy and somewhat forbidding-looking old house half hidden by trees, became now severe and desolate in the utter solitude which fell upon it. No neighbour durst approach, for fear of being compromised with a suspected family; the grass grew up to the very threshold of the deserted chateau, and more than once famine menaced the little household. Across this dismal scene is shed the light of the noblest devotion, the most perfect self-sacrifice, shewn by Thèrèse Gaubert, lady's-maid to the imprisoned Countess. She remained as the faithful guardian of the children more helpless than orphans. This extraordinary woman seems to have been originally no better educated than most French peasant women, for it was in order that the children's lessons should not be interrupted that she taught herself to write. Mindful also of the training of the soul, she made herself mistress of several books of devotion; and the result of her intense perseverance in self-culture was, that when her guardianship was over, her pupils were found not only safe, but in no respect behind other children of their age who had enjoyed every advantage. Nothing could be sadder, nothing more tragically interesting, than the childhood of these little ones. Time after time was Kerdüel entered and ransacked by the revolutionists, ready for pillage, for bloodshed, for desecration; time after time were they confronted and awed by one heroic woman, who, strong in the courage born of a great love, forced them to abandon their persecution. One day the terrible mob arrived so infuriated by

drink, that Thèrèse saw it was not safe to brave their blind rage. She therefore made for the grounds, hiding, with the children, behind some trees. There, crouched down amongst the bushes, the three remained, when, to their horror, they heard their enemies leave the house and come in pursuit of them. Presently the tramp of their feet told how near they were, and the poor hunted creatures could but cling closer together, not daring to move or speak, or even to breathe. From the stout-hearted girl rose many a wordless prayer to Him who alone could save from the apparently inevitable danger; and God, who in His own good time heeds every call for help, stretched forth His Hand, and the furious rabble passed by, ignorant that the objects of their lawless search were within their very grasp.

It was not till morning that Thèrèse durst go back to the chateau, having spent all the winter's night without shelter.

At last the Reign of Terror was over, and M. and Mdme. de Loz were set free. We can scarcely picture their mingled surprise and gratitude, when, on reaching the house, which they expected to find stripped of all its valuables, they beheld linen, plate, family papers—dearest of all, the sacred vessels of the chapel—all there, saved by the indefatigable exertions, and never-failing presence of mind, of the brave Thèrèse.

What, then, was their emotion when they embraced the little ones, from whom they had parted more than two years ago, and who were given back to them preserved from dangers worse than death?

Though, at her own request, Thèrèse Gaubert remained still in the capacity of domestic servant, she was always regarded by her employers as their dearest, most valued friend.

A few years more, and Caroline de Loz married Count de la Fruglaye. It is probable that the terrors and hardships of their childhood impaired the health of both sisters; for Josephine became consumptive, and lived but a few months after her sister's marriage, and Caroline died at a very early age, leaving three little daughters, the eldest hardly three years, and the youngest, Maria Hyacinthe Pauline, one week old. Life is always short, and often sad; but the earthly career of Josephine and Caroline de Loz strikes one as 'wearily brief,' and full of melancholy. Their childhood was clouded by scenes of horror, and when with maturity came peace and prosperity, the sweet earthly ties which life brought to them were formed only to be broken.

Once more across a gloomy scene is shed light from the lamp of love; once more that lamp is carried by Thèrèse Gaubert, invaluable in sickness as in health.

Often in times gone by she had risked her life for her 'children,' as she called them; now, and perhaps it was a harder task to her energetic nature, she stood patiently by their sick beds, knowing that all would soon be over, and her darlings taken from her care; yet ever cheerful and patient, ready to soften by her unwearied tenderness, and sweeten by her pious consolations, the hard blow and the bitter cup of the death

she was powerless to avert. It seems strange and unnatural that we hear nothing of the Countess de Loz in connection with her dying children; and her grand-daughter Maria thus explains the mystery: 'My poor grandmother,' she says, 'though gifted with so many good qualities, had not the slightest idea how to nurse the sick. Hence it was her *bonne* for whom Josephine asked continually. Perhaps our poor grandmother recalled this unhappy circumstance when, in the midst of a similar trial, she said to us with a certain degree of bitterness, "My children, learn to nurse sick people; it is so painful to feel yourself of no use to them. I have always believed those who pay special heed to the wants of the sick poor obtain a special blessing, in the consolation they feel when they are able to lessen the sufferings of those who belong to them. In this they find their highest reward, even more than in the promise of the Lord, 'I will make thy bed in the day of thy sickness.'"'

On the death of the young Countess the little Maria was sent to Kerdüel, which thus became her home, her sisters remaining at Keranroux, the seat of Count de la Fruglaye. At first Thèrèse could hardly bear to look at the infant whose life had cost so dear; but very soon its extreme delicacy called for her utmost care, and from that time she devoted herself to its service as she had done to that of its mother.

For some time it seemed very doubtful whether the feeble child would survive, and Maria takes an evident pride in telling us that she was *nourrie par la charité*, attributing to this fact part of her own inbred delight in *ces chers pauvres*. No sooner had Maria reached Kerdüel than the wet-nurse who accompanied her fell ill, and nowhere could Madame de Loz hear of anyone to fill her place. Day by day the poor baby grew weaker, and pined away for want of its natural food. In this dilemma one Marie Yvonne, a farmer's wife, came forward, and being unable, on account of her business and family cares, to take up her abode at the Chateau, offered to take the little one home.

Madame de Loz was thankful to accept the good woman's offer, and Maria remained at the farm till she was weaned. Of course, in this case, no money payment could be offered, for Marie Yvonne was the richest *paysanne* near Kerdüel; but we know that whilst no work of true charity, as this was, can ever be repaid in coin, it is never forgotten by generous hearts, and ever after the farm and the chateau were bound together by the firm and tender links of love and gratitude. When Maria returned to Kerdüel, her father consented to leave her with her grandparents, on the condition that she was *not to be spoilt*. Probably he feared the proverbial weakness of a grandmother for her children's children; but in this instance his precautions were needless, for Madame de Loz treated her little nursling with scant indulgence, hiding under a mask of severity the love she really felt. She belonged to that school of education who consider coldness, repression, and frowns, the most wholesome atmosphere in which to train a child, and who can never be

brought to see that the emotional part of human nature is not a weakness to be despised, or a vice to be stamped out, but a source of strength to be carefully trained and duly exercised. The effect of this treatment on one of Maria's sensitive disposition, might have been highly injurious, had not Gaubert again come to the rescue. With exquisite tact she stood as a mediator between youth and age, explaining them as it were to each other; on the one hand assuring the frightened warm-hearted child that her grandmother really loved her, and on the other, winning from the stern disciplinarian indulgences she seemed to grant against her judgement.

In a few very forcible words Maria lifts the veil from the heart of the good Thèrèse, and shews us how as a child she formed a living link in her *bonne's* mind between past and present. 'She loved not only the child who she brought up with the most affectionate devotion, but she loved in me my mother, my aunt, and all the recollections of their youth; often did their names rise to her lips instead of my own, and I answered quite naturally to them.' No wonder so wise and gentle a teacher called forth the pupil's ardent affection. At this period of her life all the love which was springing up in Maria's heart was lavished on her nurse. Always gentle to those around her, and very intelligent, she was at this age very reserved; and in her father's diary is found this entry, 'Maria has plenty of mind, and very good manners, but *I cannot see her heart.*' Thèrèse, however, had no difficulty in reading her innermost hopes and fears, and welcomed with joy the dawning piety which made her in after years so shining a light. Before she was twelve years old she was delighted to assemble the children of the poor round Kerdüel, and give them, under the eye of her *bonne*, such simple lessons on the Catechism, as, coming straight from the heart of the little teacher, found instant echo in the souls of those she taught.

She was a remarkably lovely child, but one of Madame de Loz's rules was that she was to be brought up in profound ignorance of the fact. 'One day a housemaid came into the room, and found Maria mounted on a chair, gazing intently at her own face in the looking-glass. According to the orders given, the girl said, "Really, Mademoiselle, I wonder you should waste your time in looking at yourself, when you are so ugly." "Ah," said Maria, "but I was not sure about that, and therefore I got up here to see for myself; and now, do you know, I don't at all agree with you, I don't think I am ugly at all!"'

Surely it would have been wiser and better teaching, to have pointed out to the quick-witted observant child, that beauty is one of God's gifts, to be used, like all others, for His glory.

Although Madame de Loz shewed so little mother's love to her grandchild, she proved very efficient in mental training. 'My grandmother,' writes Maria, 'inspired me with a real taste for learning, and above all, inculcated in me the love of duty, a foundation for future instruction

worth more than the cleverest lessons received without thought.' Nor was she left untaught in all those household details which are now so often left entirely to servants, but which in Brittany are still reckoned of great importance in every woman's life, be she high or low.

Mademoiselle de Fresne, a relation of Madame de Loz, was appointed to instruct her in these matters; and so well did she fulfil her office, that when Maria had to preside over her father's house she displayed an instinct for perfect order, and a wise economy, combined with the gentle grace which characterized every act of her life.

We hear of few of the ordinary childish enjoyments in Maria's youthful days. There is no mention of the innocent little feasts, and merry games, which make up the dearly loved 'treats' of infancy. No doubt a great deal of this unnatural quiet was owing to the severe regime enforced by Madame de Loz; but from her earliest years Maria exhibited that power of retirement into herself which robbed the world of half its attractions, and very soon led her to long after the cloister life, which offered her the greatest opportunity for the development of her deeply spiritual nature. There was, however, nothing about her of apparent asceticism: her tender loving heart expanded and rejoiced in the bonds of earthly relationship; but hers was ever a virgin soul, and they were to her helps, not hindrances, in the way of eternal life. We have seen that play formed an insignificant element in Maria's child life, and it is with positive comfort we read that she possessed, what is invariably so dear to a child, a garden of her own. A small plot of ground was portioned off for each sister, all three being placed under Maria's care. Every spare moment was employed in cultivating the little squares, her great anxiety being that when Caroline and Pauline came to pay their annual visit at Kerdüel, they should find all three gardens equal in beauty. Perhaps the possession of this plot of ground, the sole indulgence allowed to the lonely little child, laid the foundation of that strong feeling of ownership, with which she clung, in after life, to Kerdüel, when the whole estate became hers.

As Maria grew up into girlhood, Count de la Fruglaye desired she should share with her sisters the lessons of an excellent governess, Mademoiselle de Guillemot. To this arrangement Madame de Loz consented, and the three sisters were united at Kerdüel. This companionship was, however, made as little pleasant for Maria as possible, for they were not allowed to be together when their lessons were over. Madame de Loz insisted that Maria should not accompany her sisters in the daily walks they took with their father, declaring that her health was too delicate to admit of the exertion. It is difficult to estimate the disappointment inflicted by this harsh decree; for Count de la Fruglaye was a man of many accomplishments, and had the rare gift of making his gifts acceptable to the young, so that these walks were full of delight as well as of instruction to his children; but no murmur escaped the lips of Maria, she only gardened with redoubled ardour. Bitterness and

rebellion had no place in her saintly heart; there never seems to have been a time when she failed to recognize obedience to the duty nearest her as the most binding obligation. From childhood she desired to enter a convent, but it was many a year before the way opened for her to reach the desired haven. True, she might have accomplished her wish long before, had she allowed self-will to be her rule of life; but as we follow her from youth to maturity, from maturity to old age, we shall find her ever bowing humbly before the truth that God will have us serve Him in His way, not in one of our own choosing, and that the ties of relationship which He bestows bring with them duties of paramount importance.

The first loss by death sustained by Maria was that of her grandfather. He died at the age of eighty-six, and was truly mourned by his grand-child. He was a kindly old man, and lavished on her many of those marks of affection Madame de Loz would not allow herself to bestow. A month later, and a still heavier blow fell on the devout young girl. Her beloved confessor, M. le Pennec, entered into rest; and it was long before his spiritual daughter could in any way repair his loss. He had prepared her for her first Communion, and seems to have given her practical lessons of the greatest value. One day Madame de Loz had forbidden her to attend a celebration for which M. le Pennec had given her leave, and at dinner Maria's face shewed traces of weeping over the disappointment. 'Remember,' said M. le Pennec, in a low voice, whilst taking his place beside her at table, 'that one Communion foregone for the sake of obedience, is worth more in the sight of God, than ten taken for one's satisfaction.' Lessons like these fell upon good ground. Years after we find Maria proving, by her conduct, what had been her religious training. Fourteen months after the death of her husband, Madame de Loz also passed away. The complaint of which she died, heart-disease combined with water on the chest, involved terrible suffering; to quote the words of her grand-child, she endured 'mortal agony.' The touch of pain, which has proved to so many a teacher come from God, unlocked many a forgotten chamber in the stern old lady's breast, and she became gentle, tender, loving, as a little child. During the last few weeks of her life she spoke much of the two daughters, to whose death she had never before alluded, and of the husband with whom she had spent forty-two years of unbroken companionship.

She seemed no longer to fear giving full expression to the feelings of her heart, and said at the last to her grand-daughter, 'Believe me, I fully appreciate all your care for me, and that in my heart I have always given you credit for the affection I am sure you have had for me.' The intimate relations between Madame de Loz and the faithful servant, of whose character so many affecting traits are recorded, continued during her last illness. The funeral of M. de Loz had been celebrated by his widow, with all the pomp thought necessary in Brittany. Amongst other marks of respect to the dead, the chapel was hung with

black cloth. When a year had elapsed, the warm-hearted and practical Thèrèse saw that the time had come when grief for the dead would be best shewn by charity to the living, so she said boldly to Madame de Loz, 'Would not those black hangings in the chapel do more good to the soul of M. de Loz, if they clothed the bodies of the poor, than by only adorning the walls?' It says as much for the candour of the mistress, as it does for the good sense of the maid, that Madame de Loz answered thus: 'You are quite right; have them taken down at once.' That winter many a mother at Kerdüel found cause to bless the wisdom which dictated the conversion of sable trappings into warm coats and cloaks for starving children; and we agree with Thèrèse that the soul of M. de Loz rested none the worse for this act of charity.

About this time Maria received some of the strongest religious impressions of her life from Le Pere Lelene. At the commencement of her illness, Madame de Loz had taken her grand-daughter to a mission, held at the shrine of Saint Anne d'Auray, where Le Pere Lelene was preaching to the pilgrims. He saw at once that Maria's soul was not only pure and simple, but singularly open to the work of grace. She confessed to him her earnest desire to enter a convent. The good Father knew well that all young Christians need to be taught the true dignity of every-day duty; and his answer contained so much practical wisdom, and withal such deep spirituality, that we give it almost in full. 'How can you mortify yourself in your home life? Oh, there is no difficulty in it; you have only to make use of the opportunities which present themselves in every step of your daily walk. For instance, in not finishing a piece of fancy-work at a special hour or day, in putting on a dress or an ornament which pleases you less than another, in postponing the reading of a book or of a letter; in saying *no* to what you like, *yes* to what you dislike; in suppressing all those little tokens of feeling which, though they are not faults, are yet the signs of a soul without self-command; in moderating all your wishes, and your great natural activity.'

After the death of Madame de Loz, Maria and her two sisters were no longer divided. It would have been only natural if the three, so long separated, had not found themselves so happy in each other, as those whose dispositions long years of a common childhood had blended together; but so amiable were Caroline, Pauline, and Maria, that no disagreement seems ever to have marred the joy of their re-union. On one occasion Maria writes thus of these close family ties: 'No one can really divide us, we must be united; God in giving us sisters indicates to us those He means to be our nearest friends.'

M. de la Fruglaye, being called to Paris by his political duties, placed his daughters under the care of his sister, Madame de Boissard. The motherless girls were very happy in their new home. Their aunt's youth had been passed under the roof of the Duke and Duchess de Rohan Chabot, whose very name was a guarantee for the charm, grace,

and elegance, of everyone who lived under the shadow of their influence. Her middle life had been one of great trial; but though she never lost the remembrance of desolating sorrows, she never imposed the burden of her griefs on others, and was gracious, amiable, and *gaie* to the bright young girls around her. They were all dear to her heart; but Maria, who was also her Goddaughter, called forth her tenderest love. She soon entered into all the aspirations which filled the heart of the future Angel of Brittany, and gave them her warmest encouragement. One is struck by the good sense she shews in recognizing the difference between the sisters. She never attempted to dissuade Caroline and Pauline from married life, for which she saw they were fitted, whilst she did not hide from Maria her joy at the vocation she displayed for the life of a *religieuse.*

Poor Madame de Boissard! she had encountered many a danger, and many a hardship, in her experience of matrimony; for during the Revolution she had been compelled to leave France, and seek in England the daily bread she earned by her own toil, so she was not likely to commit the fatal error of leaving her pupils unwarned of the many sorrows that awaited them in every walk of life. Maria is described at this time as 'fresh as a rose,' and almost as fragile. Her great delicacy gave frequent cause for uneasiness to her friends, but each illness brought her nearer to God, and her sick bed became an altar from which rose up a perpetual sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving. In the course of a year or two Madame de Boissard became too ill to receive her nieces; and as it was impossible for them to remain in Paris without a chaperone, M. de la Fruglaye placed them as *pensionnaires* in the Convent des Oiseaux. They lived a life of quiet happiness amongst the good *religieuses*, whom they called their *mothers*—happiness only clouded by the dangerous illness of Maria. Small-pox, followed by scarlet fever, brought her to the very brink of the grave, and the last Sacraments were administered. Whilst apparently dying, she desired to make the most complete surrender of herself to God, and vowed, if life were spared to her, that she would enter the convent where God had seemed so plainly to call her to Himself. Le Pere Rousin, who administered to her this act of self-consecration, said on leaving the room, 'To-morrow, most likely, she will not be here; and we ought not to wish to keep her, she is already an angel.'

But God had still much work for His servant to do, and Maria recovered, to the amazement of doctors and nurses. Soon after her almost miraculous restoration, her two sisters were married; Caroline to Viscount de la Champagny, and Pauline to M. de Kergariou. M. de la Fruglaye, being then released from his state duties, was able to return to Brittany, where he established himself at Kèranroux, whither his daughter Maria accompanied him.

French etiquette forbade so young a girl to preside alone over the crowded salon of Kèranroux; so Mademoiselle de Guillemot, who has

been already mentioned as governess to Caroline and Pauline, became now companion to Maria, whose acquaintance we shall next make as the ruler of a large household, as the devoted friend of the poor—in a word, as the Angel of Brittany.

(*To be continued.*)

THE PILLARS OF THE HOUSE;

OR,

UNDER WODE, UNDER RODE.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHAT IT MAY LEAD TO.

'I never was so berhymed since I was an Irish rat, which I can scarcely remember.'—*As You Like It.*

'Dim memories haunt the child,
Of lives in other beings led—
Other, and yet the same.'
Keble.

In the autumn, Alda made a visit at home. She had, as usual, gone with Mr. and Mrs. Underwood to their German baths, and had there fallen in with a merry set of her intimates in London, who had persuaded her to join them in an expedition to the Tirol, which lasted till the end of September. On her return, she was dropped at Bexley, where her sisters were greatly edified by her sketch-book, a perfect journal in clever scenes and groups, like the 'Voyage en zig-zag.' Two of the gentlemen seemed always in waiting on the graceful outline that did duty for Alda; and indeed, she gave Wilmet to understand that only the skill that played them off one against the other had averted an offer from each, hundreds of miles from home, when it would have been so very inconvenient! Every morning Wilmet considered how her dinner would appear if one or both should suddenly drop in to pursue his courtship.

Even Felix, though he had pooh-poohed the mysterious whisper from his sisters, was startled at the apparition of a picturesque figure, in Tirolese hat, green knickerbockers, belt, knapsack, loose velvet coat, and fair moustache, marching full into the shop; and while the customers who were making it a rendezvous gazed in doubt between gamekeepers and stage banditti, holding out a hand too fair and dainty for either character, and exclaiming, 'How are you, Mr. Froggatt? Holloh, Felix!'

Mr. Froggatt was amazed beyond measure, and it was only on hearing

the ring of the mirthful laugh that he exclaimed, 'Mr. Edgar! This is an alteration! You will find the young ladies up-stairs.'

Felix was disengaged at the moment, and could take him through the parlour, too glad to have him there at all to utter the faintest wish that he would have rung at the private door; and he ushered him into the drawing-room with the words, 'Here's the artist who has begun with himself;' and then retreated.

'Edgar! oh, you wonderful boy!' cried happy Geraldine, as he threw his arms round her; while Alda asked,

'Is that the *thing* now, Edgar?'

'Quite *comifo*,' he answered. 'Ha, little ones, have you forgotten me?'

'Stella says you're the clarionet in the brass band,' said Bernard. 'What have you got in that pack?'

'Munitions of war!' he answered, unstrapping his bag, and producing packets of French bon-bons, bought on his way home from the sketching tour Mr. Renville always made with sundry of his pupils in early autumn. 'Gobble them up, little mice, before the cat comes home.'

Stella paused with a dutiful 'May I?' and Cherry had to interfere between the little maiden's scruples, Bernard's omnivorous inclination, and Theodore's terror at any new article of food; while Alda and Edgar exchanged eager question and answer:

'You've been at home. You've seen them all?'

'I dined there on Sunday—might do so any day; they can't do without me, that's a fact.'

'Nor me, I imagine,' said Alda. 'I suppose I am to go back with you?'

'So Madam proposed; but the fact is, that Molly has done uncommonly well without you this time.'

'What do you mean?' asked Alda sharply.

'What think you of a friend of Cherry?'

'I haven't got any friends.'

'Think again! Not the great convert, the Cacique of all the Mexicos?'

'Ferdinand Travis! You don't mean it?'

'*I* don't; but the elders mean it, and the youngers will do it.'

'Do tell me! I can't understand,' cried Alda, much excited. 'We have never met him.'

'The uncle or father—which?'

'The uncle.'

'Well, the uncle has been in England, and fraternized with our governor at Peter Brown's; there was a banqueting all round, and his nephew was carried at his chariot wheels. If I am not much mistaken, gold and timber jingled to silver and bullock-hide, and concluded a prospective union in the persons of my nephew and my daughter. I'm sorry. I have long been persuaded that a very small effort on the part

of our respected Blunderbore might have redeemed the family fortunes in the person of Polly.'

'How could you think of anything so absurd?' said Alda. 'As if my uncle would consent!'

'If Tom has any sentiment, it is for my father and the name of Underwood,' said Edgar. 'You remember he was sorely disappointed that Felix would not step into my shoes.'

'And very angry and hurt,' said Alda, 'as well he might be.'

'Yes; but that anger proved the vastness of his good intentions. Besides, there's something about our old giant—steadiness and breeding, I believe—that uniformly makes Tom knock under to him; and there's a peculiar affinity of good sense between him and Marilda, that ought to have ripened under favourable circumstances.'

'And is he really cut out?' said Alda. 'I don't know how to believe this! How far has it gone?'

'Hanger on and oyster in love,' promptly answered Edgar. 'Honest Polly has the most comical look of anxious coyness on her jolly face, and holds her elbows squarer than ever; and a few paces off stands Montezuma, magnificent and melancholic;' and Edgar assumed the posture.

'Melancholy, no wonder,' said the conscious beauty; 'Edgar, he must be over head and ears in debt.'

'So it struck me; but he must have managed it uncommon quietly, for they call him the Mexican Muff; he's hand and glove with all their holinesses up at Clement's shop, and the wildest orgie he has been detected at was their magic-lantern.'

'Then it is real goodness that draws them together!' exclaimed Cherry, looking up from her presidency over the comfits.

'Goodness and a balance,' said Edgar.

'Did you know,' said Cherry, 'that as soon as he came of age, he paid the Insurance all the money for the Fortinbras Arms? The agents were quite overwhelmed, and wanted to put it in the Pursuivant.'

She was cut short by the return of Wilmet and Angela, accompanied by Miss Knevett. The effect of Edgar's appearance was startling. Alice gave a little scream of surprise, Angela crept behind her sisters, and Wilmet stood for a moment like a stag at gaze; then, as he said, 'Well, Mettie, are you going to send for the police?' exclaimed, 'You, Edgar! What a figure you have made of yourself!'

'See how our eldest crushes me!' said Edgar; 'such a face as yours, Mettie, ought not to be wedded to the commonplace.'

'I suppose it is like German artists,' said Wilmet, trying to resign herself.

'It is such a beautiful becoming dress,' whispered Alice to Geraldine; while Edgar rattled on—'No wonder there is a deterioration in taste from living in the very tents of the Philistines. Why, Cherry, how do you bear existence surrounded by such colours as these?'

'The paper?' asked Wilmet, surprised. 'It is rather a large pattern, to be sure.'

'I call it cruelty to animals to shut Cherry up among the eternal abortive efforts of that gilded trellis to close upon those blue dahlias, crimson lilacs, and laburnums growing upwards, tied with huge ragged magenta ribbons. They would wear out my brain.'

'Well, I think when you remember our old paper, you might be thankful!' said Wilmet.

'Precisely what I do, and am not thankful. What our paper may have been in its earlier stages of existence, I am not prepared to say; but since I can remember, that hateful thing, the pattern, could only be traced by curious researches in dark corners, and the wall presented every nuance of purplish salmon or warm apricot.'

'Dear old paper!' cried Cherry. 'Yes; wasn't it soft, deepening off in clouds and bars, sunsets and storm-clouds to make stories about?'

'Where it was most faded and grimy,' said Wilmet. 'It is all affectation not to be glad to have clean walls.'

'Clean!' cried Edgar in horror. 'Defend me from the clean! Bare, bald, and frigid, with hard lines breaking up and frittering your background. If walls are ornamented at all, it should not be in a poor material like paper, but rich silk or woollen tapestry hangings.'

'We couldn't have tapestry now,' said Alice, in a puzzled voice.

'Then,

"Comrades, take warning by my fall,
And have it strong or not at all."'

'Not walls,' laughed Cherry.

'Let them be of natural, or, at any rate, uniform tint; and cover them with your own designs of some character and purpose, not patterns bought by the yard.'

'Oh! I see what you would be at,' said Wilmet quaintly. 'You are bewailing the loss of your great Man Friday.'

'Achilles, I beg your pardon.'

'He never would come out,' said Angela; 'he came through the whitewash after the measles.'

'I wonder what the present inhabitants think of him,' said Cherry. 'One comfort is, if he is a bogy now, they may shew him some day as an early effort of Sir Edgar Underwood, President of the Royal Academy.'

'Oh dear! I must go!' cried Alice. 'I only came to fetch a pattern for Aunt Maria, and she is waiting for it; but you are all so delightful here.'

'What pretty little thing have you picked up there?' asked Edgar, as she went.

'Have we not told you of Miss Pearson's niece?'

'You should take her likeness, Cherry, as a relief from the classically severe.'

Cherry opened her portfolio, and shewed two or three water-coloured drawings of the graceful little head and piquant features. Edgar criticised, and promised a lesson; and the sitter, nothing loth, though rather coy, was caught. She blushed and smiled, and took exception at little personalities, and laughed her forgiveness, going through a play of countenance very perplexing to the pupil, but much relished by the master, as he called up the pout and smile by turns, and played with her little airs.

He took Alda back on Monday, but promised to come home for Christmas, and kept his word. Perhaps the Renville *wirthschaft* afforded less contrast with home than did the Underwood *ménage;* and, in spite of the Philistine furniture, the rooms in the High Street agreed better with his tastes than the old house in St. Oswald's Buildings. He was above objecting to the shop; and whereas Clement carefully avoided the public precincts, he was often there, hunting up books, reading newspapers, gossiping with Mr. Froggatt or with Redstone, and always ensuring himself a welcome by the free bright sweetness of his manner and his amusing talk.

It was a prosperous winter; Felix, as partner and acknowledged editor, was in a more comfortable position both as to income and authority. Other matters were going well. Fulbert, to the general surprise, turned out a capital letter-writer, and sent home excellent accounts of himself, working heartily in a situation in the post-office, which Mr. Audley's Somerville interest had managed to secure for him. Moreover, all close scholarships had not been abolished, and Felix's opportunities in the newspaper line had enabled him to discover one at St. Cadoc's, a small college at Cambridge, to be competed for by the natives of the county where Clement had fortunately been born. A letter to the parish clerk of Vale Leston, to ask for the baptismal register of Edward Clement Underwood, produced a reply from a well-remembered old Abednego Tripp, who declared himself 'horned and rejoiced' at hearing from Master Felix, and at being able to do anything for one of the Reverend Mr. Edward's sons. The competition was not very severe; Clement obtained the scholarship, and therewith his maintenance for three years to come; and he was at the same time able to exercise a bit of patronage on his sisters' behalf, more gratifying to his own feelings than theirs. Mr. Fulmort's unmarried sisters had lived in the country with a former governess, until on the death of the elder, the survivor decided on employing her very considerable fortune in establishing a school where girls of small means might be prepared for becoming first-rate governesses, with special openings for the daughters of poor clergy and of missionaries.

One of the first families thought of was that of the favourite chorister; so Angela, now ten years old, was nominated at once, to the relief of Wilmet, who did not think her romping intimacies with the girls at Miss Pearson's very desirable. Moreover, after a correspondence between

Miss Fulmort and Miss Lyveson, it was decided that Robina should be transferred to the new school at Brompton with her sister, partly by way of infusing a trustworthy element, and partly that her studies might be perfected by London masters. Robina, whose allegiance to Miss Lyveson was most devoted, was greatly grieved, but she was a reasonable womanly little being, aware that governess-ship was her profession, and resolute to qualify herself; so though she came home with tell-tale spots under her eyes, she replied to all condolences with, 'I know it's right, what must be must;' and her spirits rose when Lance came home, bound only to return during the holidays on two or three special days when his voice was indispensable.

Edgar and he together kept the house in continual merriment, so that the sober pillars of the house found themselves carried along, they knew not whither.

'I have had a serious application,' said Felix one evening. 'A solemn knock came to the office door, and a serious voice came in—"Please, brother, I want to speak to you." There stood the little Star! I thought at least she had broken the chandelier, but no such thing. It was, "Please, brother, mayn't I have a birth-day?"'

'Poor little darling!' cried some voices.

'What could have put it into her head?' said Wilmet.

'She said all little girls had birth-days, and Ellen Bruce had told Angel all about the dance in honour of hers.'

'Ah!' said Wilmet, 'we'll have Angel out of the way of that kind of chatter.'

'Poor little maid! of course I had to quench her,' said Felix, 'as far as her own day was concerned. I told her more about it than she had ever heard, but then she took me aback by saying Father was happy, and she thought he would like her to be happy.'

'You didn't consent!' exclaimed Wilmet.

'I represented that it was Theodore's birth-day as well, and that strangers would make him miserable. She was really very good, and I want you just to consider whether we could not do something—of course on a different day—but in the course of the holidays, by way of treat. Surely you could invite some of Miss Pearson's pupils.'

'I don't like to begin, Felix,' said Wilmet; 'there would be reciprocity, and no one knows where it might lead to.'

'A few white muslin frocks—eh, W. W.? I think we could stand them.'

'That is not all I mean,' said Wilmet; 'it is the sort of style of thing. It would be all very well to have a few little girls here, but they would all ask us again, and I could not answer for what might happen at their homes.'

'It is out!' said Edgar. 'Now we know the sort of style of thing it might lead to. Minerva under a mistletoe bough.'

'Hurrah!' burst out Lance, in convulsions of mirth, which infected

Felix and Cherry; while Wilmet, as simple as she was discreet, blushed up to the tips of her ears, and tried to defend herself.

'They tell me of doings at their parties that are what I should not like for our little girls, and I don't think you would, Felix.'

'Forfeits, to wit?' asked Edgar. 'Or cards, or waltzing. You may as well be explicit, Mettie.'

'No, no,' said Felix, 'Mettie shall not be teazed; she is right in the main.' But his *tone* was that he always used when her prudence was too much for him.

'And the family refinement is to be secured by sitting in ashes all the Christmas,' said Edgar. 'Slightly unchristian, it strikes me.'

'But,' continued Felix, 'out of these domestic ashes, we *must* get up some sport for the children. I stand committed to Stella.'

'Shall I get Bill Harewood, and do Box and Cox?' suggested Lance.

'Might we not get up something they could take part in themselves?' said Cherry; 'Cinderella, or some such little play?—Edgar, you know how to manage such things.'

'Wilmet doesn't know where they would lead to,' gravely responded Edgar.

'To Lance's going off with a circus,' said Felix.

'I always had a great mind to do so,' responded Lance. 'To sing comic songs on one leg on a spotted horse's back, and go about day and night in a yellow van drawn by elephants—I call that life!'

'Secure a berth for me as scene-painter!' cried Edgar. 'See how I'd draw a house by the very outline of Mazeppa outside!'

'And Felix will print all our advertisements gratis!'

'Oh!' broke in Cherry; 'I have a notion. Couldn't we make a play of the conjuror in disguise? It is Dr. Knowall in German popular tales, Robin the Conjuror in English.'

'Nothing foolish, I hope?' seriously asked Wilmet.

'Oh no. Don't you recollect? The story is, that a set of thieves steal a jewel, and a man comes shamming conjuror and offering to find it for the owner, intending to trust to chance, and feast at her expense as long as he is not found out.'

'I remember!' exclaimed Lance; 'you used to tell us the story. Somebody suspects him, and brings a creature shut up in a covered dish to ask him to tell what it was—and it happens to be a robin; so when he cries out, 'Oh, poor Robin!' thinking himself done for, out hops the bird, and the enemy is sold.'

'Yes; and then he counts his dinners every day, and the thieves who have come to look on think he is counting them, and throw themselves on his mercy.'

'It has capabilities,' said Edgar.

'But the moral!' said Wilmet.

'What! Not the lesson against dealing with conjurors?' demanded

Edgar. 'I'll undertake to arm your pupils against spirit-rapping for ever.'

'In that point of view—' said Wilmet doubtfully.

'In that point of view,' said Felix, laughing, 'it has my vote.'

'I don't like deception to succeed,' said Wilmet; 'but at least there's none of the worst sort of nonsense.'

Lance leapt up and performed a *pas seul*, insisting that Bill Harewood must come and be a robber; and Edgar and Cherry instantly had their heads together as playwrights and managers.

'Never mind, Wilmet,' said Felix at their bed-room doors that night. 'Remember, Father never was a man for all work and no play.'

'I don't mind play, but I don't know what this may lead to;' then, as Felix laughed merrily at the repetition, she followed him into his room, saying, 'I mean, I have no trust in Edgar's discretion, or Lance's either, and all sorts of things may be put into the children's heads.'

'You can't keep children's heads a blank,' said Felix; 'and Edgar's good taste ought to be trusted in his own home, for his own sisters. Even you might stretch a few points to keep him happy and occupied with Cherry. Besides, I believe we do live a duller life than can be really good for anyone. It can't be right to shut up all these young things all their holidays without any pleasure.'

'I thought,' said Wilmet, her eyes growing moist, 'it was pleasure enough to be all at home together.'

'So it is, to staid old fogies like you and me,' said Felix, kissing her; 'but the young ones want a lark now and then, and I confess I should be immensely disappointed if this fun didn't come off. No, no, W. W., I can't have you an old cat, you are much too young and pretty.'

The levity of this conclusion shocked Wilmet beyond remonstrance. Was Felix falling from his height of superiority, or was her strictness wearisome?

Meantime, Geraldine's brain was ringing with doggrel rhymes, and whirling with stage contrivances, in the delight of doing something with Edgar, whether versifying or drawing; and as Felix said, to keep him happy at home for Christmas was no small gain, even though it brought a painful realization that their feast was not his feast.

Geraldine suffered in silence, for a word from her was always put down by some tender jest, avowing as much inferiority in goodness as superiority in intellect. As to Clement, Edgar's sport was to startle him with jokes, dilemmas, and irreverences, and then to decline discussion on the ground that he never argued with *sisters*, and that Clement would understand when he went to Cambridge. Otherwise, the subject was avoided at home; but Edgar consorted a good deal with Mr. Ryder, calling him the only person in the town, except Cherry, who knew the use of a tongue; and one day, when Felix was assisting his old master in a search through old newspapers in the

reading-room, Mr. Ryder said, 'By-the-by, your brother Edgar has a good deal more of the talk of the day than you can be prepared for.'

'I am afraid so, Sir,' said Felix; 'but he does not put it forth much at home.'

'So I hoped. It would have startled your father a good deal; but I believe myself acting in the spirit of his wishes in letting him talk out his crudities.'

'Thank you, Sir,' said Felix, not quite knowing how to take this.

'It is a phase to be passed through,' said Mr. Ryder. 'Indeed, a good deal of it is fashion and vanity.'

'Mr. Audley thinks so,' replied Felix. 'He said he thought poor Edgar did not think enough to have real doubt, but that he considered other people's a dispensation from attending to the subject at all.'

'Exactly,' said Mr. Ryder, 'except so far as repeating what he has caught up seems to him knowing, and according to the spirit of the time, fit to dazzle us down here. Whatever may deepen him will probably change all that—I do not say into what you or your father would wish; but what is jargon now will pass away into something more real, for better or—'

'For worse?' asked Felix anxiously, as he paused.

'I do not say so,' returned Mr. Ryder. 'Perhaps what I chiefly wished at this moment was to clear myself in your eyes of treachery to your father.'

'No, Sir, that I never could suspect.'

But the conversation might well leave heaviness behind it. Was it come to Edgar's views being such as to startle Mr. Ryder, who, for that matter, had of late shewn much less laxity of opinion than in his younger and more argumentative days; and there was little comfort in supposing that these were not real honest doubts at all, only apologies for general carelessness and irreligion.

Yet with even this trouble in the recess of the heart, this was the merriest winter the Underwood household had known since their father's time.

Edgar chose to frame the play upon the Italian form of the story, where the impostor is a starveling poet, nick-named Signor Topo, or Master Ratton, because his poverty had brought him to live in a hay-loft. This character he assumed, and no doubt it fitted him better than either the English cobbler or the German doctor; besides, as he said, sham court costume is always the easiest to contrive: but Cherry was by no means prepared to find the Rat-like poet the secret admirer of a daughter of the Serene Highness who owned the jewel.

'Such a monstrous interpolation,' quoth Geraldine.

'Interpolations are the beauty of the thing. It would be as flat as a pancake without.'

'And Wilmet won't like it.'

'Wilmet must be brought to the level of ordinary human nature.'

'I don't feel as if this were using her well. You know she expressly consented to this "because there was no nonsense in it."'

'*I.e.* if it had been Cinderella it would have been improper; if the Sleeping Beauty, highly scandalous. Eh, Chérie?'

'You know I think Mettie *does* carry her scruples pretty far,' said Geraldine, trying not to laugh, 'but I won't be a party to cheating her; and if this young princess is to come in, she must be told of it.'

'Or she will take out her Gorgon's head in the midst, and petrify her subjects! Maybe it will be safest to prepare her. You see, such discipline reigns here, that a poor Bohemian like me doesn't know where to be.'

Accordingly, Edgar said in his airy way, 'O Mettie, by-the-by, we have put in a part for little Miss Knevett.'

'Indeed! I thought it was to be all among ourselves. Have you spoken to her?'

'Of course; and she is in the ecstatic state of preparation of spangles and coronets.'

'I wish you had spoken before. It would be hard to disappoint her now. What is she to be?'

'Nothing less than heroine. There must be some sort of conventional catastrophe, or the whole concern falls flat.'

'I don't see why it should not fall flat,' said Wilmet, with a sober air that drove Cherry into an uncontrollable convulsion of laughter; 'it would amuse the children just as well.'

'The children of six, maybe,' said Edgar gravely, 'but hardly the children of sixteen. Have you no mercy on them, my venerable sister?'

Wilmet had arrived at such a pass of resignation as to perceive that 'a fuss' on her part might be more mischievous than any 'nonsense' in which Edgar was likely to indulge in public, especially with Geraldine as his coadjutor. She tried to obtain some reassurance that there was 'nothing more silly than needful in this play of yours.'

'No, indeed. There is just a little mock courtship; but as that is the case with nine-tenths of the stories in the world, I don't think you gain much by turning it out.'

'I did hope for once in a way we ourselves might be quit of it.'

'It is hard on you,' said Cherry, smiling; 'but it would make a great uproar to disturb all now.'

'At any rate, I have found the old receipt for tea-cakes,' responded Wilmet, whose mind was almost as much pre-occupied with the entertainment of the body as her sister's with that of the mind.

She had relented so far as to invite two little girls and their widowed mother, from whom there was no danger of reciprocities; Lance had prevailed to have Will Harewood as one of the robbers; and the Miss Pearsons were coming to behold their niece; besides which, Stella having imparted the great secret to Mr. Froggatt, Felix found the good old gentleman and his wife burning to have an invitation. Thus the

party would be the largest Wilmet had ever contemplated; and the mysteries of tea and supper were so congenial to her housewifely soul, that she did not distress herself about the frequent rehearsals in Miss Pearson's empty school-room, the transformations of garments under the needles of Cherry and Robina, nor even the wildness and ecstacy of all the children from Lance downwards, all bursting with secrets, and letting them out at every corner of their grinning mouths.

It must soon be over, and Felix seemed to be enjoying it thoroughly; and Wilmet could tolerate a great deal when either Felix or Alda enjoyed. He was much too busy with Christmas accounts to undertake any part that needed learning; but he was pressed into the service as a courtier, only with a dispensation from either speaking or rehearsing; while Wilmet utterly scouted any idea of taking any share in the drama, having enough to do in her own character.

And in that character she was left alone to entertain the guests, for even Cherry was in request as prompter and assistant dresser—nay, with the assistance of Theodore's accordion, formed the whole band of musicians at the ball which opened the performance, and which required the entire *corps dramatique*. Robina, as the Elderly Princess, demonstratively dropped her bracelet, with a ruby about as big as a pigeon's egg, (being the stopper of a scent-bottle,) and after the dancers had taken some trouble not to step on it, they retired, and it was stolen by the gang of robbers, cloaked up to their corked eyebrows and moustaches.

Then appeared in his loft—supplied with straw culled from packages at the printing-house—the poet, well got up in his knickerbockers and velvet smoking-cap, scarf and guitar, soliloquising in burlesque rhyme on his fallen state and hopeless admiration, and looking very handsome and disconsolate, until startled by the cry behind the scenes—

'O yes! O yes! O yes!
By command of her Highness!
Lost, stolen, or strayed,
Gone to the dogs or mislaid,
Her Highness's splendid ruby.
Whoso finds it—wit or booby,
Tinker, tailor, soldier, lord—
Let him ask what he will, he shall have his reward.'

Thereupon the poet, communicating his designs in a stage soliloquy, disguised himself in a tow wig and beard, and a railway rug turned up with yellow calico; and the scene shifting to the palace, he introduced himself to the Elderly Princess as the greatest of spiritualists—so great, that

'Detective police are an ignorant fable;
No detective can equal a walnut-wood table.'

But he required as a medium a maiden fair and lovely, but with a heart as yet untouched, otherwise the spirits might be offended. The only lady who was available was of course the youthful princess

Fiordespina, whose alarm and reluctance had been contrived so as to be highly flattering to the disguised poet.

The dinner scenes, at which the robbers presented themselves in turn, and imagined that they heard themselves counted, went off in due order; also the test, when the courtiers tried to pose the spiritualist with making him divine what they brought him in a covered dish, and were disconcerted by his sighing out,

'Alas! alas! see envy batten
On the unhappy Master Ratton!'

while the rat leapt out from beneath the lid!

Then came the avowal by the robber: but the conclusion was so far varied, that the jewel having been judiciously hidden, the poet made use of his voice and his guitar to throw the Lady Fiordespina into a mesmeric sleep before the court, and then to cause a table to rap out the letters, which she interpreted so as to lead to the spot.

It was the prettiest scene of all, his music and song were so graceful; and in spite of some suppressed giggling, the attitude and countenance of Fiordespina were so very pretty in her trance. Nothing more was left save the restoration of the ruby, the claiming of the reward, and the final tableau, in which Ratton and Fiordespina, in their native good mien, had their hands joined by the benignant Elderly Princess; while, to the equal amusement and confusion of all, good old Mrs. Froggatt fairly burst out crying with excitement and admiration!

Mrs. Vincent, the young widow, was likewise enchanted, and so was Miss Maria Pearson; but Wilmet could not quite fathom the tone of the elder and graver sister, or decide whether it were her own dissatisfaction that made her think Miss Pearson had not expected to see such a *rôle* bestowed upon her niece.

The doors between the drawing-room and the theatre were opened again; the boys handed round negus and lemonade; and Felix, standing over Cherry, said, 'Lance's circus speculation would not be a bad one. There's plenty of dramatic talent in the family.'

'Did you like it, Felix?'

'I could tell exactly which parts were yours and which Edgar's,' was the ambiguous answer, as he turned to secure the Princess Fiordespina for the dance that was to crown the performance.

'O Mr. Underwood! Oh yes, thank you; but—'

'Is it part of the programme that wizard and medium should dance together?'

'Oh no! Only it seems so funny to think of your dancing.'

'What, you thought a stationer must be stationary?'

'O Mr. Underwood, what a shocking pun!' and she was led off sparkling with pretty laughter; while the Conjuror, muttering,

'The gouty oak began to move,
And flounder into hornpipes,'

turned graciously on little Susie Vincent, and scared as much as he elevated her, by claiming her as his partner.

Will Harewood, dashing across the room, and looking earnestly with his bold and now flushed face up to Wilmet, blurted out, 'Miss Underwood, now please, let me dance with you.'

'Thank you,' she said graciously; 'but I believe I must play for them.'

'I'll do that,' said Clement, over her head.

'The Dead March in Saul?' murmured Edgar.

'Nonsense!' broke out Mrs. Vincent, starting up; 'what am I good for but to play?'

So Clement, who thought he had found an escape, was reduced to the necessity of asking the other little Vincent; and Wilmet's smile of consent so elated Bill Harewood, that he could not help flying across to that very happy and well-matched pair, the Elderly Princess and First Robber, to tell them, 'I've got her?'

'Who?'

'Why, your sister.'

'You've never been and made up to Wilmet!' said Lance, as if this instance of valour crowned his merits.

'Yes, I have; and she will. You see there ain't another gentleman out of the family except the old Froggy, and the little one has got him. Well, I always wished beyond anything to dance with Miss Underwood!'

'Did you?' said Robina. 'I never should have thought of that.'

'Most likely not,' said Bill; 'but she is the most beautiful woman I ever did or shall see in all my life;' and he flew back to her side.

'Is she?' said Robina, altogether amazed.

'Well, perhaps,' said Lance; 'you know one might go a long way without finding anyone so handsome.'

'Then I wish people wouldn't say so. It seems making our Wilmet common, like any other girl, to care for her being pretty.'

'So Froggy's dancing with Stella,' observed Lance. 'I declare I'll try if Mrs. Frog won't stand up with me. Someone ought. You'll not mind waiting, Bobbie. It is not often one has the chance to dance with a cap like that.'

Bobbie resigned herself amicably; and Lance, with his bright arch face, made his bow and half polite half saucy addresses to Mrs. Froggatt in her magnificent head-gear, making her laugh herself almost to tears again as she declined. He held the Miss Pearsons in greater awe, and ventured on neither; so that Robina had him for Sir Roger de Coverley, where the sole contretemps arose from Angel and Bear being in such boisterous spirits that Wilmet decreed that they must not be partners again. Of the rest, some had a good deal of dancing-master experience; Mrs. Harewood's impromptu merry-makings had afforded plenty of practice to the two choristers; even Clement had had a certain school-feast training; and Felix, with a good ear, ready eye, and natural

ease of movement, acquitted himself to Miss Knevett's eagerly expressed admiration.

'Take care, Master Ratton will be jealous,' said Edgar, as he claimed her for the next dance, a quadrille.

'Jealous! oh no! Some people one never thinks of complimenting.'

Cherry caught the words, and wondered what they meant.

A few more dances, and then came Wilmet's anxiously contrived supper.

'I say,' observed Will Harewood to Lance, 'why can't we have things like this at home?'

''Tisn't their nature to,' judiciously responded Lance.

'This cream is quite up to the grub we get after a crack let-off in the Close,' added Will; for requisitions for their voices at private concerts had made the choir connoisseurs in the relics of feasts.

'Better, I should say,' returned Lance. 'Mettie doesn't make it of soap, or arsenic, or verdigris, like old Twopenny.'

'What! you don't mean that she made it herself?'

'Of course! who else should?'

'My eyes! And to see her looking like that!' Then, with a deep sigh, 'If I could only book her for my wife on the spot!'

Whence it may be inferred, that Stella's birth-day party was not only a brilliant success, but might, in Wilmet's phrase, 'lead to something.' All it seemed to have led to at present was a discovery on the part of the good Miss Pearsons, that the household they had been wont to pity as small orphan children, now contained three fine young men.

At least Geraldine connected this with the desire they expressed that Alice might enjoy the same opportunities as Robina of giving her acquirements a final polish, up to diploma pitch. A correspondence commenced, resulting in Miss Knevett being engaged as teacher, being remunerated by lessons in languages and accomplishments. The arrangement gave universal satisfaction; Cherry could not detect any regret on the part of Felix; Alice would still spend her holidays with her aunts; and the sense that her departure was near, made the intercourse between the two houses more frequent and familiar than it had ever yet been.

One evening Cherry, while looking up a quotation for Felix in Southey's '*Doctor*,' lit on his quaint theory of the human soul having previously migrated through successive stages of vegetable and animal life, and still retaining something characteristic from each transmigration. Her brothers were a good deal tickled with the idea; and Lance exclaimed, 'I know who must have been rhubarb, queen-wasp, and a hen-harrier.'

'Oh, that's too bad!' cried Robina.

'Why a hen-harrier?' asked Felix, recognizing, like almost all the others.

'One of the birds of prey where the female is bigger than her mate,' drily observed Edgar.

'Besides,' said Cherry, 'recollect the hen-harrier's countenance in pictures, with beady eyes, and a puffed supercilious smile about the beak.'

'Why, that's Lady Price!' chimed in Alice, making the discovery at last.

Lengthily and gravely Edgar uttered the words, 'Puzzle-monkey, praying mantis, sacred stork, howler.'

Lance and Robin roared with merriment; and after one glance at Clement's half virtuous, half offended countenance, Felix and Cherry fell into like convulsions; while Alice exclaimed, 'But who is it?' and Angel shouted the sufficiently evident answer, 'Clement, oh! the howler, the black preaching monkey in a natural surplice!'

'I can't think how you do it!' exclaimed Alice.

'I object to the mantis,' Cherry struggled to say. 'Nasty hypocritical creature that eats things up.'

'Praying for its living, eh, Cherry?' said wicked Edgar. 'If you had ever seen the long thin animal, with head back, hands joined, and pious attitude, you couldn't doubt.'

And as he spoke he sketched his mischievous likeness, at which the mirth grew more furious; while Cherry, always the most easily excited, uttered in a strangled voice, 'A parsnip, a barn-door hen, a dilapidated Guernsey cow, an old mother whale.'

'O Cherry, Cherry, you've immortalized yourself!' shouted Lance. 'How did you hit off the parsnip? the very thing that had stumped me.'

'The colour, and the odd sort of sweetness,' said Cherry.

'Won't we have fun with it when I go back!' cried Lance.—'Not tell? Nonsense! Why, no one will enjoy it like Mother Harewood herself.'

'Only don't say I made it. There, Edgar has got one.'

'Touch-me-not balsam, blister-fly, bantam-cock, (full strut,) black terrier.'

He did not caricature this time except with the muscles of his face, and with these he contrived to put on four different aspects, each so exactly like Mr. Mowbray Smith that not even Alice required the proclamation of the name; and Wilmet gravely said, 'I do not think this is a proper sort of game. It must be ill-natured or irreverent.'

'That depends,' said Geraldine, now thoroughly in the swing.—'Here! Hawthornden apple-tree, stickleback, goldfinch, beaver.'

'The hardy Norseman's house of yore
Was on the foaming wave,'

sang out Lance, recalling Theodore's substitute for Felix's name.

'Exactly like—figure, tastes, and all,' said Edgar, scanning Felix's clear, bright, fresh face, glossy hair, and rather short figure, at once trim and sturdy. 'The goldfinch hits him off exactly, but I don't see the force of the apple-tree.'

'You would,' said Cherry, 'if you were properly acquainted with our three trees and their individualities. The Hawthornden is a resolute looking fellow, but it indulges in the loveliest pink and white blossoms, and waxen, delicate, peachy fruit.'

'Uncommonly sour! Thank you, Cherry,' said Felix.

'Not in a pie,' suggested Alice.

'Properly treated and sweetened, eh?' asked he, smiling on her.

'But why is Felix like a stickleback?' said Angela.

'Don't you know?' said Cherry; 'a beautiful bright little fish, and the good male one swims up and down taking care of the nest.'

'I do like the beaver,' allowed Wilmet. 'It always was my favourite beast.'

'It hits off the respectable householder element,' added Edgar. 'Three flaps of his broad tail rule beaverdom like Jupiter's nod.'

'I have one,' interposed Robina.—'Bella-donna lily, working bee, menura—'

'Hold hard!' called Lance; 'is a menura fish, flesh, or fowl?'

'Fowl: the lyre-tailed pheasant, that makes a shelter for its nest with its own tail.'

'Decided liar tale,' muttered Edgar.

'Go on, Bobbie,' Felix encouraged her. 'The pheasant suits both the twins as well as the bella-donna. Any more?'

'Perhaps the leading stag of the herd.'

'Don't make us like that proud, cowardly, tyrannical beast,' exclaimed Wilmet.

'I have seen you look exactly like one,' said Geraldine. 'That and the pheasant both give the notion of your neck.'

'Such a set of trumpery gaudy things!' grumbled Wilmet. 'Nothing but the bee is tolerable.'

'I did think of a speckled Hamburgh hen, and a nice quiet she-goat,' said Robina; but they are all dowdy, and would not suit Alda.'

'There's something in the theory,' said Edgar. 'That bella-donna approves itself perfectly—so delicate and stately, and yet so essentially unpoetical.'

'That Mettie takes as a compliment,' said Felix, 'only she would rather have been a potato, or a cabbage.'

'Now,' said Cherry, 'you will all know—bell-heather, the grasshopper, the lark, and the squirrel.'

'Is this the lark's crest, or the squirrel's tail?' said Felix, giving an elder brother's pull to the boy's highest wave of hair.

'Or the grasshopper's leap?' cried Lance, springing on him for a bout of buffetting and skirmishing; in the midst of which Alice was heard wondering how the riddles, as she thought them, were either made or guessed.

'They come,' said Geraldine. 'I am only afraid we shall fall into a trick of making them for everybody.'

'I wonder what you would make for me.'

Geraldine had it on her tongue's end that Alice would be difficult, for want of anything distinctive; but Felix and Edgar were both jotting something down, and Robina was beforehand with either.—'Scarlet pimpernel, tortoiseshell butterfly, budgerigar, marmoset.'

No one answered, for Felix had pushed a slip of paper over to Alice, on which she read—'"Forget-me-not, lady-bird, linnet, kitten." I don't think I ever saw a linnet. Isn't it a little brown bird?'

'With a rich glow of red, and a beautiful song,' said Felix, smiling; and the red glowed redder on her cheek, as she said, laughing, 'Kitten for mischief, eh? Forshame, Mr. Underwood!—What, another! Dear me, I shall not know myself!'

This had been slipped into her hand; and Cherry suspected that her exclamation had been a mistake of which she was conscious, as the colour deepened on her already blushing cheeks, and her eyes were cast down, while a demure smile played on her lips. The incautious exclamation had betrayed her, and the young ones clamoured to hear Edgar's view of her transmigration; but there was a little coy struggle of 'Oh no, she wouldn't, and she couldn't.'

'She smiled and blushed, and oft did say
Her pretty oath by yea or nay.'

And in the midst came the message that the maid was arrived to take her home; and this being a cross stiff personage, who might never be kept waiting, she had to hurry away; and had no sooner gone, than Angela burst out with, 'Here it is! I've got it! Listen to it: "Say, Lady—"'

'Stay, Angela,' interrupted Felix. 'You have no business with that.'

'Not Edgar's fun!' she exclaimed. 'Why, where is he?'

'Surely he is not going home with her!' said Wilmet in some dismay.

'Oh, but it is such fun,' went on Angela, 'only I can't make it out. You read it, Lance.'

'Did she give it you?' said Felix.

'No; I whipped it up when she dropped it. There's something about Ratton in it.'

Felix quietly took the paper out of her hand, folded it, and put it into an envelope. 'You take it back to her the first thing to-morrow,' he said. 'Now go to bed.'

Angela durst not oppose that tone, so unusually serious and authoritative; but she contrived to prolong her good-nights, and the putting away of her goods, with a kind of half droll, half sullen resignation; and just as Wilmet was hurrying her off, Edgar returned. He always spoilt Angela a little, and she sprang to him with a kind of droll pout. 'You'll not be cross, Edgar. You'll let us hear Alice's transmigrations. Look! here's Felix bottled them up in an envelope, and won't let us peep at them! But you'll let me hear. You won't order me off to bed.'

Cherry fancied she saw a disconcerted look on his face when he saw the envelope held up to him; but if so, it instantly gave place to the mischievous entertainment of defeating a lesson on discretion.—'The heads of the family must assert themselves sometimes, my dear, even about nothing,' he said consolingly.

'Indeed,' said Wilmet, bristling in defence of Felix, 'of course we knew it was nothing. It was only very ill-mannered and wrong of Angela to go prying into what was not meant to be shewn.'

'I'm sure,' said Edgar most ungratefully, 'it might be posted on the church door for what I care, except for its intrinsic vileness.'

'Oh, let's have it! let's have it!' burst out Lance and Robina, who had been burning with curiosity all the time.

'Don't let us have them murdered, whatever they are,' said Edgar, taking them into his own hand. 'Pity the sorrows of a poor wretch seduced into one of your horrid *jeux d' esprit*—a lady's excuse for fishing for compliments that sound more than they mean. Here goes, then:

Say, Lady, what existence past
  Thine essence hath enfolded;
What humble antecedent cast
  Thy present self hath moulded.

The hawthorn bush, with blossom white
  Veiling her branches pricking;
The painted lady, fluttering light,
  The rash pursuer tricking.

Grass paraquit, who loves to sit
  In clustering rows and chat on;
Caressing, purring, traitor kit,
  Fatal to Master Ratton.

There, ladies and gentlemen, I hope you are satisfied,' he concluded, letting his performance float into the fire; 'the metaphors, to say the least, are startling, but that is the fault of the game.'

'I don't enter into it all,' said Cherry.

'Not likely another of the grass paraquits would, my dear,' said Edgar.

'And it is exactly what Robin made her,' said Angela; 'both that and the butterfly; and Felix, the kitten. You didn't borrow, of course. How funny!'

'But I didn't make her inconstant,' said Robin; 'that is not fair.'

'Not when you made her a butterfly, and the shepherd's weather-glass too!'

'I never thought of that, only of their being both bright, dark, sparkling things; and Felix has the forget-me-not, by way of antidote.'

'I do not think such things are wise,' pronounced Wilmet. 'And by-the-by, Edgar, it has always been the custom that nobody should walk home with Alice. Miss Pearson would not like it, and it would make a talk.'

Edgar laughed. 'Dear W. W., let it not trouble you! What it may lead to is a bugbear to you. You can't think how much younger and more agreeable you will be when you have learnt that there can be passages that lead to nothing.'

Geraldine went to bed uncomfortable and perplexed. Before she was dressed in the morning, Alice darted in. 'Cherry, I'm so vexed; I dropped that paper. Do you think it is here?'

'No; Angel picked it up, and Edgar read us the verses, and then threw them into the fire.'

'Burnt them!'

'Yes; he said the worst of such games was that they force one to pay compliments that may be taken to mean more than they do.'

Cherry spoke under a stern sense of virtue doing a service to Alice; and when the quick answer came, 'He didn't say that, I'm sure it was Wilmet,' she asseverated, 'Indeed he did. I don't confuse in that way. It is a very good warning not to dwell on what gentlemen may say in mere play.'

'Who told you I did?' said Alice sharply. 'You've no business to say such things!'

Happily there was an interruption. Cherry felt as if she had had a taste of the claws; but she feared she had been malicious, and she was penitent.

(*To be continued.*)

DOMINIE FREYLINGHAUSEN.

BY FLORENCE WILFORD.

CHAPTER II.

THE first hours of the summer evening were usually the pleasantest time in Albany: it was the custom then for most of the citizens to sit outside their doors in sociable groups, while young men, old bachelors, and visitors to the town sauntered up and down, and joined first one party and then another, as choice or courtesy dictated.

The principal street ran along parallel with the river, to which the gardens at the back of the houses stretched away; and from a small steep hill, crowned by a fort, which rose above the centre of the town, another street, broader but less long, sloped down, and joined the first. In this shorter street were the market-place, the guard-house, the town-hall, and the English and Dutch churches; but the dwellings of the citizens were mostly in the longer one; and very comfortable home-like places they were, each with its open portico, over which some stately tree threw a pleasant shade. The trees had been planted in the early days of

the settlement, and were of various kinds and growths—some quite majestic in their spreading grandeur, others less remarkable, but all combining to give a pleasant countrified air to the place.

So the English adjutant thought, as he strolled down the street on the evening of the day after his arrival in Albany, accompanied by the son of the rich contractor on whom he had been quartered: but he scanned the groups under the porticos with a critical half disdainful eye, making comments almost unintelligible to the homely youth at his side, and not even condescending to pause for more than a minute before what this latter individual considered the most attractive party of all.

It was a group of young men and maidens, laughing, talking, and singing with a simple easy familiarity, which never degenerated into rudeness. Some of the girls had fair comely faces and pleasant voices, though neither their figure nor their attire were remarkable for elegance; but the young officer included them all in one lofty supercilious stare, and then with the remark, 'Rustic, very rustic,' sauntered on, careless of the feelings of the lad, who was longing to have a share in the merriment.

'We might as well have stopped and spoken to them,' grumbled he. 'I know them all: they belong to my company.'

Mr. Vyvian opened his fine dark eyes in amazement. 'Pardon me, I scarcely understand your use of that regimental term. May I ask you to explain it, my young friend?'

'I am called Cornelius,' said the boy stoutly, not relishing apparently the linesman's patronizing epithet; 'and I thought everyone knew about the Companies. There are numbers in the town, of one age and another: each contains an equal number of boys and girls—in some they are all children, but in mine they are all nearly grown up of course. We meet at each other's houses; and once a year we all go to the hills to gather berries; and my company always gathers more than any of the others. We always choose our friends out of our own company, and generally marry in the company too. I have settled whom to marry when I come back from my trading voyage.'

'You!' said Mr. Vyvian, looking down at the stripling with not altogether unkindly surprise. 'Why, it would be time enough to talk of matrimony when you come to my age.'

'We marry early in Albany,' said the lad phlegmatically. 'I expect my sister will be married as soon as Jansen Bluker comes back from his voyage.'

'Is he a sailor?' asked the adjutant carelessly.

'Oh no: he has gone on a trading voyage towards the frontier of Canada. He has got lots of guns and powder, and beads and blankets, in his canoe, and he will exchange them with the Indians for furs and so on; then of course he will sell those to advantage, and if he makes enough by the affair, he will set up housekeeping when he comes back.'

'You seem to manage matters easily here,' said Mr. Vyvian, laughing.

'In the old country marriage is quite an affair of state. We have nothing like your companies either. Are they old institutions among you?'

'I don't know,' said Cornelius. 'I only know I have belonged to a company ever since I can remember, and that my younger brothers belong to another. There are better heads to my company than to any other in the place.'

'Heads!'

'Yes; we always chose out a boy and girl to be our heads—our leaders as it were. Killian Barentse is one, but he is quite grown up, and won't be here much longer; and Franzje Ryckman is the other. She—'

'Excuse me,' said the polished soldier, interrupting, 'but whose house are we opposite now? That group would make a picture. I wish I had an artist on the spot.'

They were standing opposite the house from whose windows had dawned upon him such a radiant vision on his entrance into the town. On the benches under the large porch now sat the father and mother, and one of the elder sons; while in the corner was a very old man of picturesque and venerable aspect, clad in a sombre suit of almost monastic cut. On the steps the children of the family were at play with two or three little negroes about their own age. And standing with her back to the lookers on, apparently soothing some little one that had fallen down and hurt itself, was a young girl of noble figure, and with an abundance of shining flaxen hair.

'Can you tell me who these people are?' continued the young man eagerly.

'Of course: they are the Ryckmans. That is Franzje standing with her back to us. I was just going to tell you so when you interrupted me.'

'Do you know her?'

'Why, of course I do,' said the young Albanian, exasperated by what he thought the Englishman's obtuseness. 'Didn't I tell you she was the head of my company? Shall we go and speak to them? Not that we shall have half the fun here that we should have had at the Gerintses, where you wouldn't stop.'

'Let us speak to them, by all means,' said the officer, crossing the street as he spoke. 'You must introduce me.'

Cornelius Banker had very primitive notions of an introduction. 'Good evening, Franzje!' he said, as they came up to her. 'This is Lieutenant Vyvian: he is billeted at our house, you know.'

Franzje turned round, still holding the frightened child by one hand, and greeted Mr. Vyvian with a curtsey which was a little too stiff for grace. Her father and mother then came forward, and received him with kindly dignity, but not in the cordial easy manner with which they would have welcomed one of their own townsmen. 'Will you be

seated?' they said courteously, yet not as if very anxious to detain him.—'And you, Cornelius, are you come to tell us when the berry-picking is to be?'

'I should think about the week after next.—Shall we stay, Sir?'

And as the young officer seemed nothing loth, they went up the steps, the children huddling together out of the way, and seated themselves on the bench beside Madame Ryckman. The old man in the corner bowed slightly, but did not rise or speak; and Mr. Vyvian hastily set him down as imbecile, though there was no trace of such an infirmity in his grave sensible face.

Franzje sat down, with her little brother on her knee, but evidently did not take the compliment of the stranger's visit to herself. He was quite content to look at her merely; she was so like a lovely Madonna, as she bent over the child, and cherished its small tear-stained face between her fair plump hands.

'What do you think of the prospects of the war, Sir?' asked Mr. Ryckman, alluding not to the War of Independence, which had not yet begun, but to the struggle between the French and English, and their respective allies among the natives and settlers, for the possession of Canada and the neighbouring States.

'I am very hopeful. Wolfe is a first-rate soldier—more than a match for Montcalm, I believe.'

'So people say. When do you expect to be called to the front?'

The young officer shrugged his shoulders. 'Impossible to tell. For the present we seem destined to be the guests of your hospitable town, Sir. I hope our presence here imparts a feeling of additional security to the ladies. The Indians would find my men pretty tough customers, I can tell them.'

'The only Indians that come here are the Mohawks, and they are our very good friends,' said Evert Ryckman, with a smile.

'I thought I saw one hanging about the town this afternoon; but he was dressed in good broad-cloth, and looked almost like a gentleman.'

'Then he was not a Mohawk—I mean a Mohawk would not have appeared in broad-cloth. You must mean Killian Barentse, I should think: some people think him like an Indian.' And Evert exchanged looks with his sister.

'He is handsomer than any Indian that I have ever seen,' said she in her gentle voice: 'and so is Cortlandt Cuyler, who is generally thought like an Indian too.'

'Well, I suppose it must have been one or the other. The Cuylers are some of the principal people here, are they not?'

'Yes, M. Cuyler is our mayor; and there is no one more thought of than they,' said Mrs. Ryckman, 'except perhaps the Schuylers, and our Patron and his family, the Renselvers. The Phillipses and the Cortlandts are indeed very much respected; but we do not see much of them in Albany, their lands lie half way down the river, towards New York.'

'Where do the Schuylers live? I have heard of them before. Colonel Schuyler has extraordinary influence among the Indians, has he not?'

'He has indeed, and so had his father before him.' Mr. Ryckman answered this time. 'He is a wonderful man; and his wife, Aunt Schuyler, as we call her, is a wonderful woman. They live at the Flats, a country place about two miles from here; but they are at New York at present.'

'That is a pity: I was counting on them for society. They are above the usual run of people here, are they not?'

'They are both very highly educated,' was the answer, somewhat stiffly given; 'though perhaps not so learned as our pastor, M. Freylinghausen.'

'And, my father, you should say how delightful Aunt Schuyler is,' said Franzje, looking up brightly; 'there is nobody like her.'

'Such a testimony from *you* makes me indeed regret her absence at this time,' said Mr. Vyvian gallantly.

Her great blue eyes were lifted and lowered again in silence. She looked as if she did not quite comprehend him.

'The Schuylers are very hospitable to the military,' said Evert.

'Hospitality is one of the Albanian virtues, I am sure,' rejoined the Englishman, with an agreeable smile.

'I don't know,' said Mr. Ryckman honestly; 'we are very sociable among ourselves, but I am not sure that we take to strangers much—it depends on how we find them. The Royal American Company, who are quartered in the fort, are quiet decent people, and have become respected among us.'

There was a certain awkwardness in this speech, which all felt, except the silent old man, who seemed in a state of abstraction. Just at this moment, however, Mr. Vyvian's attention was diverted by a sound of tinkling bells, and there came in sight a large herd of cows, pacing soberly along, apparently without any driver to direct their movements. As they passed the Ryckmans' door, two among them, fine gentle-looking creatures, detached themselves from the herd, and came and stood quietly under the large tree close to the porch.

And then—oh, the laughing and chattering and scudding about that began among the children, both white and black. 'Now I can have my supper!' 'Oh, I hope they'll give plenty of milk to-night!' 'Call Deborah to milk them!' 'Let's run and fetch some vegetables for my dear *dear* brown cow!'

Such were the shouts and exclamations; and in another minute two tall negresses, with milking-pails, came out of the house, and proceeded to their task, surrounded, watched, and pestered by the crew of lively children.

Very much the same scene was soon repeated at the doors of other houses all down the street; and the fastidious soldier looked on, half amused, half contemptuous, but could not find it in his heart to decline

the goblet of fresh frothing milk, which Franzje presently tendered to him.

Dishes of crisp brown cakes were soon after handed round; and the children sat down on the steps again to eat their homely supper, talking merrily between each mouthful.

It was a little bit of Arcadia; but it would not have had much charm for Russell Vyvian but for the presiding nymph. She was one of those people who adorn common life, but never seem to belong to it; her grand noble style of beauty, all the more remarkable from her extreme youth, associated her involuntarily in his mind with some of the heroines of history—the queens regnant of European salons: when she spoke, the fresh young tones, the childish unstudied sentiments, almost startled him.

Cornelius Banker had a high respect for her as being one of the heads of his company; and in fact, respect was exactly the feeling which the whole Ryckman family inspired; but he was not on such easy terms with her as with some of the other damsels of the place; and as the hour drew nigh for the substantial supper, of which all who were beyond childhood in Albany were accustomed to partake, he threw out strong hints that it was time for his guest and himself to be returning home.

The Englishman rose reluctantly, shook hands all round, except with the grey-beard, whose quiet brow was repelling; and they turned homewards, accompanied part of the way by Evert Ryckman, a tall bright-faced youth, whom Mr. Vyvian secretly much preferred to his young friend Cornelius.

As soon as Evert had left them, he began to put the said young friend through a sort of catechism.

'How old is Mademoiselle Ryckman?'

'Franzje? Oh, about sixteen. Isn't she big?'

The young officer drew back in half real half simulated horror. 'Big! Is that the way you describe her? She is tall, grand, magnificent; but I should never think of calling her big.'

'Oh, but she is big, though! She's bigger than any girl in the company; and she doesn't look well beside any of us but Killian Barentse. He's big too.'

'What, the young Indian? Yes, he's a fine tall fellow. I suppose those two always dance together?'

'Dance!' said Cornelius, making his eyes very round.

'Yes; why not? Don't you ever have balls and parties?'

'We have parties; but we don't dance. I never heard of such a thing.'

'Never heard of dancing?'

'No—oh yes, though, there's something in the Bible about it, isn't there? David danced before the Ark, didn't he? The Dominie says that was in a sort of sacred rapture.'

'So you are all waiting to dance till you feel yourselves similarly inspired, eh?' sneered the young man contemptuously.

'I don't know what you mean,' said the blunt Cornelius.

'Get the Dominie to explain it,' laughed Mr. Vyvian. 'I suppose it was him I saw coming out of the Ryckmans' this morning. Does the fair Franzje attend his ministrations?'

'Does she go to the Dutch church, do you mean? Of course she does. Her father is an elder, and so is mine. She is always at the catechising too, and answers—why, it is like a book to hear her!'

'She is as wise as she is fair, then.'

'She is too clever for most of us. Aunt Schuyler and the Dominie, between them, have fairly crammed her with learning.'

'She speaks English perfectly, I perceive. Who was that old man in the corner, who never opened his lips? Is he childish, or dumb? or did he hold his tongue because he can only speak Dutch?'

'That was old Jan Ryckman, Franzje's great-uncle. He could talk as well as anybody if he chose; but he never speaks unless he is addressed—they never do.'

'*Who* never do?'

'Those who have joined the society. There is a set of old people among us who live in a retired kind of way, never talk except to each other, and then all about religion. They meet sometimes, and sing psalms. I should think it must be dull; but they seem to like it.'

'Are they monks? Do they live all together?'

'Oh no; they live with their relations. They are mostly old bachelors or widowers. Aunt Schuyler says they are a kind of lay-brothers—whatever that may be.'

'I comprehend. But altogether you seem to have an odd set of arrangements here, what with your companies, and so on. What have you by way of amusement?'

'Oh, there is the berry-picking, and the meetings at one another's houses, and the going out in a canoe to one of the islands, or driving out into the bush; and better than all, there is the wild-duck shooting in spring and autumn, and the sturgeon fishing; and in winter the skating and sleighing. Besides, if the town gets dull, one can take one's gun and one's slave, and go off to the woods. I was just thinking of going off, when I heard your regiment was coming.'

'And you believed we should dissipate the dullness. I shall certainly do my best towards that result. We must see if we cannot make your good steady-going Albanians open their eyes a little.'

Cornelius did not seem altogether grateful for this promise. 'We have done very well,' he replied rather sulkily. 'Albany is a nice place enough for those who are used to it. I don't like New York half as well, though we go there almost every year.'

The Englishman smiled to himself: he was thinking of the gay capitals of the old world; and, compared with them, Albany seemed to him dull and primitive indeed. But he revealed no more of his sentiments, and did justice to the homely but ample supper which he was

invited to share on his return to the Bankers', not forgetting to treat with all due gallantry the fair daughters of the house, Franzje's friend, Cornelia, or Keetje as she was generally called in the family circle, and a younger maiden, Engeltje by name, who was desperately afraid of him, and could not speak without blushing, but whose sweet shy eyes, of a soft grey, attracted him more than Cornelia's unflinching black ones.

So attentive and so flattering was he, that Keetje's silly heart bounded, and she began to compare him mentally with Jansen Bluker, rather to the disadvantage of the latter; but for all that, his dreams were haunted not by either of these two bonnie damsels, with their somewhat bourgeoise prettiness, but by a glorious girl with flaxen locks, and the calm bearing of a queen.

(To be continued.)

ENGLISH LINKS OF FOREIGN FORGING;

OR,

'THE LADY WITH THE LONG NOSE.'

(A TALE OF CONTINENTAL TRAVEL.)

BY A. F. FRERE,

AUTHOR OF 'WONDER-CASTLE;' 'THE THREE SONS-IN-LAW,' ETC.

CHAPTER II.

When Miss West came down the next morning, she found her friend standing at the window of the salle, watching the departure of the 'Hairies,' as in default of a known name she was obliged to call her table d' hôte acquaintance. Hugh was outside, assisting the Major to strengthen the very insecure fastenings the driver had provided for their numerous packages. As the heavy vehicle at length moved off, the gentlemen lifted their hats, Madame curtsied, the waitresses uttered warm prognostics of a good journey, Ida bowed and smiled, and even Mabel felt it incumbent to incline her head to the 'shaggy' and the 'frizzly' young ladies, as, amid loud cracks of the whip, they swept round the gravel and disappeared.

'I wonder where we shall fall in with them again,' said Ida, as she walked to the end of the long table, where Mrs. Fulham and her son-in-law had already begun their coffee and rolls.

'Why?' rejoined Mabel, laughingly. 'What makes you imagine you *will?*'

'Because one always *does* meet with people again in travelling,' said Ida, 'especially if they are not particularly delightful.—Don't you

remember that middle-aged lady, Hugh, who always turned up at railway stations last year, and used to give you her little dog to hold while she took her ticket?'

'With a delicate compliment on my handiness,' added the brother. '"No one else could have been trusted."'

'And you, no doubt, Mr. Neville,' said Mabel, 'looked as if the honour was a pleasure!'

'Rather beyond my chivalry, I own,' observed Colonel Marston.

'Ah! but that is Hugh's way. He'll do any amount of good-natured things for all sorts of people, and at the same time take such odd dislikes to half of them.'

'I can't help my likings, but I can help my deeds,' said he, with some gravity.

'But surely,' said Mrs. Fulham, 'it is not necessary for everybody to be mixed up in everybody else's affairs in this way. I don't think a real right-minded lady would ever ask such a thing of a stranger.'

Hugh considered a moment. 'Perhaps not. But I suspect, the even tenour of your travelling life hardly allows you to imagine the position of an "unprotected" in the confusion of an Italian, or the rudeness of a French railway station.'

'Then in such case, would it not be better to stay at home?'

'That is hard measure, dear Mrs. Fulham,' pleaded Ida. 'And I do feel,' she added more diffidently, 'with all the pleasure and the idling sort of enjoyment one gets out of these tours, it seems a kind of duty to be helpful to people of less experience, perhaps, or less activity than oneself.'

'Like the lady with the long nose, and her nervous companion,' said Mabel.

'I wonder,' exclaimed Ida, 'if we shall ever see *her!*'

'Or *it;* perhaps with a telescope on a clear day,' suggested her brother. 'Now, are you young ladies for a walk before it gets too hot? I have found an admirable point of view, Miss West, for a sketch of the old château. Won't you take a share in it?'

The two girls were soon ready, after a little adjusting of plans with Mrs. Fulham. Having already spent a week at Thun, the party had settled into certain habits of life: in the mornings, Grandmamma read with the two children, and their father walked out with them; in the afternoons, Mabel and Ida generally shared Mrs. Fulham's drive, while the gentlemen climbed and walked on a larger scale. There were variations, of course; but a feeling of pleasant routine prevailed, and gave a home-like air to the coterie, especially as no other '*very* delightful' people had arrived to break in on its privacy!

The August morning was still fresh and cool as the three walkers traversed the somewhat tortuous streets of the little town, and ascended a slight hill from whence the quaint old castle with its numerous red extinguishers rose picturesquely into view. Hugh arranged Mabel's

camp-stool, in a shady position beside some stones, on which her colour-box and water could rest; perching himself afterwards in a spontaneous bird-like way on the projecting fragment of a rough wall, where with neither prop for the foot nor free space for the arm, he worked vigorously away. Ida, who did not sketch, but had the rare quality of never getting impatient while others were drawing, nestled into the shadow of Mabel's tree, and occupied herself partly in reading, partly in watching the butterflies and pretty insects in the grass around her. So passed half an hour; when Hugh, having dashed off the rapid effective pencil sketch which was all he generally attempted, swung himself down book in hand, saying, 'It won't do to get contorted in the pursuit of art.—Miss West, your elaborate colouring will doubtless occupy you for some time longer; will you excuse my stretching my legs for a little time? I shall not go out of sight.'

'Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall,
Humpty Dumpty got a great fall,'

quoted Ida maliciously; while Mabel admired the drawing that had been produced 'under such difficulties,' and the artist modestly declined to measure himself with the celebrated Miss Biffen.

'Yes; pray walk about as long as you like,' said the lady sketcher. 'I shall feel far more at peace to paint, if you can both find some better employment than waiting on my tardiness.'

'Come then for a stroll, little one,' said Hugh, 'if Miss West does not mind being left for a few minutes on the governing-body-of-the-Republic's highway. It is *ganz geheuer* hereabouts, people say; but we won't try your nerves too far, and risk the correctness of your perpendiculars.'

So the 'little one' was tucked under the arm of the brother, not so *very* much bigger than herself—for the Nevilles, though not absolutely short, were small in make, as suited their Norman descent; there were, however, eight years difference of age between Hugh and Ida, who were the only unmarried members of their family, and having no parents living, naturally fell into the semi-paternal relations of elder brother to younger sister.

Mabel was soon too deeply engaged with her turrets to heed whether her friends kept her in view; and the time had run by with that velocity peculiar to sketchers' time, when she perceived them coming towards her, doubled as it appeared; for two ladies and two gentlemen walked together in familiar talk, although the new pair were unknown to herself.

'We came upon another artistic encampment, and have found some friends of former travelling days,' said Hugh, as he advanced a little before the rest. 'You are all safe, I see, Miss West, and must excuse us if we lingered to give a fellow-sketcher time for a last touch. I hope you are not waiting.'

'Indeed I am not; I should still be glad if the same grace could be extended to me,' said Mabel, laughing. 'This castle has more spires and excrescences, I believe, every time one looks at it.'

'Then we'll find a shady corner near for the rest of us,' said Hugh; and the three squatted down on a bank, whence lively sounds of friendly chat reached Mabel's ears. When Mr. Neville's watch and the increasing heat declared it was really needful to move, the new-comers kept the others company, being, as it appeared, lodged at their pension, and only that morning arrived.

'My wife could not rest or unpack till she had got a walk and a sketch,' said the gentleman, a middle-aged man of agreeable aspect, who wore the approved black and white checks of a clergyman on his travels. The lady also was pleasing in looks and manner; and Mabel soon found herself exchanging sociable remarks with both, as the party strolled towards their common abode.

'Are you taking the Engelberg chaplaincy again this year?' asked Ida, after Thun scenery had been sufficiently discussed.

'No; I am going to Lugano for the autumn duty. Can you give us any hints about the place? We look upon you as a comprehensive guide-book to foreign lands.'

'Oh, I shall never stop if I begin upon Lugano. It is the loveliest lake to boat on, the most charming country to walk over; it has the best of hotels, the kindest of landlords, the largest collection of nice books for rainy days; altogether—O Hugh, we must go there again; and *you* must see it, Mabel.'

'So she says of every agreeable place,' declared her brother. 'I hardly get a chance to strike out a new course; it is always the old love that must be re-visited.'

'But, Hugh, only think of that chestnut wood at the top of the hotel grounds, where you see deep down into the blue lake with the lovely villas glimmering along its shore, and that tall church tower, and the vines framing the picture.'

'Yes,' said Hugh coolly, 'it was not a bad place for a cigar, a novel, and a *siesta*.'

'What an ignoble view of such a scene!' exclaimed the clergyman's wife.

'Familiarity breeds contempt, I am afraid,' said Mabel. 'It is imposing to be able to talk, as you and Ida do, of far-off places as if you kept them in your pocket; but then you destroy our illusions horribly.'

'I shall treat Lugano with greater respect,' added the other lady.

'Wait till you try,' rejoined Mr. Neville. 'We will all go there, and all smoke cigars, and all read novels, and all go to sleep under the chestnuts.'

'A pretty party of Lotos-eaters!' said the clergyman. 'My dear Kate, you had better not trust me in this seductive place.'

The wife laughed. 'A little of it would do you a great deal of good; and I dare say *I* shall not object to the novel—sometimes.'

'Or you to the cigar?' suggested Hugh, in a grave 'aside' to Mabel, with whom he stood on the joking terms of old friendship.

In such light talk the party reached their Pension, to rest and prepare themselves for early dinner.

After a time Mabel came up to Ida's room. 'I wanted to ask you,' said she, 'as your friends are remaining here for some days, and seem such pleasant people, just to recollect and introduce them properly to Mrs. Fulham, that there may be no stiffness about talking to them. *I* did not mind meeting them with you—a clergyman especially one would take almost on trust; but it is different with *her*, you know.'

Ida turned up a comical face of dismay from her writing. 'But I don't know their name.'

'Not know their name!' exclaimed Mabel, aghast; 'why, you seemed so intimate.'

'We were together a Sunday at Engelberg last year; and afterwards met on an excursion to Rosenlain,' said her friend; 'we got wet together, shared a carriage from Meyringen, and fraternized in macintoshes and umbrellas. Are you satisfied?'

'I don't half approve these express-paced foreign friendships, my dear,' sermonized Mabel, who was apt to take up that tone in virtue of a few years seniority. 'How *can* you tell at once if people are such as one would wish to cultivate?'

'Much sooner than you think,' Ida maintained. 'It is wonderful how you get into their characters and find out their good and bad points, and how all the little things one shares bring out sympathies and opinions and ideas. In England, one knows all about people before one knows *them*; abroad, it is just the reverse.'

'Still there are risks. A girl, at least, needs some guidance.'

'And I have it. Oh yes, of course I don't take my own way altogether in such matters. But Hugh has a discriminating eye, and always gives me a hint to act upon. For instance, the hairy family were not quite what he wished me to go about with; so if they had proposed a walk or some such thing, I should have had an engagement to Hugh, who is the best of brothers for taking me continually under his wing.'

'Well, to return to my point, can you not get at the name of these unknown friends?'

'If you think it so important, I'll tell Hugh to ask them,' said Ida, smoothing her hair, for the bell had rung some minutes ago; and the two girls hastened down, but not till nearly all the company were seated at table; the Nevilles and their acquaintance occupying opposite places. While the thin liquid, called soup in Switzerland, went round, and spoons were in full clatter, Ida managed to whisper to her brother, who quietly took out a card, inscribed 'Mr. Hugh Graham Neville,' and handed it across to his *vis-à-vis*. The latter, with a little smile of intelligence, passed over a similar certificate; and Hugh, turning to Mrs. Fulham, with the gravest propriety, begged leave to introduce 'his friends, Mr. Colvin, the rector of Lyngate, and Mrs. Colvin, on their way to take the chaplaincy of Lugano.'

All was right thenceforth. Satisfied with the mysterious guarantee of a name, Mrs. Fulham threw down her outworks of caution, and the kindliness of her nature really enjoyed the vent; while Mabel could hardly help laughing at the little plot so glibly carried through, while the object of it was tucking her napkin over her brown silk gown.

After dinner everybody turned into the garden, and settled in groups under the trees. A bevy of German ladies discoursed gutturally and unceasingly over huge rolls of worsted work at a round table; the English ones read Tauchnitz volumes, or tatted, emitting snatches of low sibilant talk; Colonel Marston offered Mr. Colvin his *Times*—a real feast after the meagre diet of Swiss journals; the Major smoked his pipe, discussing Indian politics; and Madame flitted about, settling all the questions of the day to the advantage of her various guests. Presently she approached Mrs. Fulham, with regret that a carriage could not be procured that afternoon; *les étrangers* had caused such a run upon them! Would a boat be agreeable?

The idea was tempting; and the Major (who always posted letters, did errands, and predicted weather, for the company at large) being appealed to, satisfied Mrs. Fulham's mind as to the storm she always dreaded in connection with boating.

'Look there, Ma'am,' he said, pointing to the Thun barometer—a bit of rock that jutted out above the shore; 'when *that* shines, you may always depend on a fine day. If it looks dark, however bright the morning, rain is sure to fall before night.'

Boating decided on, the volunteers were numerous, Mabel only preferring to stay at home and write the long letters which formed much of her occupation abroad. Hugh and the Colonel gave up their walk to share an oar and add greater security to the embarkation; the children begged to be taken too; and it being found that the Colvins were also going lakewards, the party divided into two boats, agreeing to land at a certain point, and stroll up among some rocky glades where strawberries and wild flowers could be gathered.

It was but a lazy half-hour's row to their destination. The Englishmen felt the heat sufficiently to leave the work chiefly to the native boatmen; and the cool little cove where they put in looked so attractive, that all were disposed to prolong their halt till the sun should shine less fiercely. They had walked together until, Mrs. Fulham needing rest, Ida stayed beside her, and the others went scrambling up a narrow dell or cleft in the grey rock, which the two children declared, with shouts of glee, was 'the very place for an adventure.'

'Granny travels in such a dreadfully comfortable way, one hardly ever gets the chance of one,' said Edwin confidentially to Mrs. Colvin, whose parasol he was gallantly carrying, while his father helped her up a rough barrier of stones and briars. It was some time before they re-appeared with their spoils—harebells of all kinds, blue, white, and lilac; tall yellow foxgloves, tiny brilliant pinks, a fair gathering of

fragrant Alpine strawberries for the general eating; but, alas! no adventure.

'It is too bad!' exclaimed Eva; 'in a story-book there would certainly have been one. And now we shall just go home and be sent off to bed, like being at home!'

'Well, at present it is *not* exactly like being at home, is it?' said Mr. Neville good-humouredly. 'I recommend all young people to make the most of what they've got, and be thankful.'

'Very right, my dears,' said Granny, whose *régime* had relaxed a good deal towards the third generation. 'For my part, I am very glad you did *not* have an adventure, which is sure, with you two, to mean tumbles and bruises, and a great deal of trouble to Tofts.'

'Suppose, as the next best thing for us *all*,' suggested Ida, 'that somebody were to tell a story.'

'Oh, that would be capital,' cried Edwin. 'One rather horrible.'

'But to end well,' said Eva.

'Hush, children, you are really too uppish,' said their father. 'I, for one, am quite ready to listen, but I am no hand at story-telling.'

'Hugh, do tell that queer legend you picked up in Germany last year,' said Ida.

'Are you sure it is horrid? as Catherine Morland inquired,' said Mrs. Colvin laughingly.

'Moderately so,' replied Hugh; 'and the end—'

'Oh, don't tell the end before the beginning,' cried his sister. 'That would spoil all.'

Hugh pinched up his lips maliciously.

'And, if I may suggest it, pray let us have the beginning now: we have to get back to tea, remember,' said Mrs. Fulham.

'I will be as brief as I can,' replied the narrator: and he began.

(To be continued.)

SEVEN PHASES OF AN AUTHOR.

II.

A YOUNG lady sat by the fire, musing: her face was flushed, her hair adorned with red roses; while the ball-dress thrown on the bed, the ornaments scattered over the toilette-table, told of a recent return from some scene of gaiety. Yet the girl herself did not look gay; indeed, it was difficult to trace, in her worn excited face, the lineaments of the once merry artless little Nell. Yet she it was, only a few years older, but a good deal changed since the sweeter earlier time. The feverish brightness of her eyes was as different from their former

serenity and peacefulness, as the flaring unsteady fire-light from the fresh spring mornings in the dear old parsonage house.

Long she sat in restless reverie, staring into the fire as if anxious to read a glowing prophecy in it; then stirring it impatiently, because it failed to form the pictures her own wild fancy longed to find there. Then she rose and looked out of the window, but as quickly turned away again, not loving the sight of sickly gas-lights shining through the murky fog upon the dismal square of houses that seemed like prison walls. Again she sat down, and took up a book, but presently threw it aside, exclaiming, 'Nonsense! the mere sentimental humbug of one who has never really felt! Who cares for such prosaic inanities? I can write more truly than that.'

And seizing a sheet of paper, she wrote off a poem, which waxed more glowing every moment, describing every impetuous feeling with the real power that was hers—without one thought of a promise given long ago, without one wish for a blessing voice. Then running over what she had written, she murmured, 'Strange inspiration of the heart! I have vainly laboured over many a poem for days, unable to produce anything like this, dashed off on the spur of the moment. I will send this off to "The World" to-morrow; I want some pocket-money sadly.'

So, without waiting to sleep on it, without one wistful appeal for a blessing on her work, she re-wrote, folded up, and directed it, ready for the first post on the morrow. Perhaps it was some hidden touch of conscience that made her substitute for the old often blessed signature of 'Blummie,' the doubtful one of 'Eros.'

The poem went forth on its unhallowed way, was accepted and published. Powerful it undoubtedly was, and it soon attained a certain celebrity. All wondered who could be the author—all applauded her genius. No, not all: there were wise fathers, who did not like their daughters to read such impassioned words; there were right-feeling girls, who recoiled, they hardly knew why, from the poem, and thought it could hardly portray a true love, which excluded the God of love, and did not rather lead up to Him.

But the mass of readers extolled the poem, were strengthened in their own heathen idea that the daily rules of right and wrong might be suspended under the dominance of a master-passion; and some young minds received seeds which, though falling seemingly into unresponding soil, sprang up and bore sad fruit afterwards.

To the public at large, the name of the author remained an enigma. Somehow, Helen did not care to be identified with her work, though from time to time, led on by the editor's invitations and the desire for success, she continued to strike off poems bearing a certain affinity to the first, yet mellowed here and there by a touch of sadness. All of them won their meed of praise, and as works of art, indeed, deserved it. There was that life in them which speaks to the soul-life of others, while a mere composition falls flat, and finds no inner response.

Truly—alas! too truly—was the tone of the young author's own soul radiating out in gorgeous but earthly poems, and telling of a change in the once child-like Nellie's mind; a temporary oblivion of her best nature. Altered, indeed, she was; but not so irreclaimably as at first appeared. Poor Helen! brought from her quiet country home into the whirl of London life, her father gone, and her lot cast among town relations, belonging to a class among whom her 'old-fashioned ideas' were slighted, and for a time quenched, she scarcely knew at first where to find her old self; and was drawn, ere she was aware, into a passionate love. This might possibly have counteracted the other influences, had its object been worthy; but he was not. Strangely enough, in spite of her own better taste and judgement, she had been won by the handsome person and fascinating manner of a worldly empty-headed young officer, who, attracted by her pretty face, and still more by the report that Miss Stanley was to receive a considerable fortune from the childless uncle with whom she was living, had made desperate love to her. It was not till her too easily won heart was fully engaged, that her uncle bethought himself of inquiring into the desirability of the match; and found that Captain Temple was almost an adventurer, with little but his pay to live on, many debts, and a very indifferent character. When, therefore, his consent was asked, he bluntly refused it, and laying all the facts before Helen, pointed out the misery which would ensue to her, should she persist in following her inclinations. Then followed a terrible mental struggle. Her sense of duty, the gratitude and deference she owed her uncle, her mother's troubled letters, all urged the abandonment of her lover, and were seconded by a conviction, deep down but unacknowledged, that he was not the man to lead her nearer to God; that this was not the union her beloved father would have wished to see. On the other hand, her wilful affection would brook no obstacle, her lover scoffed at the very name of duty, uttered reproaches whenever she seemed even in thought to place anything above her love to him, and entreated her to marry him in spite of all opposition. At first Helen was shocked at these suggestions, but gradually her lover's pleadings won the ascendancy. It was at this stage that our scene first found her; that very night she had spoken to Captain Temple; even now she was debating whether to fly with him. This she was not yet prepared to do: some stifled principles still had power to hold her back. But day by day their hold on her decreased, as she yielded more and more to the dictates of her will. She consented at last to cast duty and forethought aside, and promised to be his wife. Her uncle indignantly refused to give her away, or allow her to be married from his house; but her mother, under mild protest, countenanced an union she could not approve. With joy, dashed with compunction, at being thus married to the man whom, though she could not respect, she deeply loved, Helen drove away with him to her new home, to begin another era in her life.

(To be continued.) AUSTRALIE.

THE RED CROSS AT TOURS.*

About the end of September, the Great Society of England, by which name the National Society is now known in this part of France, planned an extension of their operations into the South Western parts of France; and Tours was selected as the seat of the new depôt. A better and more central place could not have been chosen; as from the day the Auxiliary Committee began work up to the present moment, the communications on all sides have been clear and uninterrupted, not excepting the brief occupation of Orleans by the Germans; for even then it was found practicable to throw supplies into that city for the 'Blessés et Malades de la Guerre.' The operations of this depôt have from its formation been remarkably interesting; such a variety of places, persons, and circumstances, have been daily dealt with by the Committee, that one or two of the members of it have thought some kind of record of their proceedings might not prove without interest to your readers, though it would necessarily be of a most cursory kind; as there is found to be scarcely time to complete the business of each day at the depôt, far less to write a complete account of it. The Committee consist of a president, secretary, and treasurer, with two additional working members. A supplementary committee was added, of four ladies, who were to be in charge of the stores, receive the lists and requisitions as well as visits of the applicants, count out the articles required, and keep careful registries of everything supplied.

The first step after this organization had been accomplished, was to engage a suitable warehouse—a matter of some difficulty, as great space was required in a good central position; and at that moment space was the article not to be had at any price. Tours was inundated with strangers, and at the hotels rooms were no longer to be had. It was a question of arm-chairs and stair-cases, so great for a short time was the rush of refugees, especially from Paris. At this juncture the owner of one of the largest shops in Tours, a great warehouse for white stuffs, 'Monsieur Beauté, marchand de blanc,' stepped forward and placed a suite of rooms admirably adapted to the purpose in view, at the disposal of the Committee. He would accept no payment, but naturally sharing the general alarm at the near approach of the enemy, probably thought he would be sufficiently rewarded by the protection of the Society's flag in case of need; and let not the generosity of the action be diminished by the idea of this *arrière pensée* having had any share in the magnanimous act of giving up so very large a portion of his premises for an unlimited time for this charitable work.

And before another line is written, special mention should be made of Mr. Stephen Lee, to whom the duties of secretary were confided. He

* The MS. of this came marked with the Red Cross.

is an American from Baltimore, and joins to all the enterprise and vigour of his nation a special zeal for this cause of the sick and wounded; and he has been untiring in his labours since the first day the depôt was opened. Mrs. Lee is on the ladies' committee; and every one of their colleagues has appreciated the value of the services both have rendered, and the intelligence which has guided them.

Comparatively few wounded were in Tours the end of September; and the first and most necessary proceeding, was to visit the different ambulances in Tours, in order to ascertain the precise number of the inmates, the character of their wounds, by whom attended, and the articles of which they most stood in need. In making this tour of inspection, an opportunity was at the same time afforded of announcing to the different establishments, that help was coming on a large scale from England, and that the Red Cross was to extend its arms so as to take in the Loire Touraine, and all other places as far north as Orleans, and east as Nevers; in fact, wherever on all sides its shadow could be made to fall. The first visit paid was to the Convent of La Grande Brétêche; the order is that of the Presentation, and the nuns are known as the 'Dames Blanches.' Their dress is entirely white, with the exception of a very large black apron. The establishment here is the Mother-house, and is a magnificent building, forming three sides of a large square, the centre being arranged in rather stiff walks. A very long gallery is at the upper end or centre of the square. The Reverend Mother received the visit most kindly, and producing her books, shewed a total of one hundred and forty, who up to that day had passed through her hands. She had then under her care about forty. This was the first ambulance visited by the Committee, and nowhere since have they seen anything to surpass the management of the wards there by the Superior. Such practical good sense, such *bonhomie*, such adaptation of herself to the peculiarities of every individual patient, and such unceasing cheerfulness, were quite striking. In her little salon she had been weeping over the sorrows of her country, till she nearly made her hearers weep too, looking like marble, disdaining to make a single 'point' in her discourse, and achieving a perfect dramatic effect. The moment the door of her little salon was closed, and she was in the presence of her sick and wounded, the tall stately superior was metamorphosed into the most delightful nurse imaginable, and was moving rapidly about from bed to bed, her face beaming with smiles, and a merry laughing word for every one of her patients not too seriously ill to be amused with her efforts to enliven him. That day her great topic was the grand work England was beginning for them. Though the Society had been so long taking its active part in the war, here at least the notions of what it had done were of the vaguest kind; and the announcement made by the Mère was as new as it was surprising within those walls, the comments it called forth being well worth hearing. 'Ah! et enfin l' Angleterre se prononce. Est il done bien vrai.' The

rooms used for the hospital were all large and airy, well ventilated, and particularly well kept; but there was a complete absence of warm clothes and coverings, which go so far to make or help recovery when the system has been weakened by loss of blood. In fact, the moment the Society had chosen for stepping in here, could not have been more opportune. The French societies were almost exhausted; and exactly in proportion as the call upon them was becoming daily more severe, their powers of aiding were becoming weaker and weaker. Private purses were entirely empty; so great was the exhaustion produced by war taxes and demands of all kinds upon them, to say nothing of the effect on private incomes of the nearly total collapse of trade, loss of dividends from railways, &c., &c. And while straining every nerve to meet the emergency, it was universally felt how much must be left undone; and both officials, private individuals, and the sufferers themselves, now openly acknowledge that thousands must have perished if it had not been for England, and the costly effort she has made.

After leaving La Grande Brétêche, the visitors proceeded to the old Monastery of Marmoutier, where the nuns of the Sacré Cœur live, and devote themselves to the work of education. They are cloistered nuns, under the direction of Madame Digby, a handsome Englishwoman, particularly clever, and capable of being at the head of this large Sisterhood, though not more than thirty years old. Marmoutier is an especially interesting convent. It was a monastery founded by St. Martin in the fourth century, and became one of the most celebrated and sacred monasteries in France. The garden attached to it is very extensive, and the view one of the grandest in Tours, extending over the river and the whole valley of the Loire, with the Cathedral towers of Tours in the back-ground. Madame Digby was unable to receive the visitors, but they were informed by a Sister that preparations had been made for forty wounded, none of whom, however, had yet arrived.

Returning to Tours from Marmoutier, the Ladies' Committee stopped at the gates of Les Dames de la Retraite, where six beds had been got ready and were even then partly occupied by the sick and wounded. The house was at the top of a very steep hill, the approach to it most tastefully laid out in garden plots and terraces one above another; and in a sanitary point of view nothing more conducive to the recovery of the sick could be imagined. The effort made by the Sisters to support and nurse well the sufferers confided to them, was very evident here; and there were visible signs that great pinching on the part of the Sisters had alone enabled them to do it at all. The house was not spacious, and only one room could be given up as a hospital. The weather being still warm, the absence of good flannel shirts and socks was not of so much importance; but the Sisters made out a list of what would eventually be necessary.

At the 'Grand Hospice de Tours' there were three hundred wounded

and sick, all sharing the common hospital rations, well looked after by the Dames Blanches who were there in attendance, but without any particular comforts in food and clothes—comforts which in their case were actual necessaries. There is no doubt that these poor fellows have a much greater chance of recovery when nursed in the convents and other private ambulances, than when *en masse* in large institutions of this kind. With desperate wounds and a hard struggle for life before them, it is the constant ceaseless attention, and day and night watching, which can only be given when the number of patients is limited, that give them their best chance of recovery.

The tour of inspection of the ambulances in and round Tours was scarcely completed, when a messenger arrived from Orleans, bringing news of two thousand wounded after the battle which had ended in the taking of the city by the Germans, and of not a rag of linen, or a morsel of lint, being at hand in this moment of need. The messenger was the Marquis de la Thouane, and he had actually been conveyed, by General von der Tann's orders, on the Prussian artillery horses as far as Blois, in order to hasten his arrival at Tours to bring succour back. He was furnished with a letter from the Bishop, Monseigneur Dupanloup, urging that help might be sent, and stating that the sufferings of the wounded, without blankets, shirts, and the still greater essentials of linen and lint, might be imagined. The requisitions of the enemy had left nothing in the power of the inhabitants, who were all ruined; and food, especially any adapted to people dangerously wounded, was itself scarce. Monsieur de la Thouane had scarcely been an hour in Tours, when the first envoy from the Society in London arrived, with a large number of bales and cases. A certain number of these were selected, and the bearer of them from England was sent forward without any delay to Orleans. Immediately on his arrival, the Bishop himself came forth to welcome this, the first help from England, and the gentleman in charge was his honoured guest during his stay, and received every possible kindness. On hearing of the reception given to the messenger and his freight, it was impossible not to feel in despair at grappling with such gigantic distress. 'What were these among so many?' a number, moreover, to which every day was adding.

From this moment, the operations of the Succursale de Tours have become daily more extensive and complicated; and in describing them I shall quote from time to time from a kind of rough journal, kept by one of the members of the Ladies' Committee.

'One of the most effective ambulances in Tours is that at the railway station. Here the wounded are received as they are taken out of the trains, refreshed, rested, and if necessary lodged for the night, should they be too weak to proceed to their destination. A surgeon and a few nurses (the Sisters of some order) are entertained, and the poor creatures have their wounds dressed here. There are about twenty beds to accommodate those who are too ill to travel further. Constant help is

required here, and to this ambulance most of our eatables are sent. A few barrels of good English ale have been most useful; and we only grieve over the impossibility of providing anything like an adequate amount of warm shirts and socks, for the poor creatures are in almost every case miserably clad. In the Rue St. Etienne is another institution of the same kind on a small scale—that is, an *ambulance de passage*. These are the most difficult to help, and yet they are far from being the least useful. A Madame Lecat has established the one in the Rue St. Etienne, and is devoting herself to it; but she is badly off, and always at her wits' end, how to carry the inmates of her amubulance through the evening and night, for which she undertakes the charge of them. Madame Lecat has from twenty-five to thirty beds; and as the occupants of them only remain in most cases this one night, she has an unceasing demand for soup, wine, and other nourishing articles of diet. The very last batch of wounded sent to her house arrived one and all in a state of complete prostration from fever or dysentery. Two men died before they could be got out of the carriage, and a third fell down insensible directly he had got inside one of the hospital rooms. Madame Lecat sent her bonne off to our depôt, and we at once made up a basket of provisions, viz. wine, port wine in jelly, (a most useful preparation, and one in daily demand,) coffee, sugar, and chocolate. We also added a parcel of cholera belts, one for each of that night's list of sufferers; and only thought with regret how impossible it would be for us to renew the supply the next and other succeeding nights.'

This is one of the greatest difficulties the Committee have to deal with. It was found that the Sisters in charge of the different ambulances felt compelled, as the wounded left them to make room for others, to deprive them of the warm shirts and socks they had had the comfort of wearing whilst in hospital. This, as the weather daily became colder, appeared so cruel, and the soldiers so infinitely preferred never receiving these gifts at all, to being robbed of them when, half cured and still weak, they were turned out to be directed to less crowded places—that directly the English Committee were aware of it, they earnestly impressed upon all the Sisters that it was not the wish or intention of the Society to lend these things, but to give them; and that as fresh relays of wounded arrived, they would, so far as it might be possible, send fresh supplies of warm clothing and strengthening diet wherever they were urgently wanted.

'Every day brings new wants and new claims before us. The depot is opened about eight in the morning; and from that hour till dark, and later still when necessary, we are occupied in receiving lists and requisitions, which now are beginning not to be confined to Tours, but to pour in from far distant places. The lists are all submitted as they arrive to the Secretary, who examines them, and inquires into the state of the ambulance making the requisition; and without his signature, or that of the President, who writes on each list sanctioned,

"For compliance by the ladies," not a single thing leaves the store. Two ladies occupy themselves with every separate *envoi*, which is arranged, packed, stamped with printed red cross papers in three languages, shewing from whom the help is sent, directed, and sent out of the depot to its destination, accompanied by a letter with a detailed list of the different items forwarded. This list had been previously entered in a rough book, made over every week to the Secretary for his detailed report to head-quarters.'

About the beginning of November pitiable tales began to arrive daily, of the utter destitution at Chateaudun, and the general ruin which had been the result of the heroic defence of that place. The inhabitants had been forced to make a desperate resistance, without possessing any proper means of defence; and the consequence was that when the enemy took possession of the town they set fire to it house by house, and the universal misery which succeeded the taking of Chateaudun can hardly be realized. Food was extremely scarce; hardly anyone possessed any clothes but those on their back; and many ladies of good family and position, who had been sufficiently wealthy to have carriages, now went daily on foot to the mairie, where they received with others a portion of bread, or whatever else the mayor could find to distribute. Nearly all the male inhabitants in the place were wounded; and many of the women also, for they had in many cases taken part in the struggle, and brought cartridges to the National Guard during the very hottest part of the fight. It was said even that there were many little children to be seen crying in the streets for their mothers, finding themselves suddenly without their parents, deserted, hungry, and cold. On the evening of the 2nd of November, the Committee sent off a messenger laden with bales containing as many warm clothes as could be got together—preserved mutton, milk, (especially for the children,) biscuits, and essence of beef. The bearer of these supplies could not proceed further by rail than Cloyes; and from this place he went on in a waggonette, which was pushed by men along the rails, till within a short distance of Chateaudun; and from there he conveyed his cases in two carts. Once within the town, he went through streets completely deserted, and with houses in ruins on each side, to the Hotel de Ville; and he described on his return this melancholy march as being like wandering along the street of tombs at Pompeii. The gentleman who was entrusted with the stores sent by the Committee, made them over to the Sisters of Charity for distribution, and before his departure took the precaution of explaining to them how the preserved meats and soups were to be prepared; and the gratitude with which these, together with the other gifts, were received, was almost overwhelming.

A large convoy of stores was next made up for Orleans, to be conveyed there under the auspices of the Marquis de Villeneuve, the Inspector of Ambulances for the French International Society, who

entreated further help for this unfortunate city, where the distress was so great that it seemed the whole contents of the depot might be emptied there without adequately relieving the general misery.

'November 5th.—Whilst occupied in providing as far as we can for Orleans and Chateaudun, we do not lose sight of Tours, as the wounded are gathering here in large numbers; and we hear daily not only of the existing ambulances being crowded, but of many new ones being started in the town and its environs. An enormous number of sick soldiers have been sent to Tours from Blois, in order to make room for their wounded comrades who are unable to bear long fatiguing journeys. A large proportion of these have small-pox, and the rest have suffered, or are suffering, from fever and dysentery, and look like ghosts. The president and secretary have received brassarts from the head office, and will now be able to travel about and inspect the hospital arrangements near or at the front; and they propose first visiting Blois, where the grand old chateau is being converted into a huge ambulance, capable of accommodating more than a thousand patients. It is even possible they may go to-day, as a long list of requisitions, especially for medicines and disinfectants, has come from Blois. We have been much interested in supplying the wants of the Duke de Brissac, who has a flying ambulance, as it is called, which he takes right on to the battle-field, wherever it may be. His two sons are fighting, their wives employed as nurses in the different stationary ambulances; and he himself, at sixty-five years of age, has organized this *ambulance volante* in order to follow in the wake of his children, and pick up some of the numerous sufferers who have not the good fortune to be lifted at once from the field, and who, were it not for the devoted band who follow the army as volunteer infirmarers and doctors, would stand every chance of perishing. The Duke de Brissac has two surgeons in his employ, and seems to have arranged his waggons so wonderfully well, with such nautical neatness and regard to space, that it was quite a pleasure to help him. We arranged a large parcel, containing all the necessaries we could think of which take up the smallest amount of room. Chloroform, quinine, the best lint, essence of beef, chlorodyne, &c. with a little of the concentrated milk which has been so invaluable to us on every occasion. Blankets, flannel shirts, and cholera belts, are what we always run short of first, more especially the two former.

'November 7th.—The travelling members of the Committee have returned from Blois with a long list of what will be required there. The Castle has been prepared with the greatest care for its intended inmates; and for the first time as yet in our ambulance experiences, the preparations for the linen department were complete and on a large scale. A detachment of the Dames Blanches was in attendance; and these excellent Sisters were gliding about from room to room, sorting the piles of linen arranged in enormous heaps in the *grande salle;*

some were ironing, others folding up, and all working with such quiet rapidity, that it was really worth a visit to see how quickly the organization necessary to transform this great old rambling chateau into a comfortable and convenient hospital for a thousand soldiers was being effected.

Nothing could be imagined more historically interesting than this magnificent building. The oldest part of it was in existence in the thirteenth century, and the restoration it has undergone has been as skilful as it is beautiful. Everything has been left as it was, the apartments are unaltered; and where more than merely "mending" was necessary, the gilding and hangings, as well as the sculpture restored, have been made to present all the characteristics of former days.

The beds for the wounded are ranged in the great hall, and in all the smaller rooms, once inhabited by Catherine de Medicis and her son—including the cabinet, where the latter sat while the murder of the Duke of Guise was being perpetrated; the large *salle des gardes*, where the intended victim of this treachery warmed his feet at the very fire-place which still stands a silent witness of the tragedy; and lastly, the lovely boudoir of the Queen-Mother herself: and it is turning a curious page in history when troops of Protestant soldiers are nursed by Sisters of Charity in the chamber of Catherine de Medicis, where the plot for exterminating the Huguenots root and branch was matured.

'At the Hotel Dieu there were already many wounded; in fact, all the existing hospitals at Blois had been emptied, and the patients sent towards the south, in order to make as much room as possible as near to the expected battle-field as could be contrived.

'The next expedition was to Orleans, and this visit happened almost immediately after the evacuation of the town by the Prussians which followed the French success compelling General von der Tann to retreat. The city was found in the most painful state of destitution in regard to the commonest necessaries for the wounded. No instruments at all in some cases, the most insufficient ones in others; no lint, no rag, no blankets—which was accounted for by the fact that when they left Orleans the Prussians took ten thousand blankets away with them—scarcely any medicines, and no anodynes. At the Great Hospice Civil there were 544 men, all more or less in great agony, their faces contorted with pain, and no morphia at hand to soothe them. The wants of this hospital may be imagined, when it is added that the head surgeon intreated for two hundred pounds of lint. He had been obliged to make those of his wounded who were capable of using their hands make a little charpie for the rest. They still prefer charpie to any other kind of lint, though the value of the marine lint and its peculiar virtues are every day becoming more known. Nearly all the Germans had been handed over to the Anglo-American Ambulance,

known as the Lindsay Hospital, managed by Dr. Pratt and a small band of English and American surgeons, who had contrived to supply by skill and unceasing care the place of proper means and appliances. Like everyone else in Orleans, they were almost without resources; and it was astonishing to see what they had achieved by organization and method, joined to unceasing watchfulness and the most devoted care. Nearly every case was a desperate one; but the occupants of the beds, between one and two hundred in number, were in every case without a blanket, in nearly every case without a pillow; and all in the same bloody shirt in which they had been laid upon the beds. N—— gave to the doctor in charge a very complete case of instruments, much to his joy; but he said if he had had them only the day before he could have saved the life of an unfortunate soldier who had succumbed to his wound. A few Sisters of Charity were on duty here; but the nurse most worthy of mention was a Miss O'Hanlon, who has lived for some thirty years in Orleans, greatly respected. Ever since the war began she has devoted herself to ambulance work, and is now attached to the Lindsay Hospital, where she was nursing the soldiers, not only with the intelligence of a trained English nurse, but with a tenderness seldom seen except in the Sisters of Charity. She was performing the most menial offices with the greatest cheerfulness; going from bed to bed, washing the hands and faces of the poor soldiers, brushing their hair—and though she could not speak German, they could not fail to understand the kind affectionate heart that was trying to be to each invalid what the mother or sister for whom they seemed so home-sick would have been. She lamented greatly having only common rations for the invalids, and was convinced that many could be saved by means of extra good food and strengthening diet. She was also very anxious to get cooling drinks for them. So many were parched with thirst; and water was too cold to give them, and wine too heating, except now and then as a tonic in very small quantities. But good beef tea was the great desideratum in her opinion. N—— took notes of all that was required, and on his return we sent about thirty bales of sheets, pillows, food—especially milk and beef, arrow-root, and chocolate—and a blanket for each bed. At this time the Anglo-American Ambulance was very inconveniently lodged in a private house. They have since changed their quarters to one of the prettiest and largest churches in Orleans, which has been given up to them. This is a great testimony to the value of the work performed by them in Orleans—the more remarkable as the fact of their tending so many of the enemy naturally laid them open to much suspicion, and exposed them to frequent unpleasantries; but as I said before, the visiting commissioners of the Society considered that this ambulance was in every respect a model one.'

Neither time nor space would admit of the journal from which so many extracts have been made being given verbatim; the most that

can be done at present is to transcribe the most interesting parts, and from among a mass of details select the most prominent points, in order to convey some idea of the varied work of the Committee at Tours. No one could form any notion of the greatness and extent of the benefits of this Society, unless they could see what the wounded would have been without it; and the contrast is very apparent in every place where they are collected before the Society takes it in hand. Once their agents appear on the scene, there are no more faces contorted with pain for want of opium, no more torturing operations performed without chloroform, no beds without blankets, no aching head without a pillow; and it is even more impossible to conceive the gratitude these poor fellows feel and express for all these comforts, than it is to imagine what their misery would have been without them.

There are many more ambulances in Orleans than those already described. Amongst these is one at the house of the Sacré Cœur. The Superior writes about the middle of November, to inform the Committee that for upwards of a month they have been receiving wounded at their own expense. After the battle of Arthenay a great many were sent to them, a large proportion of whom they were able to cure; but many still remained with them, and they were then daily expecting a large increase to their numbers when the battle then imminent should have been fought. The Superior goes on to say: 'The resources of our house in linen, bandages, flannel, lint, &c., are exhausted, and these poor fellows will have to lack everything. For a month past, the nuns have been incessantly working for them—some knitting stockings, and others preparing charpie and bandages; but the materials are not now to be had. Add to this that all the cows in the stable, the milk and butter from which offered at least one means of feeding these poor soldiers, are dead of the cattle plague, brought by the Prussians into the town. The nuns of the Sacré Cœur of Orleans would therefore, in their complete penury, be very grateful to the English Committee if they could receive some of the most necessary things for the wounded—blankets, flannel shirts, socks, drawers, charpie, bandages, disinfectants, barley, flour, sponges, and medicines.'

There is quite an echo of Auld Robin Gray in the little allusion, as the climax of their troubles, to 'the cows being stole away.' The Convent of the Immaculate Conception at Orleans has been in equal need and trouble. The Superior is an Englishwoman, a Mrs. Tapp; and she wrote a most touching letter, expressive of her delight in participating in the generous and noble gifts of dear England; and she said the moment of opening the parcel which brought help from her own dear land was the happiest she could remember in her life.

'November 22.—I have received a most interesting letter from Miss O'Hanlon, mentioning a few things she still needed greatly, and giving a few particulars of her patients. Two had unhappily died since the visit of the gentlemen on the 17th. One of these, suffering

from thirst, offered to God the misery of dying parched with thirst as an expiation of his sins; and the other offered to the Lord Jesus the sorrow of dying in this foreign land, without seeing his wife and three little children, as a sacrifice to His holy will. In reply to this letter, we sent Miss O'Hanlon money to buy nice cooling drinks, and a parcel of little comforts, in the shape of sago, milk, barley, &c.

'We have been making up a number of small boxes for the field of battle, containing a selection of medical appliances and stimulants in the most compact form—just the most essential things for the surgeon to find ready to his hand when dressing wounds on the field, before the sufferers can be moved. A list of the contents of these boxes is pasted outside. They each contain a few bandages ready rolled, a bottle of chloroform, one of chlorodyne, a pint of brandy, a tiny jar of port wine in jelly, a piece of the invaluable gutta-percha tissue, a towel, a glass, and four sponges.'

The beauty of every article sent from England is a constant theme of admiration; and it is curious to think how these British manufactures are finding their way into parts of France where under other circumstances they would never have penetrated, and it is a matter for speculation what ulterior benefits may not accrue to English trade in consequence.

The 'Société Evangélique' play a considerable part in the ambulance work in this part of France, and have seven ambulances of their own, of which three are at Tours. Madame Le Maitre, a widow, the daughter of Monsieur de Préssensé, president of the Evangelical Society in Paris, takes the lead in this, and has in the Rue de Nantes the best appointed and most carefully managed hospital of the seven. It is like a private house,—cheerful rooms with bright fires; and every arrangement to secure the comfort of the patients has been made by her. There are of course no Sisters here; but Madame Le Maitre herself, with three other ladies, nurse entirely the twenty-five men for whom they have provided beds; and as she speaks German, she has been of real service to some Bavarians who have been sent to her. One of these, when the hospital was last visited, was lying frightfully wounded in the mouth and tongue, so that he could not speak audibly, and could only eat with the utmost difficulty. Madame Le Maitre and her three friends were very busy attending upon all these poor creatures; they had large aprons on, and were going to work very methodically, and apparently very effectually, for their hospital was in perfect order. And all the sick, who were without exception Roman Catholics, spoke much of their kindness. Monsieur Sabbatier, rather a distinguished member of their communion, aided her in the first start. This gentleman is a professor of theology from Strasburg, and holds a prominent position in the Reformed Church in France. He is an eloquent speaker, and it is even said his voice has been heard at Exeter Hall. At present Monsieur Sabbatier is on the field with a flying ambulance,

in the creation of which he shewed great perseverance and energy. He managed to set it up very completely in all respects except instruments, and as hardly a new regiment is provided with these, and they are not to be bought at any price, this deficiency was no matter for astonishment. The Committee, however, greatly increased the powers for usefulness of M. Sabbatier and his *ambulance volante* by giving him a complete set of instruments, with which he was greatly pleased. Madame Le Maitre, through the influence of some friends in England, has obtained both a grant of money and stores direct from the Society; and she has in addition sent lists to the Committee here, who have supplied her ambulances with blankets and many other necessaries.

The Societé Evangélique have also a kind of *ambulance de passage* at the station, opposite to, and similar in its object to that already established there by the French International Society. They have a constant flow of patients, and have had from time to time a good many Prussians on their way through. They have likewise got up a sort of establishment—it can hardly be called an ambulance, and it does not come within our limits—known as the 'Bains de pied et bouillon' Ambulance. The benefits of this are intended principally for marching soldiers, who, weary or foot-sore, are thankful for the refreshment here offered; and for fragments of regiments, who at different times have straggled back in detachments from Sédan and other places. All these individuals have greatly profited by this institution, which would appear to be entirely supported by the Societé Evangélique. Both here and at their other ambulances they have a store of edifying books and tracts, which they have often an opportunity of giving to the soldiers.

The Protestants of Tours are, as a community, extremely poor; but they number among their members some three or four exceptionally rich individuals, and these constitute the committee of the Auxiliary Society in Tours for aid to the sick and wounded.

The Museum here has within the last few weeks been turned into a splendid ambulance, to contain at least a hundred and fifty wounded. This complement is already complete; and on visiting this building, it was a great satisfaction to see all the poor creatures enjoying the comfort of the Society's blankets, a comfort they would otherwise have in vain sighed for. Before this ambulance was set up, the mayor pleaded very hard for help, mentioning that the municipal council having been dissolved, no money could be voted for it—that the purses of the inhabitants were empty; and that all public and private channels being thus closed, he could only have recourse 'to the inexhaustible generosity of the English Committee towards suffering humanity.' The head office in London enabled the Committee here to come forward effectually; and it is solely thanks to their liberal supplies from London, that the hundred and fifty wounded men now within the Museum are resting on blankets instead of straw, and have their wounds dressed

with the requisite instruments, instead of having their flesh torn by the 'pansement' being performed only with the hand—an operation one of the members of the Committee saw himself at this very Museum, and in consequence of which a troupe was sent to the assistant surgeon and dresser from the depôts.

Since the beginning of this month, events have succeeded each other with such startling rapidity, and the present moment is so full of excitement, that it is difficult to sit down and transcribe calmly the doings of three weeks back. I will only at present briefly say, that among the envois of the latter part of November, made to distant places, the most interesting were the following:

I. The Sisters of the Presentation at Villeneuve-sur-Lot. Their appeal to the Committee was very pressing, and shewed such an entire absence of resource, that in addition to the goods, it was judged expedient to send a small sum of money—Villeneuve-sur-Lot being so far from Tours, that it would not have been practicable to renew when necessary the supplies forwarded. How acceptable this arrangement was will be seen from the following extracts of the letter of thanks sent by the Superior. 'If you only knew how our Sisterhood appreciates the Society's gift! It enables us, in part at least, to provide shoes and warm clothing for these poor wounded. Every day we join our prayers to those of the soldiers, to obtain for you, as your chief reward, the especial favour of God. The inhabitants of our town have lent us about a hundred beds, which we have added to our own ordinary number; and our ambulance of a hundred and forty beds, is at this moment set up in the centre of the town, where we nurse the wounded; but there the resources of this place end, for all those of our people who are well off have been laid continuously under contributions to provide for the divers wants of our army. Thanks to your goodness, however, we can now procure for our unfortunate soldiers, who are almost destitute of clothing of any kind, flannel vests and belts, stockings and shoes.'

II. Le Mans. Two convoys were despatched to this town; one to the Nuns of the Visitation, and the other to a Jesuit Brotherhood at Sainte Croix. Le Mans required great help. Piteous letters had been received; one from the Superior of the Visitation Sisters, Mrs. Cox, telling how sick, wounded, and exhausted soldiers, were pouring into their town. 'Some of these,' she says on the 25th November, 'are so foot-sore that they can no longer stand; a few—and these are the more fortunate among them—left us yesterday in slippers; but they all display an amount of resignation and gentleness that are beyond praise; blaming no one, and complaining of nothing. All the churches of Le Mans have been taken up for them; there are six thousand at the Cathedral. Yesterday nearly one thousand staggered as far as our house, begging to be taken in; they had mistaken this for the Place des Halles á l'ancienne Eglise de la Visitation, where they were directed; and during the few

minutes spent in explanations with their officer, these poor creatures fell down in the street from fatigue; not being allowed chairs, as the people accompanying them said if they once sat down they could never get up again, and that they regretted having made the mistake of bringing them there, as now they did not know how they could ever get them to their destination. The enemy is close upon us now. May God have pity on us!'

On the 4th December, Mrs. Cox writes again: 'I have waited a little before acknowledging the magnificent gift of the English National Society, in order to add some interesting facts I have been collecting, but I will not lose another moment in thanking the Committee for the generous help we have received in blankets, medicines, and clothes. All this cannot fail to draw down upon the heads of the givers the most precious blessings of Heaven. Dear friends, at the moment when your supplies arrived, we were in all the anguish of our fourth alarm, the enemy were within five miles of us; eating, drinking, and pillaging whatever they could find. All the ambulances are choked with the sick; small-pox, scarlatina, bronchitis, dysentery, and rheumatism, reign in every one of them; in spite of all we can do, many are dangerously ill, and amongst those lodged in the Cathedral there are twelve with small-pox, who have been sleeping days and nights together on the damp pavement.'

The letters from the Jesuit brotherhood pointed out still more forcibly the great need in which they stood of succour; and the letter of thanks for the Society's bales from these last, is the most exquisite expression of gratitude yet received.

III. Angers. Madame de La Motte Rouge has been organizing ambulances on a considerable scale in and about Angers. Hers was a noble work, when it is remembered that she is the wife of the General who was dismissed by the present Government, for not giving battle before Orleans, when he did not feel himself strong enough to attack the enemy. Instead of indulging, however, in any feeling of mortification at this treatment, Madame de La Motte Rouge has thrown herself most zealously into the work of aiding all the sufferers in the war, and the Committee answered her appeal by a very liberal supply of goods, including good Port and Malaga wine.

IV. Gien, Aubigné, Cosne, and Nevers. This was an enormous envoi; the Count de Vogüé had written from Cosne, stating the great needs of these four places, and undertaking to make the distribution himself if the Committee would send the goods to his care. From the first this gentleman has been indefatigable in attending equally on sick and wounded between Gien and Nevers; and many weeks before he had begged for linen to be sent to Gien, where he was watching over some four hundred small-pox patients, whilst not a rag of linen was to be had in the whole place. From time to time Count de Vogüé has written the most grateful letters; but on all sides the Committee has met

with nothing but the deepest gratitude, which has invariably found its expression in the most touching words of thanks.

Having brought up this brief chronicle of the most interesting operations of the Tours Committee to the beginning of December, it will be better to continue the narrative by quoting from the journal already so largely made use of.

'December 4th. Yesterday we were in all the excitement of the news of the re-taking of Orleans, and of the ten thousand wounded said to be lying there, destitute alike of necessaries and comforts. The intelligence was brought to the depôt late in the afternoon; but everyone set vigorously to work to pack linen, lint, blankets, and warm clothes, in as large quantities as was possible. The depôt was nearly emptied of its stores to meet this great emergency; and a telegram was despatched to Colonel Lindsay, who has throughout thrown supplies into Tours with the greatest rapidity. So much was said of the absence of food at Orleans, that we packed a large quantity of essence of beef and chocolate, nearly the sole edibles left in the depôt. We were even assured by one person that the only bread he could anywhere obtain was a piece taken out of a dead man's "sac," and that, consequently, all we could do in the way of provisions could only very partially relieve the general distress in the hospitals and ambulances. When all the cases were ready, it was announced that no trains were running, or were likely to run; and with some difficulty, an arrangement was made for a light omnibus and some carts, which the Committee put in charge of two English officers, who had just arrived with stores from Colonel Lindsay. Two flags were hoisted to protect the convoy, the British on one side, and the Red Cross on the other, and about midnight the start was effected.

'10th. Ever since the despatch of the supplies to Orleans, the attention of the Committee has been engrossed with attending to the wants of Tours itself, which, during this week, has presented a frightful spectacle. The wounded have been coming in by hundreds, limping, or helping each other along, straggling about the streets uncared for; many of them lying about in all directions, unable to walk further. Every night the trains have been bringing them in by hundreds, and the Committee have spent their evenings and nights at the station, feeding them as they arrive; and a ghastly crew they are, as they stagger into the waiting-rooms without arms or legs, or their heads bandaged up, all nearly dead with fatigue, cold, and hunger. Throughout the week, arrangements were made every night for large supplies of soup, meat, and coffee, to be in readiness for every train as it came up; the first night thirteen hundred of these poor creatures received hot coffee and brandy, while another large detachment were enjoying soup. They had none of them had anything to eat all day, or anything warm for many days, and anything like their gratitude it would be impossible to describe. They seized the hands of some of the gentlemen, and with tears begged God would bless

them. Many of them spoke bitterly of the bad arrangements of their own authorities, or their indifference where the disabled were concerned, and said if it had not been for England a large proportion of them would have perished miserably. But in spite of all the exertions of the Committee, the numbers of the wounded have been too prodigious to be successfully grappled with; and we have heard of some who have been found dead in the streets, and one, who was discovered in a corridor of the railway station, where he had lain for some time too ill to speak, and when lifted up expired almost immediately. To-day, in walking from his own house to the depôt, N—— saw a crowd collected round a group of wounded men, and on forcing his way in, was able to get three unfortunate creatures, who were perfectly exhausted, into a café, which stood just opposite to them. Two of these poor sufferers fainted away when they were got into chairs, and the third was already near the end of his troubles. His arm was almost entirely shot away; and the flesh torn from the bones was a frightful sight to witness. The limb had never been dressed since the poor soldier fell wounded on the field, and there was then small hopes of saving his life. The first doctor N—— could discover, was a French surgeon, who, in the midst of the universal misery, was quietly playing a game of dominoes, and regaling himself with coffee.

'20th. Whilst attending almost exclusively to Tours during the past few days, and while the constant stream of wounded has left us little leisure to devote to outlying places, we have still been able to attend to very pressing claims, which I have not time to note in detail. I must not, however, omit a slight passing mention of our envoi to Dax, and at the same time to Pau. Accounts had reached the Committee, of a distressing state of affairs at Pau, where a large number of Prussian wounded had been conveyed, and were said to be in a state of great suffering, mostly from fever, and to have received no local care or help. A parcel was at the time being made up for Dax, and the opportunity of this despatch was taken to send supplies to Pau by an experienced medical officer, who had been through all the early part of the campaign at Sédan and Metz, and who had more than once distinguished himself in ambulance work, on one occasion performing an operation whilst under fire, and with such perfect success, that he was decorated on the spot, as a reward for his gallantry and skill. Dax is a small town not far from the Spanish frontier, and our parcel was destined for an ambulance a few kilometres out of Dax, at the village of Buglose, celebrated as the birth-place of St. Vincent de Paul, and a favourite place of pilgrimage for devout Catholics.

'21st. To-day the whole town has been on the *qui vive* since day-break, as the Prussians were reported close at hand; and about ten o'clock, in fact, took up their position in a suburb on the opposite side of the river, at the top of a steep street called the Tranchée, which runs straight to the bridge leading directly on to the Place de la Mairie, and Rue

Royale of Tours. They had apparently no very hostile intentions, were talking and laughing with the tradespeople as they stood at their doors, and saluting the women who were staring at them; when suddenly as a few of their Uhlans were cantering down the Tranchée, some patriots in blouses were minded to fire at them, and the result was a slight skirmish between these civilians and the approaching horsemen, which ended in one officer and several men being put *hors de combat* on the German side, and on the artillery being put very quickly into position on the top of the Tranchée. About thirty shells were thrown into the town, one of which pierced the Museum, where one of the great ambulances of Tours has been formed, fortunately, however, only injuring the walls, and doing no harm to the patients. We were all at the depot as usual, making up bales to send in different directions, when, attracted by the noise outside, two of us ladies with our children went to the balcony to see what was going on; and at the same moment a shell whizzed past, down the Rue Royale, and in an instant the street was cleared, the shops shut, the shutters closed, we of course immediately leaving the balcony and returning to our work. Shortly after the mayor went forth, and proceeded up the Tranchée with a flag of truce, which put an end to the bombardment of Tours. One pleasing incident occurred during this unpleasantly exciting morning; one or two of the wounded Germans made a struggle to get out of the hospital and make their way to the detachment at the top of the Tranchée, in order to beg them to cease firing on the town where they had all been treated so kindly and nursed so tenderly. Their good intention was however frustrated, as it was feared some mischief might happen to them in consequence of the very irritated feeling apparent among the lower orders and others in the town; and they were therefore got quickly into the Museum, where they remained until the affair was over, and their countrymen on the Tranchée had disappeared.

'26th. The last week has found us very busy with Vendome on the one side, and on the other Beaugency and Mer as far as to Artenay. The misery along this line baffles all description; even the inhabitants have nothing to eat, and the wounded have been lying in thousands between Beaugency and Artenay; and without the Society's aid, there they would have lain till they died, without a friend to bind their wounds or a piece of lint with which to dress them themselves, without food to eat, or a blanket to cover them. At Orleans, the people, though in a wretched plight, had still places to fall back upon; but in other spots where the wounded are congregated, such for instance as Beaugency where the bridges are cut, there is complete destitution and wretchedness. A surgeon of the first battalion of Pontifical Zouaves, who was at our depot to-day for a small supply of medicines, informed us that some days ago he himself saw nineteen hundred wounded soldiers lying on the Quai at Mer without the smallest help of any kind, not even linen to bind their wounds. This officer, belonging to a corps whose achievements in this struggle will be an eternal memorial of duty and a perpetual

honour to their country, gave us painfully interesting details of the losses in his own battalion at the battle of Vatay, where they left on the field 225 men out of 370, eleven out of fourteen officers. He was animated, however, by the same enthusiasm which has characterized the whole corps of Pontifical Zouaves; and in speaking of their having been thus cut to pieces, he assured us that all his comrades whose lives were there laid down, were the seed sown which would save France—the true patriotism of faith which must in the end triumph; the blood of these martyrs was to be the salvation of their country.

Yesterday we regaled a large number of wounded at the Museum—an ambulance which, close to the depot, is constantly under our eye—with a good dinner, followed by what is the greatest luxury to all these poor soldiers, a present of cigars. About twenty-five Germans, all more or less severely wounded, and terribly home-sick, are collected in this establishment, and they were all greatly touched by this small attempt to fête the day, which they said found them for the first time in their lives without Christmas Trees, a delight which they said they hoped God would vouchsafe to give them next year. The French have their social festival on New Year's Day, but they as well as the Germans were greatly pleased, and cheered by this thought for them; and those who were well enough to sit up enjoyed wonderfully the feast, a part of which was conveyed by the Sisters to the bed-side of every one of the badly wounded, with the exception of some half dozen, who were in too seriously grave a condition to eat at all, being nearly all shot through the mouth or the lung. Three of these have since died. This morning a deputation came from the Museum, bringing the thanks, verbally expressed on the part of the French, and in a letter from the Germans, the gratitude of both however being equally marked.

'28th. A delegate of the International Society, forming part of the committee of management of the great ambulance at the Chateau de Blois, has arrived. He is a banker, a most intelligent and prepossessing person, and the object of his journey is to tell us in detail the wants and miseries of Blois. At the present moment they have only seven hundred and fifty wounded in the chateau, but they have had as many as three thousand at a time. The French Government being no longer in authority, the daily allowance per head for each soldier has ceased, and they are in the greatest possible distress. All the ladies of Blois have devoted themselves to the Chateau, and have each their ward in it; but what the Management requires is food, or money to buy it. Without help they will find it impossible, they say, to continue the work, and the ambulance must either be supported or given up. This gentleman, in the exquisite French for which Blois is renowned, told us of the entire failure of means of subsistence in the town and its environs since the Prussian occupation. The army had marched in, forty thousand strong, and had begun by pillaging right and left, till the shop-keepers in despair closed their shops. Whereupon an order was issued by the General, to

the effect that every man whose shop was found shut would be fined. This edict resulted in the re-opening of the shops; and now, our informant told us, the Prussians pay in cash for what they take. Only when they are satisfied there is nothing left for the people of the town, who are almost in a starving condition. We made up immediately two good cart-loads of warm shirts, socks, and different kinds of food, for the Chateau, and a sum of money was added which would carry them on for a little while. The arrangements and management at this chateau are so perfect, that it was felt every penny would be well applied, and made to go as far as possible.'

This short narrative of the operations of the Tours branch of the National Society has now been brought up to the close of the year; and though so imperfect a record of proceedings which have been spread over so wide an area, and transactions every one of which has possessed a peculiar interest of its own, it may prove interesting to many in England to have some details of the magnificent work in which they, as parts of the great whole, have individually so deep a concern. It is wonderful to reflect on what the Society has achieved in this division of France alone, and the director of the enormous and complicated machinery put in motion in France and Germany, will have an abiding satisfaction when the great work of this war is over, at the number of lives that have been saved, the bodily agony that has been soothed, and the amount of positive comfort given by the institution which will always be known in France as 'La Grande Société.'

THE SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS.

BY E. H. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN, Esq., M.P.

The Queen of all the Fairies held high festival in Fairy-land. Many elves and joyous sprites came hurrying to the place from every quarter of the globe, with light hearts and smiling faces. The Fairies of the deep woodlands left their mossy homes beneath the shadows of the grand old forest trees; the Water-sprites hastened from their haunts by the murmuring brooks and deep still fountains; the Brownie quitted his northern home, and the Fairy-rings in the sunny pastures of the south were neglected for a time; whilst the speedy gathering of the Elfin crowd testified their love and loyalty to their Queen.

I cannot tell you all the sports they had, and all the merriment which they enjoyed. These things cannot be written by mortal hand; and only children of tender age, and natures unsoiled as yet by the world's touch, can even imagine them. It is enough for me to know that there never

was a happier gathering, and Fairy-land was never more bright or more delightful. But as even Fairies cannot always be of the same opinion, (though *good* Fairies never quarrel with each other, however they may differ,) there arose a question among them during the festival, which caused a great deal of talk and argument. They could not decide where among mortals, and in the mortal world, happiness could be found nearest and most like that which they were enjoying in Fairy-land. One said one thing, and one another. Each had his or her own opinion, and resolutely maintained it; and at last, when they found that they could not decide the question for themselves, they appealed to their Queen, and asked her to solve the knotty point.

Her Majesty smiled graciously upon her loving subjects, and told them they had asked her a difficult riddle, and one which she could not answer at a moment's notice. But in order that the matter might be properly cleared up, she would send a special messenger to visit the world, and to bring her a report of the various degrees of happiness which he found in different places and among different people, so that she might the more readily determine the question. After receiving his report, she said, she would again summon her subjects, and declare her answer before them all. So she chose out a clever and intelligent sprite, who, having taken no part in the previous discussion, was perfectly impartial, and having given him full powers and authority to perform the mission entrusted to him, dismissed him forthwith upon his errand, and closed the audience.

Off flew the messenger, proud enough of the honour conferred upon him in confiding to him so grave an inquiry, and determined to perform it, carefully and conscientiously, to the very best of his ability. And as Elves and Fairies, being naturally loyal themselves, are always disposed to pay due (though no more than due) respect to royalty and royal personages, he resolved to try in the first place whether Fairy-land happiness was to be found among courts and palaces. To the court of a great king, then, he forthwith proceeded, and made his observations upon all he saw. The king reigned over a people who were content to recognize his authority, and who had served him faithfully since his accession to the throne. The great men of the country attended his court, which was held with much pomp and splendour; and he appeared to have around him all that could make a monarch happy and contented. The Elfin messenger thought at the first glance that his journey might very possibly end here; for here were wealth, glory, and power; and if the king was not happy with these, where in the world could happiness be found? But when the court was over, and the king was left to himself, the messenger, being invisible to him, watched carefully, and found that his brow was clouded with care, and his heart full of heavy thoughts. 'Whom can I trust?' said the monarch to himself. 'I am surrounded by flatterers and self-seekers; there are many who profess affection for me, but it is for the king, and not for

the man, that they really care. And what anxieties surround the life of a ruler over so vast a country as mine! If my people are distressed, it is to me they look for help. It is I who must provide for all the wants of my kingdom, and the weight of the burden upon my shoulders is almost more than I can bear!' These, and many other similar observations which fell from the king, soon shewed the messenger that it was not in the breast of royalty that he must look for the happiness nearest akin to that of Fairy-land. Great and powerful as he might be, and anxious moreover to do his duty to his people, the responsibility of his position was too great, and the cares of state too many and too heavy, to allow of his being so happy as to rival the Fairy Elves.

But although happiness might not be found in the king's own breast, surely it might dwell, thought the messenger, in the breasts of some of those courtiers and statesmen who, with less of responsible power, breathed the atmosphere of the court, and lived in the royal presence. Here, however, his search was equally vain. He saw men with smiles indeed upon their faces, but with bitterness too often in their hearts. One was miserable because some coveted decoration had been given to his neighbour instead of to himself. Another, because the ladies of his family had not been asked to a royal ball or concert; a third, because someone else had been preferred before him for some vacant appointment. All seemed encompassed with envy, strife, and heart-burning; and it was a kind of existence so very different from anything in Fairy-land, that the Elf flew away in great disgust, and determined to have no more to do with kings and courts.

To find as great a contrast as possible, he flew down into the country, and visited the cottage of a poor labouring man, who with the sweat of his brow and the toil of his hands was earning a livelihood for himself, his wife, and several children of too tender an age to do anything for themselves. The honest fellow toiled from morning to night for his slender wages without a murmur, and brought every halfpenny of his earnings back to his wife each Saturday night. They were a faithful couple, fond of each other and of their babes, and struggling right manfully through the world against wind and tide. But when the Elf saw how often the pot was empty, and only a small—too small—portion of food found its way to the young mouths that needed it so much, and how a sad look stole over the man's face as he saw the end of the frugal meal before the appetites were half satisfied, he felt that the content which the honest couple strove to maintain was not Fairy-land happiness, but that they were of those whose happiness would not come to them in this world, but whose endurance of the rough waves of the stream of time here would be recompensed hereafter in the still waters of the eternal sea. And the Fairy Elf looked lovingly upon the humble home, and flew off to continue his search elsewhere.

Where should real happiness be found more surely than in the buildings dedicated to the service of the Most High, and in the worship

by faithful hearts of Almighty Power and Infinite Love? So the sprite flew to the noble old cathedral, where the solemn but sweet tones of the organ were reverberating through the ancient walls, and stirring mortal souls to reverence and worship by their majestic harmony. Priests in gorgeous vestments raised their arms aloft, whilst the people knelt and bowed in respectful veneration; tender youths sang the praise of God in melodious voices; and the fragrance of sweet-smelling incense was wafted widely through the holy building. But the priests seemed to pray for the people rather than the people for themselves; and the freedom of soul, which Fairies love, seemed so absent from the congregation, that the Elf decided at once that the simplicity which accompanies Fairy-land happiness could never be found here, and that he must search for what he wanted where more of soul-religion could be found.

He passed on to another church, where all was quiet and unaffected. The clergyman wore no gorgeous robe, the congregation bowed but little, the organ tunes were simple and the music scarce melodious, and the service was altogether carried on in as plain and simple a manner as possible. But when the preacher mounted into the pulpit and began his sermon, instead of dwelling on the love of God for fallen man, or teaching his people how they might best avoid the snares of the Evil One, and serve the Great Master whose commission he held, he fell to finding fault with other servants of the same Master who strove to serve Him in some way different from his own way, and in strong language preached against his fellow-workers in the same vineyard, never thinking how great an advantage he must thereby be giving the common enemy. And when the messenger heard how the preacher of faith and hope forgot his charity in the preaching, and how his people were taught to blame their neighbours' way of worshipping instead of improving their own, and learning more loving and useful lessons, he knew well that no happiness like that of Fairy-land could follow such teaching; and he flew sadly off upon his further search.

A grand ball was going on in one of the gayest and most fashionable cities. Could it be here that the rival of Fairy-land happiness could be found? Sweet strains of music floated through the air; the ball-room was full of the noble, the young, and the lovely: as they whirled past in the graceful waltz, the Elf could not but feel that forms and faces were before him of whom Fairy-land itself might well be proud. Bright eyes that flashed around, soft voices that murmured low, features that wore a look of more than earthly beauty, reminded him of his Queen's country at every moment. But Fairy-land happiness was not there. It was merely passing pleasure—pleasure of the senses and feelings, that had no deep root, and, not without shadows of disappointment and rivalry even at its best, had nothing permanent or certain about it like Fairy-land happiness. And the Elf flew away from the ball-room, though it required all his loyalty to his Queen, his desire to accomplish his business to her satisfaction, and his anxiety to see Fairy-land again,

to induce him to tear himself away from a scene so Fairy-like and lovely, so full of grace and beauty.

He flew to the house of a great statesman, who, after years of patient toil and devotion to the service of his country, had risen to be the first minister of his sovereign, with more real power than the sovereign himself. But he stayed there only a few moments. He found the great man's house beset by persons who came to ask for some favour or another which it was his to give, and in giving which he would probably please one man for a few months, and offend fifty for the rest of their lives. And the minister himself was in his study, surrounded by papers and letters, and evidently overwhelmed with work to which his whole attention must be given. A glance at his care-worn features told the messenger at once, that if any happiness ever fell to his lot it could be no such happiness as that of Fairy-land, and it must be obtained by starts and snatches, as it could best be got, in the few moments which the minister might take from his daily life of toil and care. So the Elf stopped no longer in that house, but continued his search elsewhere.

All the world seemed alive as he flew down the road from a certain large city. Coaches, carriages, gigs, and carts, of all sorts and sizes, were crowding together, full of people with merry faces, eagerly pressing forward to reach some spot where evidently great pleasure of some kind or another was anticipated. Here, thought the Elf, may perchance be discovered a happiness as bright and joyous as that of Fairy-land. And he passed out upon a great broad expanse of down land, where the ridge of the hill was crowned with a large building, which was covered by eager spectators, whilst crowds of people filled the space below and around for a long distance. Shouts of various character met the ears of the Elf, who could scarcely at first understand the meaning of a scene so different from anything he had ever witnessed in the land of Elves. But he soon found out, with the sharp wit of an Elf, that he had come upon a race-course—*the* race-course of the country, and *the* race of the year. He placed himself in the best position he could find, and looked round upon the countenances of the people, and watched their proceedings with a careful eye, for they seemed merry and happy enough. Presently the roar of thousands of voices told him that the horses had started, and for a moment he forgot his mission and his home altogether in the excitement of the race. On they came; and there was a close race at the finish, when one horse came in first by a very short distance amid the cheers and hurrahs of the crowd. Then the Elf recollected himself and his business, and having no bets on the race, devoted himself to his work entirely. Oh! what sad changes he saw in the faces which had seemed to him so merry and joyous just before. Some people were biting their lips with vexation at their losses; some wore a look of exultation, which was joyous enough, but by no means partook of the innocent simple joy of Fairy-land; and all seemed

hurrying and bustling about in a state of excitement, very different from the Elf's notion of real happiness. And as he flitted away slowly over the down, the carriages were covered with people talking and laughing; the corks were popping out of champagne bottles in every direction; eyes were sparkling, and voices laughing, but not with healthy Fairy-like pleasure; and the messenger winged his way forward, with a sigh of doubt whether he should ever find that for which he had been sent forth.

'I will haste,' said he, 'from the crowded haunts of men and the noise of great cities, and seek for Fairy-land happiness in more solitary spots of the earth. There perhaps it may be found, where the strife and emulation, the lust and envy, of man have not yet penetrated, corrupting and hardening hearts until the pleasures of innocence are pleasures to them no more, but they vainly seek the visionary happiness which, unreal as it is, they can extract from the deceitful excitement of the busy world.'

So he took a long flight, and came down into the deep dark forest, where the foot of man but seldom trod, and trees of vast age and size spread forth their mighty branches in the solemn quiet, and seemed to bear silent witness, in their peaceful majesty, against all the sin and folly that reigned and ruled in the world outside. And here, far away from his fellow men, an ancient hermit had built him a hut in a shady nook by a bubbling fountain; and whilst he lived on roots and herbs, and drank the pure water of the spring, he hugged himself in his quiet loneliness, and condemned the weaknesses and follies of the world which he had left. Happy was he in his own conceit; and at first the Elf thought that his task was ended here, and that he might return to his Queen at once. But he watched and listened and considered, and he changed his opinion. Thoughts passed through the old hermit's mind of which the Elf was made aware, and he saw that they did not partake of Fairy-land happiness. If there was a world beyond the forest in which sin and folly were rife, was it not the part of a good and brave man to go out boldly and fight that sin and folly on its own ground, for the good of his fellow men, instead of running away and hiding like a coward in his forest hut, thinking only of himself and his escape from these enemies? Sad thoughts often filled the mind of the old hermit; and he knew full well that he was really shirking his duty, and shrinking from the battle which the servant of God is sent forth to fight. And so it was that the Elfin messenger soon perceived that no Fairy-land happiness was here, and he heaved a deep sigh as he left the hermit's retreat in the grand old forest, and flew forth once more on his voyage of inquiry.

Down, down to the lone sea-shore he flew, and stood on the pebbly beach, at the foot of the mountains, among the craggy rocks, and looked out upon the vast ocean. At a distance—far as he could see—the white foam sparkled and rode on the crest of the billows, and as it came on

and on, the waves formed themselves into high mountains of water, and dashed down to the shore, breaking upon the rocks with a deep, hollow, reverberating sound, which had in it something of awful majesty, lashing the foot of the mountain as if they were paying an unwilling obeisance to it, and acknowledging under protest that a power greater than theirs restrained them from rushing forward further and covering the earth; the white sea-gulls flew like pale spirits along the edge of the shore; the wind whistled, and drove the dark clouds scurrying through the sky; the beetling crags frowned upon the raging sea; and all told of the might and majesty of Nature and of Nature's God. The Elf looked at the scene with awe-struck wonder. It was very grand, but there was something terrible in its grandeur, something too great, too high, and too holy, for Fairy-land fancies; and he fled away inland with hasty flight, as if he had been in the Presence of One before Whom even Fairy power was powerless, and spirits of every degree must bow with fearful reverence.

Place after place the Elfin messenger continued to visit, and yet his search was vain. The high mountains, with their snow-crowned tops that reached the skies; the pleasant banks of the river that watered the plain, gliding down like a great serpent through green pastures and ripening corn-fields to the sea; the quiet homely English village green; the sunny vineyards of bright Italy; the gaiety of France; the wild scenery of Switzerland—all he visited in turn, without finding the counterpart of the happiness of Fairy-land.

And early one morning he went out to breathe the fresh air of genial May. Soft and sweet it blew, gentle as a lover's sigh, and pleasant as a maiden's smile; and the Elf felt his heart light and joyous within him as he met that morning zephyr. The dew was hanging upon the trees and grass; the sun was giving the world the best and softest of his light, without the heat which scorches, or the brilliant rays which dazzle when he has got to his full power; every bird was singing his sweetest song; the deer was stretching himself lazily as he rose from his braky lair; the heron was soaring away far overhead; the cuckoo was giving forth his cheerful cry; and all nature seemed to be about to enjoy a happy holiday, and to leave cares and woes behind for ever.

And the shepherd came out of his house, with his long crook in his hand, and his faithful dog following at his heels; and he strode slowly across the fields to visit his flock, and to tend the lambs that were daily and hourly coming into the world, and wanting all the care that the honest man could give them. And on he went to his work, with a cheerful happy spirit—meet type of the Good Shepherd, who never fails to succour and help *His* lambs in their need, ever watchful, ever tender, loving and leading them on with ceaseless care to the blessed pastures of eternal rest.

'Surely,' said the Elf to himself, 'this is nearer to our Fairy-land

happiness than anything I have hitherto seen;' and he doubted for a moment whether he need seek further for what he desired to find.

But there was something still which seemed wanting. Pure and peaceful as the shepherd's life might be, passed in the fair pastures, amid the innocent sheep and lambs, in some sort it still fell short of the bliss of Fairy-land; for it could not be shared, as that bliss was, by many of his race, but depended partly upon its very solitude and quiet for its tranquil happiness. And as the Elf flew forward on his journey, he began to doubt much whether anything in the world, or in the life of mortals, could approach the happiness which he and his Elfin brethren enjoyed, and whether, after all, he had not been sent on a fruitless errand.

Whilst he thought thus, he came again to a crowded city; and as he passed along the streets, he saw a large dull-looking building, standing somewhat back from the main street, with great iron gates before it, and an inscription which told him that it was a hospital for the sick poor. Something prompted the little Elf to enter, for he thought that since he had failed to find happiness in all those scenes where it had seemed to him most likely that it would exist, he might as well search for it in more unlikely places, before he returned to his own country.

As he entered the hospital, he saw before him the figure of a young girl carrying a basket on her arm, who entered just before him. She was dressed in simple fashion, but you could see at a glance that she was gently born; and she moved with so light and free a step, that the Elf almost thought she was herself one of the Fairy race. She entered a large room, in which lay many a sick and sorrowing mortal, many a strong frame bowed down by disease, many a young heart with the load of care which ill-health brings in its train, pining hopelessly for the ease and freedom from suffering which it might not gain.

But as the young girl entered, a smile seemed at once to light up the pale wan countenances throughout the whole room. From bed to bed she tripped with that wonderful basket of hers, which seemed to contain something for everyone. A book for one, a packet of tea for another, dried fruit or lozenges for a third, a toy for this sick child, a paper of snuff for that old man, and a kind and tender word for each and all.

They blest her as she passed along, as if she inherited something of that saving power of the Master she followed, who 'went about doing good, and healing every sickness and every disease among the people.' Like the soft spring air, that brings perfumes of violets and sweet herbs with it, there came with her a sweet softening influence, that shed light and joy over the couches of the sick, made those couches easier to the restless sufferers, and brought with it a feeling of home and hope and peace and rest, of which no pain could deprive them.

And the blessings of the sick poor, which followed her, seemed already to have taken root and borne their fruit: for in her countenance the Fairy Elf could read an inward content and happiness greater than he had hitherto seen in all his travels; and in the sweetness of the pleasant smile she gave to the sufferers as she glided from bed to bed, he saw the deep-seated heart-holding love and joy reflected, which told of a bliss more true and more enduring than that of his own loved Fairy-land.

And the Elf needed no longer to pursue his search, but he spread his wings and flew back to the Fairy Queen, and told her that he had found the answer to the question which he had been sent to seek. Then the Queen once more summoned her Fairies together; and they came and heard what the Elf had to tell, and how that in the heart of that young maiden had been found the happiness nearest akin to that of Fairy-land.

And the Queen smiled again upon her faithful subjects, as they asked her to explain the reason of this happiness being found where the Elf reported it to exist.

'My children,' said she, 'the secret is not far to seek. Kings may be great and statesmen successful, an unreal pleasure may be found in the excitement of the busy world, and men may think that they can acquire happiness by following each the particular pursuit or occupation which he fancies or desires. But the real root of happiness is not to be found in seeking your own comfort. The secret of true happiness is to seek ever the good of others; and this is the reason of the content and joy which that young girl possesses, and of which nothing can deprive her.

'When mortal man strives to lighten his neighbour's burden, he insensibly lightens his own at the same time. The cares and sorrows of life are easier to bear when they are shared with others; and the man who shares and soothes the sorrow of another, wins for himself a pleasure which the cold and selfish heart can never know. Our Fairy-land happiness is great, because we live for each other and not for ourselves alone, because we love ever to help each other, and to help mortals too when we are able; and the mortals who have learned and who practise this Fairy lesson, most nearly rival the happiness of our dear Fairy-land.'

Then the Queen dismissed her subjects to their haunts again; and they flew back with light and gladsome hearts, well assured that the words of their Queen had been wise and true.

And so they were indeed. We want no Fairy to tell us that, for Christian children have their Bibles, in which to read of the greatest and holiest Being that ever came upon earth, who passed His whole life in doing good to others, and striving to seek and to save those among whom He dwelt; leaving a blessed example of charity and loving-kindness to all mankind to the end of the world. We cannot heal with His power, we cannot speak with His tongue, we cannot and need not all devote ourselves to visiting the sick and needy; but we may and should learn to live our every-day lives not for ourselves alone, but for others; and by a hundred little acts of forbearance and kindness we may daily shew that we love to keep His example before our eyes; and may so march forward, by His help, to that Heavenly Kingdom where, by His grace, we trust to find and to obtain a perfect and endless bliss, far greater than even the fabled happiness of Fairy-land.

GERMAN WAR SONGS.

Edith. There, Auntie, do you hear? they are playing that beautiful Wacht am Rhein.

Aunt. Yes, of course I hear. To me it is one of the most touching melodies I ever listened to, and with the noble words it always makes the tears come into my eyes. And by-the-bye, have you finished versifying those little poems or songs which we picked out of the book your father brought from Germany?

Mary. I did not see that book; what was it?

Edith. Oh! Father brought it with him when he came back in September, and you were away. It is a little penny book of songs of the people; but we took a liking to some of them.—Yes, Auntie, I have done a few. I hope you will think them correct.

Aunt. Thanks, my child. I dare say they are. I wanted them in English, because they seem to me to give a higher nobler idea of the Germans than perhaps is generally acknowledged in England. The popular songs of a nation are said to give a very fair idea of its character; especially when they *remain* popular for years; and I think that in your book of songs there are some that were composed and sung with enthusiasm as long ago as 1805, *coming out* again on each succeeding war. I do like the tone of these little poems. It is religious, loyal, and free. Love for God, firm trust in Him, and then devotion to their king and to their fatherland; a grand combination, and all softened by the tender love for wives and children, and a clinging affection to their homes.

Edith. Those poor homes left now so desolate! Father said that the German soldiers had so very much more at stake than the French, who probably had been for years living away from their families.

Mary. But yet I am very sorry for those poor French.

Aunt. Yes, indeed, one's very heart aches for them. Still I suppose that all one's deep pity should not blind one to the truth. *As a nation* the Germans have come out nobly; *as a nation* the French have sunk very low. Can we help seeing that the *mass* of Germans are religious, *up to their lights*—the mass of French, infidels, shutting their eyes to the light? I am speaking of what their own writers said of them before the war began.

Mary. And then what dreadful stories their Government is always inventing, and their newspapers publishing!

Aunt. Yes, everyone must be struck by the hopelessness of getting at the truth from French sources; while the Germans have been scrupulously exact, rather under-stating than over-stating their successes in the official documents. They are not boasters, certainly. And I like the King's *courage* in openly ascribing his victories to the Lord of Hosts.

Edith. Certainly, if popular songs are tests of popular character, the words of La Marseillaise are very uncomfortable.

Aunt. And when one thinks of the deeds of horror that in the first Revolution were perpetrated to those tunes and those words! I believe that now in France 'les Rouges' are more dreaded in many districts than the Prussians. A refugee lady told me the other day that she

left France much more from fear of the violence of the Rouges than of any fear of what the Prussians would have done to her.

Mary. And what will be the end of all this misery and bloodshed?

Aunt. One would fain hope that the awful chastening may bring back the poor deluded people to the Faith. We may take comfort in the thought that there are multitudes of holy men and women in France whose prayers rise up night and day for their unhappy countrymen. Surely these prayers will prevail at last, and the fiery furnace of suffering will purify the sufferers, and bring them once more to bow their heads to that Service which alone is perfect freedom! There seem glimmerings of light already. Did you see a letter in *The Times*, in which the writer spoke of having travelled in company with a good sensible priest, who was quite aware of the general irreligion of his 'compatriotes,' but said that he was feeling hopeful that their trials were beginning to tell for good upon them? and he instanced the respect with which he had been treated by a company of young Gardes Mobiles, who some time ago would have received him with scoffings and abuse. The Bishop of Orleans also spoke publicly of the way in which many of the soldiers had been to pray in the cathedral before going forth to fight.

Edith. And then, Auntie, we are not going to forget the Sœurs de Charite and the noble Frères Chrétiens.

Aunt. No, indeed. The only bit of satisfaction one can usually get out of the newspapers are the accounts of those brave servants of God. One reads of them walking about with shells and bullets pelting around, as calm and unmoved as if they knew they bore a charmed life; and so no doubt they do, in one sense:

> 'Thou, Saviour, art *their* charmed bower,
> *Their* magic ring, *their* rock, *their* tower.'

Mary. O Auntie, did you see the story of the Frère who picked up an unexploded shell, *obus* they called it, and laid it down *very* gently, I suppose in some water, observing quietly that it would be very dangerous to put it down quickly, as it might explode at the least shock. The man who wrote the account, and those about him, rushed away in such a fright! And I like very much the account of General Ducrot (I don't like *him* at all) standing bare-headed when he spoke to the Frères.

Aunt. I fear he did not guess the source of that great courage which so awed him, but he may yet learn it.—Now, Edith, let us look at the songs.

'ERHEBT EUCH VON DER ERDE.'

O RISE ye from your slumbers,
Ye sleepers, leave your beds!
Good morrow, neigh the horses,
And proudly toss their heads;
Our precious weapons glitter
So bright in morning's beam;
We dream of victory's garland,
Then too of death we dream!

Thou gracious God, in mercy
Look down from Heaven, we pray:
It is Thyself hast called us
To bravely fight this day!
O let us stand before Thee,
Give victory to our swords;
While wave the Christian banners,
The battle is the Lord's!

Ere long shall come a morning,
A morning soft and bright;
Thy holy ones await it,
Thy Angels see its light;
Soon to that day unclouded
Shall every German wake;
O break, thou perfect morning!
Thou day of freedom, break!

Then will all bells be ringing,
Glad will be every breast,
Peace will the tempest follow,
And love and life and rest;
And then in every highway
Will sound the Victor-cry;
And we, ye valiant warriors,
We shall be standing by!

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

Now, Wife, our parting-hour has come;
The trumpet summons me away;
But yield not to despair or gloom,
God will watch o'er you day by day.

Give me the little one once more—
Poor Baby! let me kiss thy cheek;
But eight days old! my heart is sore
At leaving thee, so young, so weak.

The little rogue! He smiles at me!
I take that for an omen kind;
When cannons thunder angrily,
I'll bear my Baby's smile in mind.

Another blast! Take him away.—
Be God, the Lord of all, thy Shield!
Frenchman! for this sad hour shall pay
Thy life-blood on the battle-field.

My Boy, if ne'er we meet again,
Thy mother, weeping, thee shall tell,
'He, fighting for his home, was slain,
And for our Fatherland he fell.'

And should our arms be triumphed o'er,
(Which God forbid!) again on high
The German Eagle soon will soar,
And lead us on to victory.

And he, my boy, must learn to fight—
Promise it, Mother, ere I go—
To struggle for our country's right,
To guard her frontier from the foe.

Notices to Correspondents.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

Declined with thanks.—Daniel Sedgwick.

C. S. *can recommend* Margaret *three good books of Christmas Carols, with music.* Carols Ancient and Modern, *published by Metzler and Co.—the cheap edition price* 1*s.* 6*d.*; Christmas Carols Old and New, *edited by the Rev. H. R. Bramley and John Stainer, Mus. Doc., published by Novello, Ewer, and Co., price* 1*s.* 6*d.*; *and* Twelve Christmas Carols, *published by the S. P. C. K.* C. S. *has had a small selection from all three printed for her choir-boys, as there are so many more in each than are wanted for school children. If* Margaret *would like to see this small selection,* C. S. *will send her a copy of it; and, if she likes it, can let her have some copies at* 4*d. apiece, the cost price. Address*—Miss Starky, Bromham, Chippenham.

G. H. F. N. *informs* Dorothy Mary *that the lines quoted by her—*

'They are not tasting death, but taking rest
On the same holy couch where Jesus lay,
Soon to awake all glorified and blest,
When day has broke, and shadows fled away.'

are by Bonar, and form the last verse of a poem called Hymn for Easter, *in Mr. Baynes's* Lyra Anglicana, *page* 49.

Can any of the readers of The Monthly Packet *tell me the origin of the expression,* The Curse of Scotland, *when the nine of diamonds is turned up at cards?*—Bob.

Helen.—'Plain Church Teaching,' *by the author of* 'Brief Devotions for Passion-tide,' *published by Messrs. Mowbray and Co., Oxford, in three volumes, price* 7*s.* 6*d. The first and second are on the Collects, Epistles, and Gospels for Sundays; the third, on those for Saints' Days.*—C. F. J.——C. G. M. *thinks that* Helen *might find some aids to devotion such as she desires in* A Few Devotional Helps for Lent and Passion-tide, *and for the other seasons, published by Masters; or in* The Churchman's Guide to Faith and Piety, *by R. Brett, published by Masters.*

Mother Carey *begs to know whether there is any process for restoring everlasting flowers which have been long packed up.*

M. E. H. H. *is anxious to join a Monthly General Knowledge Question Society, and would be glad if someone would kindly send her some particulars of one where there is a vacancy, to* Poyntington Rectory, Sherborne.

M. E. E.—*We do not know of any French magazine published in England, and the excellent* Magaziu d'Education et de Recréation *is suspended by the war. We believe that some such serial as you desire is shortly about to appear.*

S. B. *will be obliged if the Editor, or any reader of* The Monthly Packet, *can tell her where the following lines, which she met with about eighteen years ago, are to be found:—*

'And they who knew him little, loved him not;
And they who knew him nothing, hated him;
And they who knew him best, loved him most,
Held him in pity.'

A. S. *will be very glad if any of the readers of* The Monthly Packet *can give her the verses called* The Bells, *and beginning—*

'We were eight in number
Up in that old old tower.'

E. A. G. *will find the hymn,* 'Jesus, while He dwelt below,' *in twenty-three stanzas, in Joseph Hart's Hymns, first published in the year* 1759. *It is one of the finest hymns in the English language, and was composed by Joseph Hart, minister of Jewin Street Chapel, London.*—Daniel Sedgwick, Sun Street, Bishopsgate, E.C.——M. E. E. *says it is in a book called* The Sacred Harp.——W. *says seven verses (six lines each) of the hymn are in* A Book of Hymns, with Accompanying Tunes, *edited by the Rev. E. Husband, and published by Novello and Co.,* 1, *Berners Street, price* 1*s. The first stanza is—*

'Jesus, while He dwelt below,
As divine historians say,
To a place would often go,
Near to Kedron's brook it lay;
In this place He loved to be,
And 'twas named Gethsemane.'

—Mrs. Lloyd, Rand Rectory, Wragby, *offers a copy of the hymn on receipt of* 5*s. for* The Gravesend Waterside Mission.

Anna *will be much obliged if any of the readers of* The Monthly Packet *can inform her where she can find the following lines:—*

'Apart from Thee I ask for nought;'
But grant me, oh, supremest Bliss!
A heart to love Thee as I ought—
Thou givest all in giving this.'

C. H. C.—The Sisterhood of St. John the Baptist, Clewer, *who work amongst the very poor, would gladly accept such an offer. Address*—The Lady Superior, 9, Rose Street, Soho Square, London, W.

A Reader of The Monthly Packet *advises* C. H. C. *to communicate with Sister Emily, 20, Belgrave Road, Abbey Road, N.W. The Sisterhood in Belgrave Road is a newly established one, connected with the Church Extension Association. The Sisters are glad of help in all kinds of needle-work, as they undertake orders for work, the profits of which are devoted to charitable purposes; they also work a great deal in girls' ragged schools, and are grateful for clothes suitable for children.*

We are afraid C. H. C. *and* Cicely *will both be confused at the number of answers. We can only hope that someone else may be stirred to supply some of the expectants with her work or her scraps.* C. H. C. *is responded to by* The Mission Sisters, St. Peter's Home, Mortimer Road, Kilburn, N.W.; The Orphanage of the Infant Saviour, Malvern Road, Kilburn; The Sisters, House of Retreat, 8, Lloyd Street, Clerkenwell, W.C.; The Sisters of the Poor, St. Michael's, Mark Street, Finsbury, E.C.; The London Diocesan Deaconess Institution, 58, Burton Crescent, W.C.; *and* The House of Charity, Greek Street, Soho. *The candidates for* Cicely's *scraps are* Mrs. Wise, Brendon Abbey, Barnstaple, *for bazaar work;* Miss E. Lloyd, Rand Rectory, Wragby, *for charity or Christmas-trees.*

Replies to Enid *are likewise manifold.*—E. J. *and hold that Tennyson referred to King David;* M. E. E., *that he means St. Augustine's Sermon on the ladder our conquered faults may be, (a sermon can hardly be called a harp;)* N. A. P. *and* L. M. G., *that the lines refer to Longfellow's poem based upon that Sermon;* J. L., *that the reference is to Wordsworth's* Prelude; *and an anonymous Correspondent, that it is to the passage in the Fourth Book of* The Excursion, *beginning—*

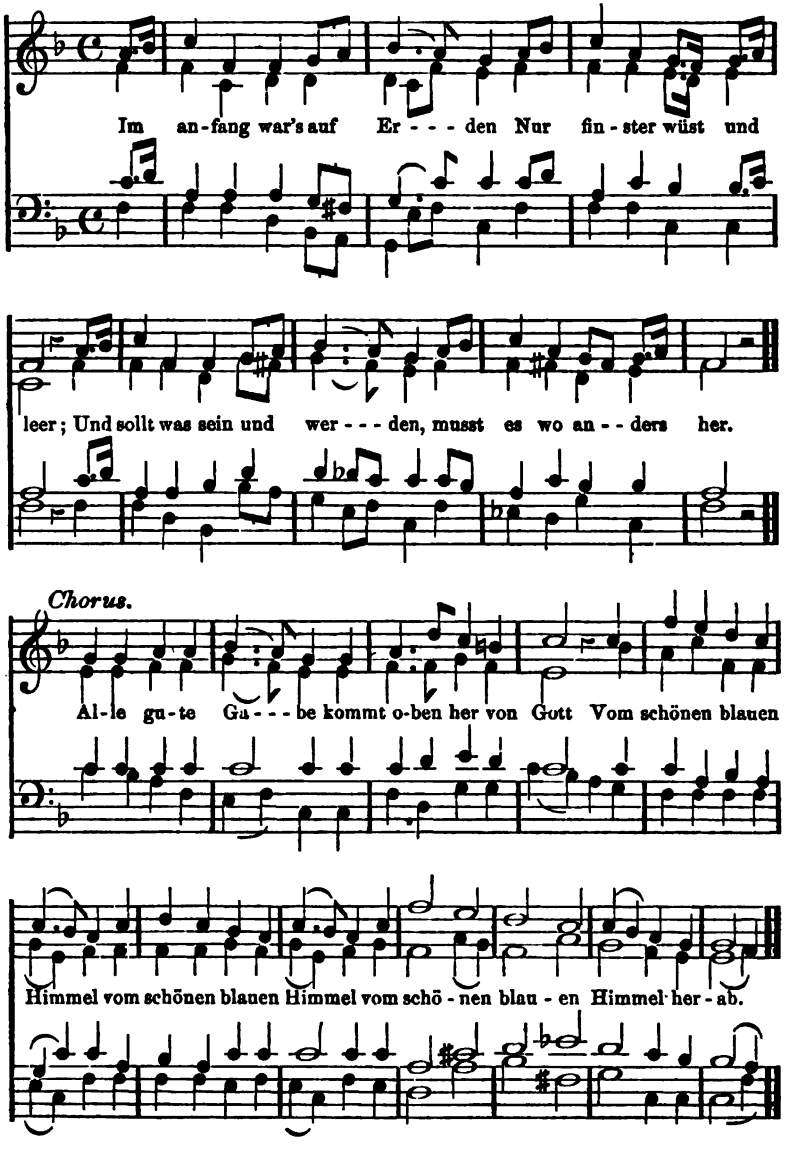
'Within the soul a faculty abides.'

Straw letters or monograms for the decoration of churches or schools, &c., may be had from G. W. *at the rate of* 1½*d. per letter in large size, of* 1*d. in smaller, on application to the Editor.*

A. B. *asks for information respecting* Holy Cross Home, Walworth. *It is the same Sisterhood which began work in St. George's in the East, the Mother House being now moved to Walworth, leaving a Branch House to continue the work in St. George's. There is also a Branch House established in Sheffield.*

W. *sends the origin of* Hymn 360.

DAS BAUERNLIED.

VON MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS, 1783.

Im an-fang war's auf Er - - - den Nur fin-ster wüst und
leer; Und sollt was sein und wer - - - den, musst es wo an - - ders her.
Chorus.
Al-le gu-te Gu - - - be kommt o-ben her von Gott Vom schönen blauen
Himmel vom schönen blauen Himmel vom schö - nen blau - en Himmel her - ab.

DER VORSANGER.

1. Im Anfang war's Auf Erden
Nur finster wüst und leer;
Und sollt' was sein und werden
Musst' es wo anders her.

Chorus.

Alle gute Gabe
Kam oben her von Gott
Vom schönen blauen Himmel herab!

2. So ist es hergegangen
Im Anfang, als Gott sprach,
Und wie sich's angefangen
So geht's noch diesen Tag.
Chorus.—Alle gute, &c.

3. Wir pflügen und wir streuen
Den Samen auf das Land;
Doch Wachsthum und Gedeihen
Steht nicht in unser Hand.
Chorus.—Alle gute, &c.

4. Der thut mit leisem Wehen
Sich mild und heimlich auf,
Und träuft, wenn wir heim gehen
Wuchs und Gedeihen drauf.
Chorus.—Alle gute, &c.

5. Der sendet Thau und Regen,
Und Sonn—und Mondenschein
Der Wickelt Gottes Segen
Gar zart, und künstlich ein.
Chorus.—Alle gute, &c.

6. Und bringt ihn denn behende
In unser Feld und Brodt
Es geht durch seine Hände,
Kommt aber her von Gott.
Chorus.—Alle gute, &c.

7. Was nah' ist, und was ferne
Von Gott kommt alles her
Der Strohhalm, und die Sterne
Der Sperling, und das Meer.
Chorus.—Alle gute, &c.

8. Von Ihm sind Büsch' und Blätter,
Und Korn und Obst von Ihm
Von Ihm mild Frühlingswetter
Und Schnee, und Ungestüm.
Chorus.—Alle gute, &c.

9. Er, Er macht Sonnaufgehen
Er stellt des Mondes Lauf,
Er lässt die Winde wehen
Er thut den Himmel auf.
Chorus.—Alle gute, &c.

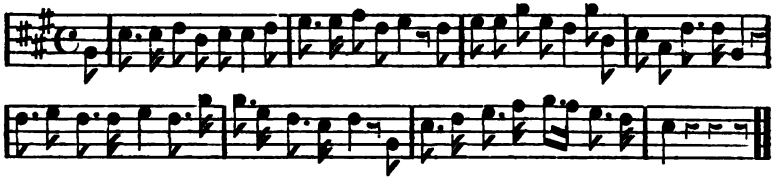
10. Er schenkt uns Vieh, und Freude
Er macht uns frisch und roth
Er giebt den Kühen Weide
Und unsern Kindern Brodt.
Chorus.—Alle gute, &c.

11. Auch Frommsein und Vertrauen
Und stiller edler Sinn
Ihm flehn und auf Ihn schauen
Kommt alles uns durch Ihn.
Chorus.—Alle gute, &c.

12. Er gehet ungesehen
Im Dorfe um und wacht,
Und rührt die herzlich flehen
Im Schlafe an bei Nacht.
Chorus.—Alle gute, &c.

13. Darum so woll'n wir loben
Und loben immerdar
Den grossen Geber oben
Er ist's! und Er ist's gar.
Chorus.—Alle gute, &c.

Stanza 3.—In the Concordia the last line of this stanza is 'Das kommt von Gottes Hand.'
Stanzas 6 and 10.—*Brodt* is an older form of *Brod.*
In Stanza 5 the book gives *Seegen*', the Concordia *Segen.*

This air is copied exactly from M. Claudius Werke: the sharps seem peculiar; there is no clef given.

Porte-menus *for the dinner-table,* 14*s.* 6*d. the set of six, or a specimen by post,* 2*s.* 6*d. They are made to hold the ordinary dinner-cards, and are ornamented with water-colour sketches.* Miss Carter, Clewer Rectory, Windsor, *would gratefully receive orders for the above: the proceeds are given to* Clewer *charities.*

Mr. Allnutt acknowledges, with many thanks, the following donations to The Nursery of the Good Shepherd, Portsea:—W. H. P., *a dozen babies' hoods;* Mrs. Currie, £2 2*s.*; Mary, £1 1*s*; C. M. B., £1; Mrs. R., 12*s.*; F. W., 10*s.*; Julia, 5*s.*; Amy, 5*s.*; *also a box containing oranges, scrap-book, pinafores, socks, &c.; a package of toys, some knitted clothing, and sweets.*

S. E.—I. B. *would wish, in answer to the request which* S. E. *has made, to direct her attention to* The Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament. *The Rev. T. Carter, Clewer, Windsor, is the Superior. The Secretary's address is at Mr. Hayes,* 5, *Lyall Place, Eaton Square, London, S.W. All information can be obtained from him.* S. E. *might purchase (there, or at any High-Church bookseller's) the* Manual of the Confraternity, *price* 4*d. The comfort and support of this Confraternity's intercessions, (it numbers seven thousand Communicants,) and the guidance which it has afforded, have proved an incalculable blessing to the writer.*

Does S. E. *know* The Association for Intercessory Prayer, *the Secretary of which is the Rev. R. M. Benson, Cowley, Oxford. Rules:*—Persons belonging to this Association shall undertake to fulfil one or other of the following terms of union: 1. That they will spend at least one quarter of an hour daily in prayer for the conversion of all those who neglect God's grace. 2. That they will spend five minutes daily in prayer for the same object. 3. That they will say daily the Collect of the Association. Associates shall also be careful to remember in prayer the special cases which shall from time to time be circulated: *with other rules. A Manual of Intercessory Prayer is published by Messrs. Bell and Daldy, Fleet Street, through whom also reference may be made to the Secretary of the Association.*——*Also,* The Association for the Promotion of the Unity of Christendom. *Rules:*—The daily use of a short form of prayer, together with one 'Our Father' for the intention of the Association. *Secretary, the Rev. H. T. Howes, care of Mr. Hayes, Lyall Place, S.W.*——Catholic Union for Prayer. *Secretary, Professor Bentley: Office,* 11, *Burleigh Street, Strand, W.C. This Association has been formed for the purpose of combining all English Catholics into an Union for prayer:* (1) *for the re-union of Christendom;* (2) *for the stability of the Holy Churches of God; and* (3) *for the defence and maintenance of the faith in the Church, especially in the Church of England. Rules:*—1. To say daily the seven petitions of the Lord's Prayer for these objects. 2. To say when present at public worship, with especial earnestness, all such parts of the Common Prayer as bear upon the well-being either of the Church collectively, or the Church of England in particular, and upon the peace and concord of the world.——The Society of the Apostolic Rule; *a Society for prayer and mutual help and good work.*—C. G. M.

For The Daisy Chain Cot, Cumberland Street Hospital, *we most thankfully acknowledge Post-office Orders from* Mount Braddon, £1; Leversham, £1 1*s.*; M. G. O. S., £1; Lady C., 19*s.* 9*d.*; Philip *and* Anna, £1; M. I. T., £2; O. S. M., Devon, 6*s.*; A Grateful Mother, £5. *In stamps*—Freddy *and* Ella, 5*s.*; Anon., 2*s.* 6*d.*; An Old Subscriber, 1*s.*; Three Lovers of Daisies and Violets, 3*s.*; Fanny *and* Freddy, 5*s. and some scrap-books;* Eleanor, 2*s.* 6*d.*; C. H., 2*s.* 6*d.*; M. I., 2*s.* 6*d. These are received before the* 14*th of January; those that come in after that date must be acknowledged in the March number. We believe that the cost of its maintenance will be about* £30 *per annum; so that our friends must work hard if they wish to gather a crop of pale daisies.*

E. C. L. *acknowledges, with grateful thanks, many kind contributions of pictures for her scrap-books for sick children, from* M. E. P.; B. M. E. A.; Ursula; E. E., 0|12|70; A. L. P. W.; the Editor of The English Churchman; Miss Marshall Sandford, Steeple Aston, Oxon.; M. H. B., a Constant Reader of The Monthly Packet; C. C. C.; M. L. R.; E. E., 6|12|70; F. Y.; J. G. G.; E. E. W. *Also, packets bearing the post-marks*—Guildford, Lynn, Oxford, Mumbles, Stockton, Carlisle, Northallerton, *have been received, and* E. C. L. *is truly obliged for their contents.*

The Sisters at St. Margaret's, East Grinstead, *acknowledge with thanks* 10*s.*, *from* S. *Those of* St. Mary's Home, Soho, *a parcel of clothes, and* 5*s. in stamps.*

John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.

THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

MARCH, 1871.

THE DIVINA COMMEDIA OF DANTE.

By the time Virgil has finished the work enjoined upon him by Cato, the red flush of sunrise has died away from the eastern sky, and day has begun. The frequency of Dante's references to astronomical phenomena, remarkable even in the Inferno, is naturally more prominent in the Purgatorio, where the poets have the varying positions of sun and stars continually before their eyes. Here, at the beginning of the second Canto, we have such a reference; its meaning on the whole being plain enough, in spite of the obscurity of line 6. Our readers are already aware that the Ganges, Jerusalem, Seville, and the mountain of Purgatory, are the four supposed equidistant stations that complete the circuit of the globe. Therefore, when the sun rises on Purgatory, there is sunset at Jerusalem, midnight at the Ganges; and as the two former have a common horizon and corresponding meridians, Dante's saying that the sun has reached the horizon of Jerusalem in setting implies that it has reached that of Purgatory in rising; while midnight, being in Libra, (in opposition to the sun now in Aries,) hangs over the Ganges. Thus far is plain and sufficient to the understanding of the passage. Line 6, however, as far as the words go, may mean almost anything; but accommodating our interpretation to the necessities of astronomy, we may explain that Night is supposed to drop the Scales from her hand when she has passed that and the next following sign of Sagittarius, and has reached Capricorn; for then, and not till then, will the Sun reach Cancer, and the nights begin to increase.

Again, lines 13–15 form one of many passages which compel us to admire the correctness of Dante's observation of nature. He chooses Mars, the ruddiest of the planets; places him 'down in the west' so as to be in opposition to the Sun, and therefore at his brightest phase to us; and fixes for the time of day that particular hour when the coldness of the atmosphere begins to call up the first vapours from the sea's surface, so as to intensify his redness without totally obscuring him; and this, while the other stars nearer the east are beginning to be blanched and

dimmed by the advancing sunrise. There is not a word in these three lines that does not contribute a real share to the completion of the picture. Although the present opposition of Mars is not one of his brightest, yet if any of our readers will be up betimes any fine morning of the ensuing month, and will look out to the south-west about five o'clock, they will gain a fair idea of what Dante here means. Finally, lines 55–57 signify that it is by that time two hours since sunrise; for when the sun rose in Aries, Capricorn was on the meridian, and each sign occupies two hours in passing any particular point of its daily circuit.

Then the poet recognizes among the troop of spirits set down by the angel, his old friend Casella, a musician of note in Florence, who, as we may judge from line 112, had been accustomed to set Dante's songs to music. He must have been dead some time by this, for Dante wonders that he has only just reached the shore of Purgatory; but Casella explains that the souls of the redeemed are not always taken at once, but often have to wait at the mouth of the Tiber till the divine providence allows them to proceed. This harmonizes with what we find stated a little further on, that they whose repentance has come late in life are not at once admitted to Purgatory, even after reaching its shores, but have to linger outside the gate for a length of time proportionate to that they wasted upon earth, unless it be shortened by the intercessions of others. But on occasion of a jubilee, all souls save those doomed to the pains of hell have free leave to pass to their purgatory in peace; a law which Casella reaped the benefit of, at the jubilee granted by Pope Boniface in the Christmas of 1299. The mouth of the Tiber, where Dante places the point of departure for the souls of the redeemed, is chosen of course as being the nearest point of the coast to Rome, and so the port of the Church to whom is given the assurance of salvation.

Then Casella's song is interrupted by the sudden appearance of Cato, who disperses the crowd with a rebuke for their idleness. On this they fly hurriedly away, and Virgil and Dante also pursue their way to the mountain.

THE PURGATORIO.—CANTO II.

The sun already had that horizon gained
  Whose circle of meridian overtoppeth
  Jerusalem at the highest point attained;
And night, that in the adverse quarter gropeth,
  Came forth from Ganges with the Scales displayed,
  Which when increasing from her hand she droppeth:
So that the white and crimson tints arrayed
  In fair Aurora's cheek, to view abating
  Through growth of age an orange hue betrayed.

We from the sea-shore not yet separating
  Went, as one thinking o'er his journey goeth
  In spirit on, while in the body waiting.
And lo, as when the dawn to daylight groweth,
  Mars through the heavy vapour upwards streamed,
  Down in the west o'er ocean's surface gloweth;
Such—and again may I behold it—gleamed
  A light athwart the sea, which so unceasing
  Sped, that no wing its equal could be deemed.
Then from its view awhile my gaze releasing
  That I might ask my lord, again I turned,
  And saw it brighter and of size increasing.
Then something all about it I discerned
  Of white, but what I knew not; and thereunder
  Slowly another luminousness burned.
Not yet the Master parted lips asunder,
  Till the first white as wings to view were given;
  Then when he knew the pilot well, in wonder
He cried, 'Haste, haste; down to thy knees be driven;
  Behold God's angel: fold thy hands revering;
  Now shalt thou see real ministers of heaven.
See how all human artifice unfearing
  He scorns, and oar and other sail refuseth
  Beside his wings, 'twixt shores so distant steering.
See how he points them up to heaven, nor chooseth
  To fan the air but with that plume undying,
  That not to fail like mortal pinion useth.'
Then as the bird divine came nearer flying
  And nearer towards us, brighter he appeared;
  And, for such splendour there could be no eying,
I bent my gaze down. And the shore he neared,
  Borne in a vessel, light and nimbly fitting,
  So that the water's lip it wholly cleared.
There at the stern, full proof as 'twere by writing
  Of blessedness the heavenly pilot bringeth;
  With full a thousand spirits therein sitting.
When Israel came out of Egypt singeth
  The whole together in one voice combined,
  With all the rest that from that preface springeth.
Them with the sign of holy cross he signed,
  Whereat unto the shore they all did throw them,
  And, as he came, with swiftness unconfined
He went. The crowd remaining there did shew them
  Strange to the place, and all around them gazed,
  As one who sees new things and strives to know them.

In every quarter of the day now blazed
The irradiant sun, who with his shafts resplendent
From midmost heaven the Capricorn had chased;
When the new comers raised their brow attendant
On us, and said, 'Pray tell us, if you know it,
The path whereby to win the mount's ascendant.'
'Maybe ye think us,' answered then the poet
In full acquaintance of this region trained;
But we are strangers, ev'n as you. Unto it
We late, but scarce before you, have attained
By other road, so rough and danger-seething,
That this ascent seems easy to be gained.'
The souls aware already of my breathing,
Which them of my still living state assureth,
Turned pale with wonder. And, just as the wreathing
Of olive by an envoy borne, allureth
The folk to hear what message he doth carry,
And none to lag behind the press endureth;
So then on me with aspect voluntary
Those happy souls did gaze, and little heeding
To go to make them fair and spotless, tarry.
One then I saw before the others speeding,
To embrace me with such passionate affection,
As moved me to the like. O shades exceeding
Unreal in all but semblance! in direction
To clasp behind him thrice my arms I strained,
Thrice to my breast returned them. My complexion
With wonder somewhat, I believe, was stained;
Whereat the spirit smiled while yet retiring,
But I no whit from following him refrained.
Most sweetly then he spake to me, desiring
Me there to stop: then knew I him, and prayed
That he would wait to answer my inquiring.
Then, 'As I loved thee while in flesh arrayed,
So much I love thee now thereof forsaken;
Therefore I wait; but why hast hither strayed?'
'This journey, my Casella, hath been taken,
That I some time again may hither hie me;
But how,' I said, 'hast thou so far mistaken
Thine hour?' And he, 'No wrong hath come anigh me,
If he who when and whom he pleases skilleth
To take, full oft this passage should deny me,
Since that his will the Will supreme fulfilleth.
In truth, these three months now he hath not spurned
Whoe'er to enter without hindrance willeth:

And I, unto that strand already turned,
  Where Tiber's course at last in ocean endeth,
  Proof of his favour in embarking learned.
Now to that port again his wing he bendeth,
  For always there he gathers up whoever
  Not to the brink of Acheron descendeth.'
Then I, 'If no new law doth from thee sever
  The memory of the amorous song that used
  To satisfy my utmost wish, endeavour
Therewith, I pray, to soothe my soul confused,
  Which hitherwards its load of body bringing,
  Hath with the labour been so spent and bruised.'
Love that within my mind holds converse singing
  Straight without prelude he began, so sweetly
  That its sweet strains within me yet are ringing.
My Master, I, the new-come souls, completely
  Seemed all therewith entranced, as if no notion
  Of aught beside could touch. So indiscreetly
We on his notes all hung in rapt devotion;
  When lo, the venerable old man demanding,
  'What is this, lazy spirits?' made commotion.
'What negligence?' he cried, 'what idle standing?
  Run to the mount, to cast that slough unholy,
  That keeps you from the sight of God.' Disbanding
As pigeons gathered in a pasture, wholly
  Intent on picking grain or tare together,
  Nor, as their wont is, clamouring masterfully,
If aught of fear arise from chance or weather,
  Leave suddenly their food, because attended
  By more important cares; of such like feather
Seemed this new troop, who with the song unended,
  Broke up and fled, towards the hill-side darting,
  Like men who know not whither they have tended.
Nor less indeed in haste was our departing.

(*To be continued.*)

A PRAYER FOR LENT.

FATHER of all,
To Thee we call;
Lowly, before Thy Throne we fall;
Oh hear, and bless us, one and all!

Hear us, we pray;
Turn not away
The brightness of Thy Face to-day,
O Thou, our everlasting stay!

Afflicted sore,
We Thee implore,
That now Thou wouldest us restore
Unto Thy favour, LORD, once more.

From sin we flee;
We come to Thee,
The only refuge we can see,
Just as we are, without one plea.

From sin release;
Oh give us peace;
Faith, hope, and charity increase;
And bid our doubts and sorrows cease.

Our hearts refine
With love divine;
And let us shew indeed the sign
That we are Thine, and only Thine.

When past, death's night
Gone by, life's fight;
Oh grant, that girt about with light,
We may dwell ever in Thy sight!

No longer poor;
All trials o'er;
Once within that heavenly door,
We shall be safe for evermore.

Amen.

SONGS OF OTHER CHURCHES.

BY LOUIS COUTHER BIGGS, M.A.

III.

THE GREEK CHURCH. *(continued.)*

FROM the tangled though richly-coloured skein of Greek Church-song, as it is found in the service-books of that communion, we can only draw forth and present to our readers a few, and those perhaps not the brightest threads. If we can succeed in making the structure of the

Greek Canon intelligible, it may help those who are interested in the subject to appreciate such of our Church hymns as have been derived from this source.

A Canon, then, may perhaps be best described as a set or series of Canticles, nominally nine, but really eight in number. These are based on, and correspond to, the Scripture Canticles used at the early service of the Eastern Church, which answers to the Western 'Lauds.' These latter are from (1) Exodus, xv.; (2) Deut. xxxii.;—this has no 'Ode' corresponding to it in the Canons, the Canticle itself being only used in Lent;—(3) 1 Sam. ii.; (4) Habakkuk, iii.; (5) Isaiah, xxvi. 9–20; (6) Jonah, ii.; (7) Song of the Three Children, 3–34; (8) our *Benedicite*, from the same; (9) *Magnificat* and *Benedictus*.

The 'Ode' which corresponds to each of these Canticles is thus made up:—some stanza from another source is taken as a model; this is sometimes given at length, sometimes merely indicated by quoting its first few words, and it is called the *Heirmos*, (εἱρμός,) from εἴρω,[1] to join or string together. All the stanzas of the Ode strictly follow this model in rhythm and accentuation, and are called Troparia, (τροπάρια,) from their *turning to* the Heirmos as their pattern. The number of Troparia in an Ode varies from three to more than twenty. The concluding Troparion is *sometimes*[2] a 'Theotokion,' *i. e.* dedicated to the praise of the Blessed Virgin. An acrostic often runs through the initial letters of the Troparia, sometimes forming a line or part of a line of poetry, sometimes going through the whole alphabet in order, and sometimes giving the name of the author. It is certainly too much to say, with Dr. Neale, that verse and metre are wholly discarded in Greek Church Song. The Catavisiæ (anthems introduced in the Canon, and sung in the body of the church by the whole choir) are written in Iambic verse in one of the specimens translated by Dr. Neale himself; and Dr. Daniel's *Thesaurus Hymnologicus* gives metrical hymns by S. John Damascene and other Church writers.

We shall not repeat here those lives of the Greek hymnographers which Dr. Neale has given in his 'Hymns of the Eastern Church;' but we may perhaps be permitted to illustrate from his translations the curious correspondence which exists between the Scripture Canticles and the Odes. This will be best seen by our giving in parallel columns the key-notes, so to speak, of the Canons which he has translated entire. Our readers will thus see the advantages and disadvantages of the Greek system for themselves.

[1] Eirō. The classical form is εἶρμος, (without the aspirate); but the sibilant in the Latin kindred word *Sero* seems to represent a rough breathing in the Greek.

[2] Not, as Dr. Neale states, always.

CANTICLE.	ODE.	S. JOHN DAMASCENE. (Canon for Easter Day.)	S. COSMAS OF JERUSALEM. (Canon for Christmas Day.)	S. JOSEPH OF THE STUDIUM. (Canon for Ascension Day.)
Song of Moses at the Red Sea.	I.	'From Death to Life Eternal,— From this world to the sky, Our CHRIST hath *brought us over*, With hymns of victory.'	'Sing to the LORD, O world, with exultation! Break forth in glad thanksgiving, every nation! For He hath triumphed gloriously!'	[From the *Catavisiæ*.] 'Darkness and awe, when Sinai's top he trod, Taught him of faltering tongue the Law of GOD: The mist was scattered from his spirit's eye, He praised and hymned the Maker of the sky, When He that is, and was, and shall be, passed by.'
Song of Hannah. (See especially verses 5–8.)	III.[1]	'Yesterday with Thee in burial lying, Now to-day with Thee arisen, I rise; Yesterday the partner of Thy dying, With Thyself upraise me to the skies!'	'Thou that liftest up our horn.' ——— 'Thou, JESUS CHRIST, wast consubstantial With this our perishable clay, And, by assuming earthly nature, Exalted it to heavenly day.'	'Her fetters of the barren womb it rent, It crushed the malice of the insolent, The cry of her—the prophetess, who brought A contrite spirit, and an humble thought, To Him, Who bids His Throne by earnest prayer be sought.'
Song of Habakkuk.	IV.	'Stand on thy watch-tower, Habakkuk the seer, And shew the Angel, radiant in his light: "To-day," saith he, "Salvation shall appear, Because the LORD hath risen, as GOD of Might."'	'Thou, Flower of Mary born, From that thick shady mountain Cam'st forth this glorious morn.' (where the reference is to the LXX. version of Hab. iii. 3: 'And the Holy One shall come from the thick shady mountain of Pharan.')	No exact words of correspondence can be quoted, but there is probably in the mention of our LORD on the Mount of Olives a reference to the 'Holy One' coming 'from Mount Paran.'
Song of Isaiah.	V.	'Thy unbounded loving-kindness, They that groaned in Hades' chain, Prisoners from afar beholding, Hasten to the light again.' (See Isaiah, xxvi. 19.)	'Father of Peace, and GOD of Consolation! The Angel of the Counsel Thou dost send To herald peace, to manifest Salvation, Thy Light to pour, Thy knowledge to extend; Whence with the morning's earliest rays, Lover of men! Thy Name we praise.' (See Isaiah, xxvi. 9, 12.)	'Quickened and cleansed, receive remission new In the descending SPIRIT'S fiery dew.' (See Isaiah, xxvi. 19.)

[1] Many of the 'third Odes' introduce a mention of the Fall of Adam, the connection of which with the subjects of the Canticle is not obvious.

CANTICLE.	ODE.	S. JOHN DAMASCENE. (Canon for Easter Day.)	S. COSMAS OF JERUSALEM. (Canon for Christmas Day.)	S. JOSEPH OF THE STUDIUM. (Canon for Ascension Day.)
Song of Jonah.	VI.	'Into the dim earth's lowest parts descending, And bursting by Thy Might the infernal chain That bound the prisoners, Thou, at three days' ending, As Jonah from the whale, hast risen again.'	'As Jonah, issuing from his three days' tomb, At length was cast, uninjured, on the earth; So from the Virgin's unpolluted womb The Incarnate WORD, that dwelt there, had His Birth.'	'As once the Prophet from the monster's maw, So now Thy Love, accomplishing the Law, Adam from utter death to perfect Life would draw.'
Song of the Three Children. (First Part.)	VII.	'Who from the fiery furnace saved the three, Suffers as mortal.'	'The Holy Children boldly stand Against the tyrant's fierce command: The kindled furnace they defy,— No doom can shake their constancy: They in the midmost flame confessed, "GOD of our Fathers! Thou art blessed."'	'Joined with the trumpet peal, the din and shout, Cornet, flute, sackbut, dulcimer, rang out, And bade adore the golden deity: The SPIRIT's gentler voice gives praise to Thee, O Co-eternal ONE—O Consubstantial THREE!'
Benedicite.	VIII.	(No special reference to the Canticle.)	'The dewy freshness[1] that the furnace flings Works out a wondrous type of future things: Nor did the flame the holy three consume, Nor did the Godhead's fire thy frame entomb, Thou, on whose bosom hung the WORD; Wherefore we cry with heart's endeavour, "Let all Creation bless the LORD, And magnify His Name for ever!"'	'Praising the LORD they stood, the Martyr three, Untouched amidst the fire and wholly free: With them associate, let the world's wide frame To Him Whose healing dew restrained the flame, Send up the hymn of praise, and magnify His Name!'
Magnificat and *Benedictus.*	IX.	(No special reference to the Canticle.)	'O wondrous mystery, full of grace! The grot becometh Heaven: the Virgin's breast The bright Cherubic Throne,' &c.	(No special reference to the Canticle.)

[1] See Song of the Three Children, v. 27.

S. Cosmas, in the first Ode of his Canon for the Purification, has a very quaint simile:—'As the sun shone between the walls of the Red Sea water, strengthened to remain upright; so CHRIST, the true Sun, shone in the feeble arms of Symeon strengthened to carry Him.'

In the following examples an endeavour has been made to assimilate the translations as far as possible to the structure of an ordinary English hymn. The first hymn is from S. John Damascene, who flourished in the latter part of the eighth century. The scanty facts known concerning his life will be found at page 31 of the third edition of Dr. Neale's little book.

HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

'Let Heaven and earth to-day rejoice
To see fulfilled the prophet's voice;
Angels with men exulting say,
That GOD as man is born to-day,
And doth appear
To them who sat in shades of darkness drear.

We in the Manger see the Child,
Born of the Virgin undefiled;
We hear the Shepherds tell with awe
The marvel in the cave they saw;
While from the East
To Bethlehem with gifts the Magi haste.

Our lips unworthy, yet would cry
With angels—"Praise to GOD on high,
And peace on earth," for there art Thou,
Desire of nations, with us now;
And sett'st us free
From all the bondage of the enemy.'

The original of the following hymn may be seen in Daniel's *Thesaurus Hymnologicus*, vol. iii., p. 114. Its author is Symeon Metaphrastes, who wrote in the tenth century, in the reign of Constantine Porphyrogenitus. He is said to have been promoted to high office in the state, and to have shewn himself well qualified for it. His great work, begun about A.D. 914, is his 'Acts of the Saints.' It is said that he was induced to compose it by finding the Lives of the Saints so little studied. In Migné's *Patrologiæ Cursus Completus* this work is highly spoken of; and we are told that the author has been unjustly maligned by the too severe French critics of the seventeenth century, as a mere writer of fables. However, Bellarmine admits with charming candour that 'Symeon related things, not as they were, but as they might have been;' on which Mrs. Browning remarks that she is only inclined to quarrel with the *latter* half of Bellarmine's opinion.

HYMN FOR THE HOLY COMMUNION.

'Behold me now approaching
Communion with my LORD;
Let not Thy flames, CREATOR,
Be on my head outpoured;
(For Thou, to burn the wicked,
Art a consuming Fire;)
But purify me wholly
From stain of ill desire.

Tremble, O man, beholding
The Blood of mighty power;—
'Tis the live Coal, whose burning
The ungodly shall devour.
CHRIST'S Body with His Nature
Fills me, and gives me food,
Fills with Himself my spirit,
And feeds my soul with good.

To eat thy Master's Body,
Mortal, in fear draw nigh;
Lest fire from out His Presence
Consume thee, and thou die.
With foes be reconcilèd
Before His Blood thou drink,
Then from the mystic Banquet
Let not thy spirit shrink.'

The Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus, as well as his father Leo VI., surnamed 'The Philosopher,' was a writer of Church hymns. Dr. Neale dismisses their productions with the very faint praise, 'better than might have been expected;' but our readers may be glad to judge for themselves, so far as the shortcomings of the translation will allow them, of the merits of these imperial authors. We have eleven Easter Canticles, or Idiomela, (*i. e.* detached stanzas,) and eleven Theotokia following them, by Leo VI., to which eleven Morning Hymns by his son Constantine are added. There is in the British Museum a quaint translation of these in Latin and in French verse, the work of Pierre Moraud, published in 1580. The following is a translation of Leo's fifth Easter Canticle and *Theotokion*:—

'CHRIST, the Life and Way of all men,
Newly risen from the dead,
Cleopas' and Luke's Companion
On their Journey as they sped,
At Emmaus was revealèd
Unto them in breaking bread.

Glowing, burned their hearts within them,
By His holy teaching cheered;
When, expounded from the Scriptures,
What was done to CHRIST they heard.
Sing with them, "The LORD is risen,
And to Peter hath appeared."

O my merciful CREATOR,
Thee I praise, Who didst not scorn,
Taking on Thee man's deliverance,
Of Thy Glory to be shorn;
And, our fallen nature wearing,
Wast of holy Mother born.

Thou for me and my Salvation,
That the lost might be restored,
Didst descend where souls departed
Wait the day of dread award;
So Thy Mother's prayers fulfilling,
Merciful and mighty LORD!'

Constantine's fifth Morning Hymn is not a favourable specimen, though Moraud's translation makes it most unnecessarily worse. He makes one of the two who accompanied our LORD to Emmaus break into violent abuse on finding their Companion apparently uninformed concerning the Crucifixion:—

'Nul, dit-il, en Syon
Tant est pécore,
Qui ceste passion
De CHRIST ignore.'

The following lines are from Constantine's eighth Morning Hymn:—

'Twas not in vain the Magdalene
Shed on the SAVIOUR'S tomb her tears;
For CHRIST Himself by her is seen,
And white-robed Angels calm her fears.

Yet earthly thoughts her weakness shew;
Nor may she clasp her SAVIOUR'S Feet,
But of His Love He bids her go,
And in His Name His brethren greet.

To them the joyful news she bare,
That to Thy Home Thou wouldst ascend:
LORD, may we too Thy Glory share,
And see Thy Face, world without end.'

Besides the hymns mentioned above, Leo VI. wrote a Hymn of Contrition[1] in Anacreontics, the stanzas of six lines each, containing an alphabetical acrostic, and, unlike those of S. Sophronius, including the long vowels, H and Ω.

Space has not permitted us to illustrate fully those Greek authors from whom Dr. Neale's translations are mostly taken: it may suffice to refer our readers to the hymn-books in which several of these are already popularized, and in the prefaces to which will usually be found an acknowledgement of their source. But the following, from the

[1] Ὠιδάριον κατανυκτικόν,—'Canticum Compunctionis,' as Migné translates.

Iambics of John Mauropus, may not be unwelcome. This author is said to have been Archbishop of Euchaïta (otherwise called Euchania or Theodoropolis) in the eleventh century. Two of his unmetrical hymns from the Greek Offices are given by Professor Vormbaum in Daniel's *Thesaurus*.

ON THE HOLY NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

'Say, what is this? A light illumes the sky,—
The air is filled with sweetest harmony;
Let us draw near, and learn this mystery.

"Glory to God made flesh," the Angels sing.
"How is God flesh? shew me this wondrous thing;
Whence comes the Babe, Who doth Salvation bring?"

Go with yon shepherd-band, who eager speed;
They, as thou seest, their flocks no longer heed;
So thy desire shall be fulfilled indeed.

There, in a cave, which haughtier ones pass by,
Thou seest an Infant in a manger lie,
Thou seest the Mother of the Deity.

"Can it be He, poor, homeless, meanly drest,
But newly born?"—Yes, be the truth confessed,
We see the Star His heavenly Birth attest.'

The hymn is much longer; but we prefer to give, as our concluding extract, the following, from the same author's hymn for Palm Sunday, a somewhat more spirited production than many of those printed as the compositions of John Mauropus.

'Thy gates, belovèd of thy God,
Unclose, Jerusalem:
For lo, the Master on His road
Cometh Himself to them.

Lowly and gentle, just and kind,
An ass's foal His steed;
While His disciples close behind,
As wayfarers proceed.

With shouts of loud applause we see
The children go before,
For by the lambs the Lamb must be
Praisèd for evermore.

(To be continued.)

'QUELLA ROMA, ONDE CRISTO È ROMANO.'

I.

Free at last, at last united,
Land of beauty, Italy!
From thine Alps, with snow defended,
To the blue Sicilian sea;
Ah, what tears, what prayers, what pining,
Ere that gladness came to thee!

One at last, at last. No stranger
Guards Venetian strand,
And the walls of old Verona
Hold no foreign band;
Umbria's sons obey the chosen
King of all the land.

By endurance long and weary,
Patriots' grief and exiles' pain,
In the prison, on the scaffold,
Step by step their cause they gain,
'Mid the scorn of friends and foemen,
'All your suffering is in vain.'

Though men called the vision hopeless,
Still they held it fast;
Till with quick untrembling fingers
Time the die hath cast,
And to them the prize hath fallen,
Rome is gained at last.

II.

Rome—ah Rome! our hearts are thrilling
Only at thy name,
And the dream it stirs within us
Fills our hearts like flame—
Thinking of thy new-made kingdom,
Thinking of thine ancient claim.

Once, O Mother of the Churches,
Was thy crown more fair to see;
Symbol of a wider kingdom,
And a nobler unity:

Through long years of separation,
Still thy children yearn for thee.

Still we dwell with fond remembrance
On the glorious days of old,
When the flocks of CHRIST were gathered
In a yet unbroken fold;
Still we wait, though hope grows fainter,
What the future may unfold.

Earthly hopes have found fulfilment,
In a nation free once more,
Let us take it for an omen
That we too have joy in store—
That the peace of Christendom,
CHRIST our King may yet restore.

All Thy long-divided Churches,
Only LORD, unite in one,
And Thy sheep without a shepherd,
Bring them to Thine Altar-Throne;
Let us pray one prayer together,
Ere the setting of the sun.

Though the world cry, 'Never, never,'
Though men scoff 'The dream is vain,'
Though our prayers are left unanswered,
Though our struggles end in pain—
We will wait: when hope is failing,
Patience doth remain.

Hear the 'Dona nobis pacem,'
Day by day before Thee rise,
With the all-availing pleading
Of the perfect Sacrifice.
Let Thy servants' eager longing,
Find some favour in Thine eyes.

Ah—one day—one day—it may be,
Strife and peril past,
By a way that now we know not,
Won by prayer and fast,
Passing hope, beyond expectance,
Peace will come at last.

III.

And if not, we walk in patience,
Though the way be lone,
Till we see, across the darkness
Of Death's land unknown,
Shining turrets of GOD'S City,
With its twelve gates open thrown.

To that Rome where CHRIST is Pontiff,
Shall the gathered nations come,
They who owned the chair of Peter,
Or the throne of Chrysostom,
With the children of Augustine,
Find their long-expected home.

There they taste the leaves of healing;
There beside the crystal sea,
Reconciled and re-united,
Make perpetual melody.
'Gloria DEO in excelsis!'
PRINCE of PEACE, we long for Thee!

SKETCHES FROM HUNGARIAN HISTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'COURAGE AND COWARDS;' 'IVON,' &c.

XVII.

FROM THE ADRIATIC TO THE BALTIC.

A. D. 1352 TO A. D. 1382.

WHILE Louis was fighting in Naples, his uncle Kasimir had been engaged in an unsuccessful contest with the Lithuanian Prince Keystut, who had taken possession of Gallicia and Lodomeria. Louis, who felt bound on every occasion to support his uncle, and had joined him and several other princes of Europe in a crusade against the Lithuanians in 1344, now came again to his assistance, recovered the lost provinces, took Keystut prisoner, and restored him to liberty only on condition of his receiving Baptism and doing homage. These conditions were readily accepted, but utterly disregarded. Keystut returned to the faith of his fathers, and, in conjunction with his friends the neighbouring Tatars, pursued his attacks upon Kasimir so soon as Louis' back was turned.

Louis was not now the romantic passionate youth he had been ten years previously. Energetic he still was, but his energy was no longer under the control of blind though generous impulses. He had learnt experience and self-restraint, and henceforth devoted himself more and more to labouring for objects which were not only desirable in themselves, but were also not impossible of attainment. Another change too had come over him, and made itself more and more felt as years went on. Whether it was that, in the late struggle, he had become convinced of the utter impossibility of contending successfully with the Holy See; whether prudence whispered that it would be well to keep on good terms with the head of the Church; or whether, as seems most likely, his religious feeling taught him increasing reverence for ecclesiastical authority—certain it is, that Louis, who had hitherto paid little heed to the Pope, and had often acted in opposition to him, now shewed the greatest submission to his will, and even allowed himself to be urged by him to acts of intolerance against those whose faith differed from his own. A campaign against the heathen Lithuanians, would he knew meet with the Pope's approval, and it was daily becoming more necessary to the well-being not only of Poland but also of Hungary, that these wild neighbours and their Tatar allies should be brought under control. This then was one of his projects. Another and not less important one was the recovery of the Dalmatian sea-coast from the power of Venice. But before entering on either of these campaigns, Louis thought it well to assure himself of the friendship of the neighbouring princes, and to this end attended a congress at Vienna, (1353.) where he renewed his former league with Albrecht of Austria, and also met the widowed Emperor Karl IV., who was on the look-out for a third wife who should increase his dominions. The niece and heiress of the childless Duke of Schweidnitz, who had been brought up at the Hungarian court by her great-aunt, the Queen-mother, would, he thought, suit him very well; as the lands which she was to inherit were conveniently situated with regard to Bohemia. She had been betrothed to his son, but as her destined bridegroom was dead, and his father a widower, the latter offered himself as a substitute, and was favourably received. In his own choice of a bride, Louis was guided by far different motives. It is true that he needed no additions to his already extensive dominions; but he might have found some advantage in an alliance with one of the great houses of Europe, any of which would gladly have accepted him. Louis, however, in this instance determined to be guided by no conditions of policy or state-interest, but offered his hand and heart to Elizabeth, daughter of the Ban of Bosnia, with whom he had had frequent opportunities of becoming acquainted, during her long sojourn at his mother's court, where she had been educated in company with Anna von Schweidnitz. It may be in consequence of the friendship existing between their wives, that, shortly after the two weddings, the Emperor and King made a family compact, by virtue of which it was arranged

that the children born to them should intermarry. Thanks to this arrangement, Sigmund, son of Karl, married Louis' daughter Maria, and subsequently became King of Hungary. In the summer of this same year ambassadors arrived from Genoa, inviting Louis to join them in a league against Venice; but the eight years truce was not yet expired; and moreover, Louis was the more disposed to put off for the present trying conclusions with the great Republic, because his assistance was greatly needed in Poland.

Pope Clement, who had greatly praised his zeal against unbelievers, and had begged him to continue his efforts, generously made him a present of all the land he had taken or should hereafter take from them. In the spring therefore Louis armed for a grand campaign; and as it was looked on as a holy war, not only the Hungarians but many foreigners willingly flocked to his standard. The Lithuanians were speedily driven out of Lodomeria, Volhynia, and Podolia, and the allied armies then crossed the Bug, to chastise the Tatars for their repeated inroads. But the wild tribes fled, some over the Dnieper, some over the Danube; and one of the chiefs, who had been defeated two years before by the Hungarians, avoided all encounter with the troops, and asked for a safe-conduct to the camp. On being brought thither, he walked up to King Louis, and boldly asked what injury had roused the Hungarian ruler to attack him, and what advantage he expected from a victory. Louis replied that his wish to spread the religion of Christ had led him to begin the campaign, and went on to propose to the Khan that he should renounce heathenism, acknowledge the protecting sovereignty of Hungary, and pay a yearly tribute. 'Your speech,' answered the Tatar, 'seems to me not quite reasonable; you make demands as though you were already a conqueror, before the fate of arms has decided between us. It is possible that fortune may be on my side. However, as I and the nobles of my people have long intended to adopt your faith, I do not refuse to do homage or send you yearly gifts—not, however, as tribute, but as a return for the protection of Hungary. This you can tell your High-priest, and then inform me what more we are called upon to do.'

Thus ended the campaign. A league was made with the Tatars, and Louis sent monks to instruct, or at least baptize them. Of their doings, however, we have no record.

At the conclusion of the war, fresh documents were drawn up relative to the Polish succession, which the Poles, in gratitude to Louis, confirmed to him and his male descendants, adding also a provision that if he died without a son, the crown should go to the son of his brother Stephen, Duke of Sclavonia, who had died this year. (1355.) Louis on his side promised to respect the rights and liberties of the Poles, and acknowledged their right to choose a king for themselves on the extinction of the male line of the Hungarian branch of the House of Anjou.

While Louis had been thus engaged in the north, some fighting had

been going on between the Ban of Macsó and the Prince of Servia, who had of late years become very powerful by the conquest of Macedonia, Belgrade, and great part of Macsó, Syrmia, and Bosnia, and had taken to himself the title of Emperor. But Duschan could not but expect that so soon as the Italian campaign and the crusade against the Lithuanians should be over, Louis would not leave these wrongs unavenged, and he therefore made a secret league with Venice, and sent an embassy to Innocent VI., promising to join the Roman Church, and asking to be appointed leader of a crusade against the Turks. Like his predecessor, Innocent was deceived by these professions, and despatched a Legate to Duschan with flattering letters, promising to do all he wished. But the Servian Prince, together with the title of Emperor, had adopted as far as possible the ceremonious pomp prevalent at the court of Constantinople, and required the Legate to kiss his foot, an act of homage which he refused. Whereupon Duschan in a rage forbade his subjects to attend the Romish service on pain of losing their eyes. The Legate at once quitted the Servian court, and hastened to Hungary, where he begged Louis to avenge the insult done to the Pope. Louis was by no means indisposed to accede to this request, for it was high time some stop should be put to Duschan's encroachments, and he was glad to enter upon a struggle which could not long be avoided, at a time when he might reckon upon the sympathy of the Pope, and indeed of all Catholic Christendom. He was still occupied with the affairs of Poland when the Legate arrived, but at once sent the Ban of Macsó to Servia, and soon after himself assembled a large army at Agram, to the great joy of the Pope, who appointed him 'standard-bearer to the Church,' and called on all the people of Christendom to pray not only for the success of his arms, but also that he might be blessed with children to inherit his virtues. Recruits poured into the camp from all quarters; but suddenly, to the astonishment of the whole world, Louis changed his plans, and led the vast army he had collected against his ancient enemies the Venetians. Some writers are of opinion that this had indeed been his intention from the first, but that he had thought it politic to conceal his scheme in order that the Venetians might be taken unprepared. This view of the case, however, supposes in Louis an amount of duplicity quite at variance with his generous and open-hearted character; nor is it borne out by the facts of the case. The truce with the Republic had expired, and Venice was anxious to renew it; but at the very time when she was making proposals to this end, Louis discovered that she was also secretly sending assistance to Duschan; and feeling convinced that he could not fight successfully with Servia until Venice should be reduced to a state of quiescence, he determined to turn his arms first in her direction. Former experience in 1345 had taught him that any attempt at taking the sea-coast towns must fail unless his army were supported by a fleet, and he therefore resolved to attack the Republic this time in her own territory. Many others besides Louis had reason to complain

of Venice, and the Princes of north Italy were only too glad to take this opportunity of avenging their wrongs by joining the Hungarian army. Albrecht of Austria too joined the King; and together they soon took several towns, making Padua, by permission of Francis of Carrara, the head-quarters of the army. Several attempts at peace were made; but, having gained so many advantages, Louis was the more determined to listen to no proposals which did not contemplate the unconditional surrender of Dalmatia. Even the Pope's Legate could only obtain from him a truce of five months, though Venice, finding him immoveable, had had recourse to a singular and unworthy expedient by way of propitiation. The Venetian ambassadors declared that a noble named Julian Baldichino had offered to deliver Louis dead or alive into their hands, but that their senate had magnanimously refused the offer. As they could not say how Baldichino proposed to effect his purpose, Louis asked to have the man sent to him, promising that no harm should befall him. Baldichino accordingly came, and reminded Louis that when he was in the camp at Treviso, he used to go almost every evening to the wooded banks of the river Sile, and there write, or wander up and down till quite late. There he had intended to fall upon him, with two companions, bind and carry him off alive, or else drown him in the river. He had communicated his design to the senate, but not the way in which he proposed to accomplish it; and had asked in return, as the price of success, a large sum of money and the town of Castelfranco. But the senate had meanly endeavoured to make him discover his plan, without pledging itself to the payment of the reward he demanded; and he had therefore given it up. The whole project had been frustrated, not by the magnanimity, but by the avarice, of the Venetian senate; and Baldichino, throwing himself on his knees, prayed for pardon, which Louis, pleased with his honest confession, readily granted, and sent him home richly laden with presents.

The five months truce did not lead to a peace, and the war was renewed in the spring of 1357, both in Italy and in Dalmatia, with great success. The whole of Dalmatia was at last recovered, and united to Hungary more closely than before; and Venice, being hard pressed at home, found herself obliged to make peace on any terms her conqueror chose to dictate. Louis restored all his conquests in Italy and Istria, but required the Doge to renounce the title of Duke of Dalmatia, and never more to interfere with her affairs. By this treaty seven islands on the coast were secured to Hungary, besides Dalmatia with all her towns, cities, and harbours, from the middle of the Gulf of Quarnero or Fiume, to the borders of Durazzo; and Venice further pledged herself to build and equip twenty-four galleys for the Hungarian king. These affairs settled, Louis was at leisure to redeem his promise, of which the Pope had several times reminded him, to make war upon the heretics of Servia. He succeeded in recovering Belgrade, Syrmia, and Macsó; and his generals defeated certain conspirators in Bosnia, who had risen

against their Ban in defence of their religious opinions; but, though he was thus outwardly successful, and peace was soon restored, he failed utterly in his attempts to reconcile either the Patareners or the Greek Catholics with the Roman Church. As soon as the pressure was removed, they returned to their old faith; but Louis failed to profit by the lesson thus afforded him. Great and wise as he was, he could not rise above the prejudices of his time, which condemned all freedom of thought, and considered the persecution of schismatics to be one of the great duties of religion, in spite of frequent experience of the fact that opposition and persecution did but strengthen them in their opinions. Left to himself, Louis would probably have permitted his subjects to worship as they pleased; but the Pope and clergy urged him to acts of intolerance, which made Hungary no pleasant home for members of the Greek Church. The Wallachs of Mármaros wandered away to Moldavia, which had been depopulated by Mongols and Tatars, and there made an independent settlement, though they did not refuse to pay homage and tribute to Hungary. Shortly after this, a misunderstanding arose between Louis and his friend the Emperor Karl, occasioned partly by the assistance afforded by the former to the Popes in their quarrel with the Visconti of Milan, and partly by the fact that Karl's own conduct had given such general dissatisfaction, that there was some talk of electing a new Emperor. Unfortunately Louis was mentioned as a candidate; and Karl, thinking that he had designs upon the throne, became extremely suspicious of him. Louis, who had not the least wish to add to his responsibilities, already sufficiently great, tried to allay the Emperor's suspicions, and asked the Pope to testify to his innocence. At the same time Karl, who could ill afford to quarrel with Hungary, asked for a personal interview; and the two monarchs met at Tyrnau, where Karl promised never more to give heed to evil thoughts of Louis, and the two separated apparently reconciled. But it was only in appearance. Karl was too mean, too anxious to increase his wealth and power, to understand generosity or disinterestedness in others; and his mistrust of Louis rankled on, till he was ready to take offence at the slightest provocation. An occasion was not long wanting. In 1361 some Hungarian ambassadors went to him to complain of depredations committed by some Bohemian nobles; and Karl at once gave vent to his long-smothered feelings. Ascribing the whole affair to the pernicious influence of the Queen-mother Elisabeth, he broke forth into such a torrent of invective and abuse, that the ambassadors, without waiting to hear his excuses, declared war against him, and at once quitted Prague. Louis, who was deeply attached to his mother, bitterly resented the Emperor's imputations, and wrote him a letter full of reproach, in which, among other things, he said, 'When he has drunk too much, Karl has no control over his tongue or his senses.'

Kasimir of Poland, who felt himself equally insulted by the Emperor's abuse of his sister, entered into a league against him with Louis, in

which they were soon after joined by the Dukes of Austria, who, although one of them was the Emperor's son-in-law, promised to send their whole army to the assistance of the league, with the exception only of the twelve armed men, which, as vassals of the Empire, they were bound to furnish to the Emperor in the event of a war with Hungary. Karl, being in a most precarious situation, made some overtures for peace, which, though Louis was not indisposed to entertain them, somehow came to nothing. However, his usual good fortune, and the adroitness with which he turned every circumstance to the best advantage, came to the rescue. Meinhard of Tirol was dead, and Duke Rudolf, who claimed to be his successor, was anxious to be reconciled with the Emperor, because without his consent he could not maintain his claims against his rival the Duke of Bavaria.* One member was thus easily detached from the league, and another quickly followed. Again a widower, Karl proposed for the hand of Kasimir's grand-daughter Elisabeth, daughter of the Duke of Pomerania, and his proposal being accepted, Kasimir came forward as a mediator between him and Louis. The peace was followed by a complicated family compact, whereby it was agreed that if the House of Luxemburg became extinct, all its hereditary possessions should go to the Habsburgs; if the Habsburgs died out, their lands should go first to Louis, then to the children of his brother Stephen, and finally to the House of Luxemburg; and on the other hand, if the Hungarian house of Anjou died out, Hungary and her dependencies should pass to the Habsburgs. This latter arrangement, however, being made without the consent of the Hungarian Diet, and being therefore invalid, was soon after cancelled.

As soon as peace was concluded with the Emperor, Louis turned his attention to the south, where a new and terrible enemy was making his appearance.

Kantakuzenus, the regent of the young Emperor of Constantinople, not satisfied with ruling, longed also to wear the purple, and invited the Turks to his assistance.† Several times they crossed the Hellespont, and each time they returned peaceably to Asia; but an earthquake occurred, which destroyed the towns on the Hellespont; and the Turks, finding that the two Emperors were busy quarrelling and not likely to notice or oppose them, once more crossed over, and this time, instead of returning home, took possession of the ruined cities, and made a settlement. This was the beginning; and a few years after, Murad I. had advanced to Adrianople. Little did Louis guess the importance of this movement; little did he foresee the years, nay centuries of misery which these new enemies were destined to bring upon his country. One

* Since this time Tirol has been attached to Austria.

† Osman, the founder of the Turkish Empire, was succeeded by his son Orchan, who extended his rule over Asia Minor to the Hellespont. In 1326 he set up his government in Brusa, and called the gate of his palace the Sublime Porte, which name, according to Byzantine custom, was given to his court and government.

vigorous effort now would have been worth all the devoted heroism of later years; but it was not made, because even Louis was not sufficiently far-sighted to see how greatly it was needed. The most he feared was, that the lands on the lower Danube, which paid him a somewhat wavering allegiance, should be absorbed by the Turkish power, and so become openly hostile. He therefore marched upon the Prince of Bulgaria, who had been forced into alliance with the Turks, and having defeated him, secured his good-will by making him the following year Ban. Meanwhile, Kantakuzenus had renounced his share of the Byzantine throne, and had become a monk at Mount Athos, thereby depriving the Empire of its last hope of mercy from his Turkish allies.

In their various times of need the Byzantine Emperors had frequently entered into negotiations with the Pope, invoking the protection of Western Christendom, and promising in return to recognise Rome as the head of the universal Church. Such promises, though never fulfilled, had usually brought them some assistance, which had enabled them to tide over their difficulties for the time; and John Palæologus, encouraged by the example of his predecessors, now had recourse to Urban V., who at once referred him to the King of Hungary as the person best able to afford him the help he required. Louis accordingly soon received an embassy from Constantinople, conveying the Emperor's earnest desire for the reconciliation of the Eastern and Western Churches, and praying for immediate help against the terrible enemy of Christendom. Early in the following year the Emperor came himself to the Hungarian court; and Louis, touched by his misfortunes, and anxious to effect the union of Christendom, promised to undertake a campaign against the Turks, and forthwith began his preparations by requesting Venice to prepare the twenty-four galleys, which she was bound by the late treaty to furnish. But it was no part of the Republic's plan that Hungary should possess an independent fleet, and attempt to share with her the dominion of the seas; and she therefore endeavoured to evade her obligations, offering, however, to lend five galleys for the war. Louis felt that this was not the time to compel the wily Venetians to fulfil their bargain, and therefore, smothering his resentment at their breach of faith, he accepted their offer with thanks.

Meantime, letters had arrived from Avignon, which somewhat altered Louis' plans. Urban V. was either not quite so credulous as some of his predecessors, or else he knew how to take warning by their disappointments, and he therefore had no great confidence in the sincerity of the Emperor's desire for the re-union of Christendom. Consequently, though he expressed his delight at the Emperor's purpose of joining the Roman Church, he at the same time sent two letters to King Louis, one for his public, the other for his private reading. The public one contained what the Emperor had requested, a bull of indulgence for all

who should join the war against the Turks; in the private one, however, the Pope warns Louis of the faithlessness of the Byzantines—reminds him how often for their own purposes they had feigned to desire reconciliation with the Holy See, and ends by advising him to be prudent, if he would avoid renewed disappointment. It would be better, he thought, at first to send but a small force to the Emperor's assistance, and to defer any great campaign until he should have actually joined the Roman Church. Thus reasoned the Pope, looking at the subject exclusively from his own confined point of view; recognizing the extreme doubtfulness of any sincere reconciliation between the two branches of the Church; unable to rise above the pettiness engendered by party-spirit, and therefore preferring to watch the ruin of the once powerful Byzantine Empire, rather than give her the disinterested assistance, which the mere spirit of humanity would, one might suppose, have naturally prompted. Doubtless, neither he nor Louis realized the importance of the juncture; they could not see, as we see, that now was the moment when the tide of destruction might have been stemmed and turned back; but that, if now passed by, centuries of bloodshed must elapse and leave their indelible stain, before it would return. It is surely a strange, an incongruous, a most humiliating spectacle! though scarcely more strange, more incongruous, or more humiliating, than what we may see around us, on a smaller scale and in various guises, in these 'enlightened days'—party spirit blinding those whom it possesses, till they are unable to distinguish the common foe.

Louis was a too devoted son of the Church not to obey the Pope's injunctions; but, to pacify the Emperor, and to save his own honour, he sent one of his generals to the lower Danube against the Bulgarian Prince, who, with the assistance of the Turks, was endeavouring to recover part of the province which he had lost the preceding year. Other reasons besides those of a religious nature, combined to render Louis disinclined to enter upon any great campaign. The Byzantine Emperor himself was almost powerless as an ally; the Pope was not disposed to give the undertaking the benefit of his influence; Venice refused the indispensable vessels, and might not improbably use the occasion to revenge her recent defeats; the other Christian states were absorbed in their own strifes and private affairs; and the crusading spirit was so entirely extinct, that the whole burthen of the war would have fallen upon Hungary, and Hungary saw no particular reason why she should bear it. She had not herself been attacked by the Turks, and if she should hereafter be, she felt strong enough to repulse them; for the present, therefore, Louis turned his attention to other matters.

Many historians doubt whether Louis' troops ever came in contact with the Turks; but it seems probable that they did so when fighting with the Bulgarians. Moreover, the Viennese lawyer Johann Mensdorfer, who wrote within five-and-twenty years of Louis' death, declares that the King had built a church at Maria Zell in Styria, and had presented

to it many costly vessels and Eucharistic vestments, in gratitude for a victory which he had gained with twenty thousand men over a Turkish force of eighty thousand. The church, which became a favourite resort for pilgrims, and has, it must be allowed, at various times undergone considerable alterations, still, however, bears a Latin inscription, 'Ludovicus, King of Hungary, obtained a glorious victory over the Turks, through the Mother of Mercy;' and the ornaments and jewels presented by him are still there to be seen.

By successful campaigns, and the moderation he shewed to the conquered, Louis had re-established his power on the lower Danube. The fear of the Turks, too, made the inhabitants of these provinces more than usually disposed to obedience. But the spirit of intolerance to all forms of religious faith save his own, which had been evoked and encouraged by the Pope, went near to deprive Louis of the fruits of all his successful measures.

Incessantly admonished by Urban, Louis sent eight Franciscans into the Bulgarian Banat; and in the course of fifty days, they boasted the conversion of two hundred thousand persons. By what means these conversions were effected does not appear; but Louis was so much encouraged by the apparent success, that he sent a large number of monks to Servia, Bosnia, Moldavia, and Wallachia. But the Wallachs, exasperated by this interference with their religion, rose in rebellion, drove away the monks, and tried to shake off the Hungarian yoke, so that Louis found himself obliged again to take up arms against the Vajda, who, conciliated by the pardon Louis had once generously granted him, had lately rendered him faithful service against the Turks and Bulgarians.

In Bosnia too, these attempts at conversion kept the country in a state of disturbance for many a long year. As, however, Louis was connected by marriage with the Prince of Bosnia, he protected him in spite of his Greek faith, and in spite of the remonstrances of Urban, who gave his support to Wuk, a brother of the Prince, who had secured the favour of the Pope by joining the Roman Church. Nevertheless, Louis, on this occasion, shewed that he could be independent, and gave the Prince of Bosnia the title of King of Bosnia, Rascien, and the coast.

Louis had never forgotten the tragedy of Naples, but he had long grieved over his hasty execution of Charles of Durazzo; and being anxious to make what reparation he might, he had invited to Hungary Charles, the orphan son of Louis of Durazzo, intending perhaps, as he was himself still childless, to make over to him his rights to the Neapolitan throne. The young Prince was brought up by the Archbishop of Spalatro, and subsequently made regent of Dalmatia.

(To be continued.)

THE ANGEL OF BRITTANY.

BY C. MILLER.

CHAPTER II.

THE position which Maria de la Fruglaye found herself called to occupy as the mistress of Kèranroux was by no means an easy one, nor had her early training and subsequent circumstances in any way prepared her for it. Her childhood was spent in a retirement amounting to seclusion; and when she accompanied her sisters to Paris, it was not to enter the brilliant society of that city, but to find in the shelter of a convent the opportunities for meditation and prayer so dear to her. She therefore knew little or nothing of the manifold duties she had now to fulfil. Unlike Kerdüel, whose dark shadows seemed always to recall terrors gone by, and where life took a subdued tone as though the present was never quite free from the haunting memories of the past, Kèranroux was bright, *riante*, and full of objects of varied interest. The way to it led through a deep forest of ancient trees, whose 'living green' lent a grateful shade to the grounds surrounding the house; in which, thanks to the protection thus afforded from the cold north wind, all kinds of beautiful flowers and shrubs, belonging to a warmer climate, bloomed and flourished as if in their native lands. On one side were hot-houses filled with exotics, so rare that their very existence proved the skilful care bestowed upon them; on the other, a curious collection of animals betokened in M. de la Fruglaye that love of natural history, which, years ago, had made the walks he took with his little girls so delightful to them. The Chateau was large, and filled with a constant succession of visitors. M. de la Fruglaye was a *savan* of great and well known merit, and an accomplished man of the world, so that the salon at Kèranroux was filled almost every evening with guests whose talents made conversation charming, whilst the intellectual powers of the youthful hostess, who received and entertained this brilliant company, were severely taxed to do so in a manner worthy of her father and his friends. So perfect was the tact shewn by Maria under these circumstances, that she is described as the life and soul of the party; arranging excursions, presiding at the dinner-table, and setting on foot all sorts of evening amusements with equal spirit and grace. Nor did she neglect her more prosaic duties. If as the queen of society her bright sparkling vivacity, and easy high-bred elegance, made her father's salon delightful to all comers, she was equally at home, and equally energetic, as the careful housewife; ever watchful to guard against extravagance in that large household, and most admirable of all in her womanly care for the comfort and happiness of her servants. To some the details of house-keeping are particularly pleasant; many women would find not only their

occupation but all their interest in life gone, had they no servants to look after, no house to manage; the domestic element is so strong in them, that it seems to embrace and include the whole of their sympathies. It was not so with Maria de la Fruglaye. Nothing was less to her taste than her new position. Her impressionable imagination, her poetic temperament, her gentle loving heart, and her keen intellect, craved for food more convenient than the petty, dry, constantly recurring, details of the mènage she conducted; but never did she allow her secret wishes to get the dominion over her. Accepting, once for all, the fact that her duty lay in making her father's life as happy as possible, she would not permit even spiritual aspirations to take precedence of the most homely claim on her time and attention. We suspect that in this perfect power of self-command lay the great secret of Maria de la Fruglaye's special greatness. Her talents were exceptional, her heart warm, and in her all that we mean by temperament was most attractive; but in the unflinching self-control she maintained over her mind, body, and soul, she found the means of making the most of all her many personal gifts. There are in the annals of saintly men and women numerous instances of high spiritual attainments, of visions vouchsafed, of prayers fulfilled, of heavenly victories won; but how seldom do we see that noble recognition of the ideal of Duty which can resolutely turn away from the attractive path of conventual austerities, and its almost visible communion with Heaven, to tread that of ordinary every-day life, smooth indeed to the body but rugged to the soul, and who exercise this self-denial simply because, as they pursue it, the injunction reaches their listening ear, 'Take up *this* cross, and follow Me.' In accordance with this rule of life, Maria kept in check even her highest spiritual aspirations, for she knew that in devoting herself to the care of her father she was performing God's truest service; and none but her Father in Heaven guessed how often there rose in her heart a secret sigh, and an earnest longing for a life of retirement and devotion. So entirely did she give herself up to a scrupulous attention to household duties, that her most intimate friend, Zèphirine de Kergariou, sister of Pauline de la Fruglaye's husband, playfully reproached her for becoming too much of a Martha in the cares of this world, and bestowed upon her the title of *the woman of business*. But Maria combined love and gentle meditation with active service, and the ready hands and willing feet of Martha were ruled by the devoted soul and tender heart of Mary.

At this period of her life we learn from Maria that, at God's bidding, *laborare est orare;* towards the close of her life she was rewarded for her perfect obedience and filial devotion, by realizing to the full that in the Heavenly Vineyard, at the Husbandman's own good time, *orare est laborare*. Blessed prayer, blessed work, which are thus made convertible terms by following meekly 'the light that lighteth every man who cometh into the world.'

We give the following account of a day spent at Kèranroux, which

we gather from the letters of two ladies who were frequent visitors there. 'Maria as *femme du monde* was indescribably charming. I made my first visit to Kèranroux as a bride, and shall never forget her reception of me. I felt at home directly. What was most remarkable about her was the perfection of the *double life* she led. To see her amiability to all, her unfeigned interest in the pleasures of those who surrounded her, the tact she displayed in drawing out the best and most attractive points of each one, you would never have supposed but that her whole nature was filled by her social and domestic life; but those who knew her best were aware that all these matters belonged only to her exterior being, and that every charm about her gained its deepest fullness, and crowning attraction, from the godliness which she thus proved was "profitable to all things." She rose at five every morning, employed an hour and a half in meditation, then had family prayer for the servants, after which she gave them a daily lesson in the Catechism. That over, she went into her father's room, remaining with him as long as he wished. Towards eight o'clock she went to Mass at the parish church, visiting, on her way back, some poor sick person, or the village school. She returned to the Chateau at nine o'clock precisely, for breakfast. M. de la Fruglaye retained something of military precision in his habits, and his daughter was most careful not to shock his prejudices. Whatever, therefore, might be her occupation at the moment of breakfast or dinner, she interrupted herself at once, and, as her father testified, "A clock was barely necessary at Kèranroux." After breakfast M. de la Fruglaye took a walk in the park, his daughter accompanying him whenever he was alone. If, however, he had some other companion, Maria betook herself to some of her numerous occupations, having the happy knack of always re-appearing when her presence was needed. I feel sure her guardian Angel warned her when the time came. On returning to the house, father and daughter repaired to the study, where he employed her either in business matters, or as a correspondent. At one, luncheon was served, after which came a long country walk. If, after this, Maria was not required again in the study, she attended chapel, where she received strength to carry on this exhausting life. When I came down into the drawing-room before dinner, I found her talking away to her father as if she had spent a day of unbroken rest, and reading to him articles out of the newspapers she had herself found time to select with a view to his special interests. After dinner, which was always well cooked and tastefully served, if no visitors arrived, reading aloud was resumed. Maria took care to provide for her father every interesting book that came out, only steadily refusing to waste her time on any of the modern novels, whose want of dignity and of modesty are sad indications of the decay of morals at the present day. At five minutes to nine the servants were re-assembled for worship, Maria conducting the little service, which included the Litanies of the Blessed Virgin, the *De Profundis*, and a chapter from the Lives of the Saints.

After this M. de la Fruglaye retired to bed; but Maria often sat up far into the night, endeavouring to make up the time she had lost with so much cheerfulness during the day; but even by means of these midnight vigils, it was difficult to see how the missing hours could be recovered. When I call to mind that not only was her care for her father so unremitting, and her attention to her household so complete, but that she was also at the head of all the good works in the country round; that she looked after all the poor, answered everyone who came to consult her, and was, at the same time, always ready to become the playmate of her sister's children, I am lost in admiration. No wonder that a boatman pointed out the Chateau of Kèranroux to his passengers, as the abode of a saint wholly devoted to her father and to the poor. And a priest who was consulted on some charitable scheme, returned for answer, "Do exactly as Mademoiselle de la Fruglaye advises, she is the Angel of Brittany."'

And truly it was marvellous how Maria led so busy yet so calm a life; how she accomplished so many of her own aims, whilst she was, apparently, at the beck and call of everyone around her. The explanation may be found in her extreme spirituality, which looked on the smallest action as done for God,

> 'Until a folding sense like prayer,
> Which is, as God is, everywhere,
> Gathered about her.'

And the result was the exquisite finish of each work she took in hand, which left no impression of hurry or worry on the mind, but of an atmosphere of reposeful exertion, wherein nothing was undertaken without the orders of the commander who sees to the end, and in whose strength all is accomplished without haste, and in perfect peace.

The care taken by Maria of her domestics was immense. 'In the first place, she took infinite pains in their selection; once having taken them into her service, the young girl became to them mistress, mother, spiritual adviser, and friend, all in one. She had six women servants who she called her community, and indeed their dress gave them much the same appearance as if they belonged to a sisterhood. It was one of the rules Mademoiselle de la Fruglaye insisted on in her household, that each servant should dress in black, with a bib-apron, a white neck-handkerchief, and the plain stiff Brèton cap, which had quite the effect of a religious costume.' One of her *femmes de chambre* says, 'When my poor mother was dying Mademoiselle wrote to me, enclosing 300 francs, that I might get anything I wanted for my invalid, and charged me at the same time to take good care of myself, so that I should be able to nurse her to the end; and when all was over, she promised to be a mother to me, and truly she has kept her word.'

From another we hear, 'That good Mademoiselle Maria! I shall never forget her care for me; when I had that bad fever my own mother

could not have done more for me.' If her servants were ill, it was Mademoiselle Maria who nursed them; if they were anxious and unhappy, it was she who advised and comforted them; she was ever ready to come to their help in their sicknesses and in their sorrows, bringing to their aid a saintly patience which never wearied of their importunities, nor was surprised by their faults, nor drew back from their infirmities whether mental or physical. Maria found great comfort in the arrival of her beloved Thèrèse, who came to Kèranroux when the land surrounding Kerdüel was let. Her vigilant supervision over that estate was no longer needed, and the house itself was too full of ghosts to be anything but a melancholy home to the good woman, who remembered it filled by 'her children's' voices. At Kèranroux her presence was invaluable; she proved that great gift from Heaven to an inexperienced mistress, a thoroughly good and trustworthy servant. Whilst never condescending to gossip, she never held herself above her fellow domestics, and made her advice and influence as acceptable as it was valuable. Soon after she arrived her fiftieth year of service was celebrated, by a little fête given at the Chateau. Maria shall describe it in her own words. 'First we all attended Mass, where the holy Sacrifice was offered, as a special thank-offering to God for His gift of faithful servants. Afterwards Thèrese presided at dinner, where covers were laid in the large dining-room for twenty old servants, not one of whom had been less than ten years in the family. Amongst them many had rendered very remarkable services. Good Margaret Gravat was there, who saved my father's plate once from robbers; her devotion to her master triumphing in the hour of trial, over her natural cowardice. Vincent Bellec represented his parents, who brought their only cow as an offering to my grandmother de la Fruglaye, in the Revolution, when all her own had been carried off; and in fact, every one of them, in one way or another, deserved our esteem. We waited on them at table for some time, but we found they were so embarrassed by receiving plates and forks from us, that we left them very soon to themselves, to enjoy in their own way a party which was so honourable both to them as individuals and to their class.'

In 1830, political troubles again appeared in France, and Gaubert, who was then seventy, shewed all her old energy. She came to her mistress bringing a little store of money, which she begged her to accept, saying, 'You don't know what a revolution is; keep your own money, and use this for the present; and indeed why need you object? it all came from you or yours.' Happily these anxieties were soon over, and all was tranquil once more. The next break in Maria's life was made by the death of Thèrèse, who breathed her last in the arms of the child whose cradle she had watched over. On her death-bed this poor woman suffered much from that painful depression, partly physical, partly mental, which so often accompanies a last illness, and from that fear of death often present with the greatest saints; but Maria, who had all her

life a singular influence over the sick and dying, was allowed to comfort her old and deeply valued friend, so that when the end came, faith and hope lit up the valley of the shadow of death, and the aged servant of God went forth to meet her Lord rejoicing in His love. Madame de Champagny was with her sister at this time; and Maria writes just after the death of Thèrèse, 'Our hearts, which were greatly moved, called fervently for infinite mercy on the soul of the one who had received us both on our entrance into the world she had just quitted.'

So true a heart as that of Maria could never forget those who had once been dear to her, and long after she had left Kèranroux for the life of a rèligieuse, on hearing of the death of one of her old servants, she begged for her from a Brèton priest the alms of a requiem. Fortune, friends, home—all had then long been sacrificed to God; but she could still remember in her loving prayers those who had served her in the world, and by her influence could obtain for them the service which, according to her theology, they needed most. We cannot fail to be touched by the intense love which refused to be bounded by the grave, and would fain bridge over the deep gulf fixed between the living and the dead.

Caroline de Champagny, Maria's eldest sister, resided with her husband and children for some time at Kèranroux. M. de Champagny held office under the French Government until the Revolution of 1830, which deprived him of his political position. He then announced his intention of leaving Kèranroux, and building for himself a house at Guingamp, where he had a small estate. M. de la Fruglaye was distressed beyond measure at this decision; the society of his daughter was very dear to him, and his little grandchildren formed the very joy of his life; whilst to Maria this step was equally grievous, for it again postponed the fulfilment of her intention to enter a convent. But though for herself she declined married life, she fully understood the obligations it brings on those who submit to its rule, and she saw at once that her sister's husband had a right to carry out his own plans, and to look for help in so doing from his wife. She therefore encouraged Madame de Champagny in taking the brightest view possible of the separation at hand, redoubled her attentions to her father, that she might make up to him what he was about to lose, and checked, not only on her lips but in her heart, the faintest murmur, as she saw her own hopes apparently fading out of sight. The sacrifice of all was not yet to be offered, but Maria found an opportunity for putting in practice the vow of poverty which forms a part of the religious profession. She resolved to bestow the estate of Kerdüel, which had belonged to her since her grandmother's death, on Madame de Champagny, so that there would be no occasion for the new house at Guingamp. After much resistance on the part of Madame de Champagny, and much entreaty on that of Maria, this offer was accepted, and Kerdüel passed out of her hands for ever. In order

to estimate the cost of this action, we must remember that to a Brèton or Bretanne their country is supremely dear—they cling to it with a fervour of affection unknown to colder and more cosmopolitan natures; and this devotion to Brittany was centred, though by no means bounded, for Maria, in Kerdüel. She was peculiarly open to all influences of association, and Kerdüel had been her home. Probably the very fact that her early training had been of so severe a kind, and had kept her away from all companionship, made that home more dear to her. Like Wordsworth's Lucy, 'she had very few to love,' and poured forth on the gloomy old chateau the warm affection which human beings were not there to claim. She confesses (and we love her all the more for this confession of weakness) that it gave her a pang, when she had to address the first letter to Madame de Champagny, *à son chateau de Kerdüel;* but turns, at once, to the comfort she received in the thought that she had been called to follow her Master, in the path of voluntary poverty He chose for the sake of the world He saved.

After the departure of M. and Madame de Champagny, Maria had more time at her disposal, which she hastened to bestow upon the poor. Her attention was particularly drawn to their state, because, at that time, the pauperism of the French agricultural districts was forming the subject of parliamentary inquiry. She contributed two papers upon the subject, of most remarkable merit. Her views were singularly clear, always supported by experience, and therefore devoid of the chimerical theorism of those who only view poverty from afar; and whilst instinct with the warmth and sympathy characteristic of the writer, she exhibits no trace whatever of weakness, in dealing with one of the most difficult social problems. She writes thus: 'The state of the French agricultural poor is most distressing, and a great deal of misconception is abroad on the subject. It was only the other day a member of the *Assemblèe Nationale* declared, in the midst of great applause, that the condition of the French working classes was most prosperous, and that nothing in their circumstances called for public relief. Possibly, the statement of a few facts, by one who has had much personal experience amongst the poor, may not be valueless, whilst we enquire how far this opinion is based on truth. The French agricultural peasantry belong to two classes—the small farmers who till their land without help; and the day-labourers, who are hired by the more extensive land-owners. The wages of this latter class average 75 centimes a day, or 4 francs 50 centimes a week; and this pittance suffices for the support of a man, his wife, and two children. But small as is this weekly sum, it is sufficient to provide for these poor people's wants, always supposing that health is granted to them. If a third child comes, the mother must endeavour to add some earnings of her own to the common stock. But in Brittany there are very few trades that women can carry on at home, and Brèton wives know that it is no economy for married women to leave their houses and children uncared for, even though they are thus enabled to make a little

more money. Four *sous* a day is the utmost that can be realized by knitting or spinning. The acme of ambition in this class is, after years of saving, to buy a small piece of land and a cow—then they are happy. But to attain this height of felicity, not only must the most rigid economy reign in the humble mènage, but the health of parents and children must be unvaryingly good, and no unforeseen loss of any sort must come upon them, for when the wages are so low nothing can be laid by for a rainy day. Their expenses are generally included under four heads: House rent; this absorbs about thirty francs per annum. Furnishing expenses; these are limited to mending, or replacing what is worn out or broken, for no costly article of furniture can be bought after the marriage, when the number of chairs, tables, &c., entirely depends on the resources then at the disposal of the young couple. Once begin life for themselves, and there is no hope of making any but the most trivial purchase. The same way with regard to the third head—clothes. The husband's wedding-suit lasts for twenty years fête-day wear, but the wife's gown may be recognized under various aspects. Now it is a small pelisse, now a frock for an older girl, then a boy's tunic, whilst the mother contents herself with a homely woollen petticoat; when it is fairly worn out, and the poor woman is perhaps wanting new baby-clothes, some charitable neighbours come forward and help her to fit out the expected infant. The daily food consists of barley bread, and the unfailing bouilli, which is more often *maigre* than *gras*, as may be supposed when two pounds of beef is the weekly allowance for five people. It will be seen from these details, that the poor in Brittany, at least, lead but a hard life at the best of times, but when sickness befalls them this poverty becomes pinching want. There are no hospitals for these poor country people; medicines, food, linen, nursing, all have to be provided, if at all, by kind neighbours. The old age of country paupers is no less melancholy than the time of sickness. After having brought up their family, and in so doing exhausted their strength, nothing is left but to beg. It is useless to say the children should support their aged parents, for how can they? Some of the young people are in service, where they only get food and clothes; and those who marry, do so as their fathers did, and are unable to spare a farthing. This is perfectly well understood amongst the poor themselves: the children are full of regret, but not of remorse, when they see their parents begging; and the old folks are most careful not to allow their sons to suppose they look for support from them in their day of feebleness. There are very few old men in this class, fatigue and privations shorten their lives; but our hearts bleed for the poor old widows, who have to go begging as long as their legs will carry them. When at last they can stand no longer, they are forced to crawl into some way-side hut, where, clad in their rags, they lay them down on a few logs of wood to keep them from the damp, and are lucky if they can collect a bundle of straw to cover their shivering limbs. Sometimes a good-natured farmer will let a poor old soul lie down beside the cows, in

a corner of his stable, which, by comparison with the horrible isolation we have just painted, becomes a much-desired refuge. That this is no sketch drawn from the imagination, the following instance will prove. One night a widow, who had a small farm, allowed an old beggar woman to stay until morning in her cow-house. Centoie was half an idiot, and was well known all over the country. She had done nothing all her life but beg, for there was no asylum where such as she could be taken care of. That night a fever took her, and in her paroxysms of delirium she rolled off the straw bed made up for her, into the stable drain. There she was found in the morning, half dead. Catherine, the farmer, came to her, took off her filthy rags, only less filthy than the vermin-covered skin beneath, washed her like a child, put on her one of her own chemises, the number of which, be it said, was small; and took her into the house, where she contrived a bed for her. She then went to the Curè, who is always ready to come to the poor, and asked him to try and confess the poor imbecile wretch. From thence she proceeded to the *Maire*, (M. de la Fruglaye,) feeling sure that he would give her an order for the sick woman (now she had been washed) to be removed to the hospital. Centoie had no home, no means, and not a relative in the world; surely the State must take charge of her. To her horror she was told the State would do nothing of the kind. Public charity takes no heed of the agricultural poor. But the pocket of the *Maire* often contained a receipt for softening the harsh decisions of the law, and he handed her a *louis-d'or*, saying, "Here, Catherine, take this; it will help you in taking care of Centoie, till I see what can be done for her." A *louis-d'or* for one of our poor farmers, what a sum! They know how much toil and care they go through, before they can put a five-franc piece in the cupboard. Catherine might have seen, in this offer, the due reward of her good action; instead of that, she was all but offended. Knowing, however, the real kindness of the *Maire*, she only answered with great dignity, "Do you offer me money for that, Sir? No, thank you, I couldn't take pay; such disgusting things are not done for gain, but for the love of God, remembering that the poor are the members of Jesus Christ. I wished to get Centoie into a hospital, because it would have been for her good; but if the law won't allow that, she can be taken care of between the good Sisters, our neighbours, and ourselves."

'This story of real life brings us to the class immediately above the labourers, *viz.* the very small farmers, whose farms are not large enough to give full employment to their time, nor to provide enough for the wants of the family. In these cases the farmer devotes half his time to his own ground, and hires himself out the rest of the week, on which days wife and children are pressed into the home service. It is, perhaps, in this class that we find the finest examples of courage, economy, and perfect resignation. Not only must the small farmer provide for the wants of his family, but he must also keep up his credit so as to stand well with his landlord. Then there are the heavy

expenses incidental to a farm, seed and stock to buy, and often the loss which follows a bad harvest. In his position, begging of anyone would be a disgrace. In preference to such a loss of self-respect, the children, with their healthy out-door working appetites, will give up a meal, and the mother will eat a little less every day, so as to leave more for the father who strives for the support of all. With the small farmers, as with the labourers, life seems only possible when health, sobriety, economy, and regular work, are unvarying; but if sickness, or want of work, come upon them, there seems no quarter from whence they can look for temporary relief.

'During one period of bad times for the Brèton poor, I knew a family where work was nowhere to be found, and for many weeks they had all to live on the small gains of the mother, who went out to work. The elder children were driven to beg, whilst the father stopped at home and minded the younger ones. At last the mother, on whose labour all depended, was laid up with a swelling in the knee, and was confined to bed. I shall never forget paying them a visit one day, and finding the poor husband sitting by the hearth, looking like an image of despair, deploring the health and strength of which he could make no use, and which increased his appetite far too much for his circumstances—the mother laid on a straw bed, endeavouring to console, by her caresses, the poor little baby, which sought in vain for the milk that hunger had dried up. The other children were waiting, with the painful silence of hunger, for the return of their eldest sister, who was out washing, and who had promised to bring a meal back with her. At this sad spectacle I paused for a moment, struck dumb, for I feared lest in my anxiety to express my sympathy I might stumble on the wrong word—it is so easy to hurt an open wound by even the tenderest touch. In the world I had often found people complaining bitterly the moment misfortune of any kind came upon them, and doubting God's love because of the first cloud in their sky; when, therefore, I had pronounced His holy Name to these afflicted creatures, I stopped, fearing they would reply with some blasphemy, which their misery would almost have excused. On the contrary, the mother's pale thin face lighted up as she exclaimed, "Providence! Yes, I have more reason than ever to trust it now; for these fourteen years I have never bought an article of clothing for my children, and you see they look as fat and strong as other people's; and now you are come to us, I know you will not let us starve." Nor is this a solitary instance; over and over again, I have had lessons of trust and confidence taught me by poor people, who can neither read nor write, but who listen on Sundays with deep attention to the service of their Church, and bring home for the week some precious text on which to feed their souls, and from whence they draw the strength and comfort they so greatly need.'

It will be seen from these extracts, that Maria de la Fruglaye was no mere rose-water philanthropist. It is rare to find a woman who can

enter so thoroughly into the real needs of people not in her own class, and who is never led away by pity for their sufferings, into foolish, and even hurtful, schemes for their amelioration. She had far too true an appreciation of the grand independence, and capacity for self-denial, inherent in her country people, to wish them to be degraded into paupers; but she could also perceive the exact point where the State might step in, and give to the father out of work, to the sick child, or to the widowed mother, that amount of help which would enable the family to maintain their position amongst their neighbours, by saving them from the recklessness of despair. Her indefatigable solicitude for the poor, inspired her with a self-devotion during the cholera time of 1832, which has left her memory enshrined for ever as that of a saint in Brittany.

It is almost impossible to imagine how dreadful was the first appearance of the scourge now so well known. Everyone in 1871 is familiar with its features—its swift approach, its racking agony, its rapid close; but no one in 1832 had even heard of it, and it seemed to the poor and ignorant almost as if some malignant but invisible fiend were stalking through the land, striking down all who unwittingly stood in his way. On the 17th April, 1832, Maria made a special vow to devote herself with unremitting care to the cholera patients who were to be found in hundreds round Kèranroux. How nobly this solemn engagement was fulfilled will be seen by the following details, gathered from the clear and comprehensive notes she took at the time.

'It is difficult,' she writes, 'to revert to this sad epoch without a shudder. The most trying time was first thing in the morning; for almost all fresh cases occurred during the night, and the news on awaking was too often that someone near or dear to you had been attacked. The great want was that of doctors, for none could be spared from the large towns, which had become centres of disease; so we were obliged to get their advice from a distance, and sad experience soon enlightened us on many practical points. Nevertheless, though we were successful in restoring many to health, no ordinarily prudent person would, if they could help it, treat cholera cases without a medical man; but we had to do the best we could. There was a great deal of moral evil mixed up with physical suffering; for the cholera appeared at first such a stupefying and altogether mysterious malady, that even intelligent well-educated people could not free their minds from its baneful effects, for they did not at first recognize the fact that after all we might as well die of cholera as of anything else. Fear is one of the most fatally predisposing causes of this complaint, and thus there were many cases, both amongst rich and poor, where the patient was attacked through the mind and not the body. An unexpected difficulty arose in nursing the poor. The utmost sagacity could assign no reason for this visitation, and the most absurd were therefore imagined. At last the poor became convinced there was a conspiracy on foot between the priests and the sisters *to poison them*. Two temporary hospitals

prepared at Ploujean were rendered quite useless by the wild panic arising from this preposterous fancy; and it was not till God had allowed several of our patients to recover, that this dismal prejudice died away.'

Maria goes on to bear ample testimony to the help given by priests and doctors, who vied with each other in saving life and assuaging pain; but with her accustomed modesty, she tells nothing of her own exertions. Kerdüel being at that time empty, she transformed it into a vast hospital, where she took care to provide every remedy and every precaution. But there remained many cases which could not be brought away from their own homes by reason of their urgency; and here Maria displayed the treasures of her unfailing presence of mind, dexterity, and cheerfulness. The wretched hovels which were dignified with the name of home amongst the cholera patients consisted generally of but one room on the ground floor. Either to economize space, or to be out of the way of the damp, the beds are, as in some parts of Scotland, ranged one above the other, like shelves in a wardrobe. Very often two or three patients would be found in one household, and Maria might be seen mounted on the top of a ladder, attending to the invalid on the uppermost bed. Neither the dirt, nor the infection, nor the extreme fatigue consequent on cholera nursing, seemed to affect this friend of the friendless; and 'when no care would avail, and the case was past human help, she told of the glories of Heaven, and of the love of God, in such tender, soothing, yet heart-stirring tones, that no one refused to listen to her angelic preaching, and the dying asked for her with eagerness, receiving from her with perfect calmness the announcement of their final voyage.'

In addition to these labours of hands and head, Maria kept a daily register, in which she entered the age, sex, occupation, and social rank of her patients, the date of the commencement of the attack, its progress, duration, and termination. In another column she added remarks on various medicines and their effects.

Some time after the epidemic was over, M. de Kergaradec, a well-known medical man, and an intimate friend of the De la Fruglaye family, was lecturing to the Medical Society of Paris on the outburst of cholera in Brittany, and took occasion to quote Maria's observations on it. All present were struck by the clearness, brevity, and accuracy of this remarkable document, and begged to know who was the author, supposing it to have emanated from one of their own body. 'Well, Gentlemen,' said M. de Kergaradec, 'you will be surprised to hear that this paper was drawn up, not only by an unprofessional person, but also without any help whatsoever from a doctor.'—'I then told them,' says M. de K——, 'all the circumstances of the case, adding that Mdlle. de Fruglaye was only twenty-four years of age.'

M. de Fruglaye not only permitted his daughter to devote herself to her afflicted countrymen and women, but ardently sympathized with

her in all her exertions. The only injunction he laid upon her was this, that whatever she chose to attempt in the day, she was to take no night work. In any case this rule would, we believe, be found necessary; but for one so delicate as was Maria its wisdom was obvious.

Although Maria's exertions during the cholera year were the most generally known of her charitable deeds, they were far from being the only ones, and were followed up by numerous schemes planned, undertaken, and carried out by her, through the length and breadth of Brittany. From the time she became possessed of her fortune, in 1829, up to her father's death, in 1849, no good work, of whatever kind, was begun in the neighbourhood without receiving a contribution from this faithful steward. She was particularly interested in the religious houses which devoted themselves specially to the training of the young; and she laboured hard in aiding the establishment of the schools under the supervision of the Christian Brothers founded by M. l'Abbè Jean Marie de la Mennais. The Government of that day was unfavourable to any religious element in education; and the authorities at Ploujean were, for party reasons, averse to any plans proposed by M. de la Fruglaye. To his daughter, however, they offered little opposition; political motives were never ascribed to her proposals, and all believed her actuated by pure devotion to God and Brittany; she was therefore rewarded by seeing the schools whose influence she thought so valuable springing up all round. She also founded a religious house almost opposite Kèranroux, for the *Religieuses Hospitalières de la Misericorde de Jesus*, which was known as *Saint Francois*. These ladies had been driven out of the general hospital at Quimper in 1830, and were dispersed amongst several houses of their order, where they waited patiently till someone should be raised up to enable them to form once more a community of their own. They found this long expected friend in Maria de la Fruglaye. She bought a deserted monastery, and presented it to the good Sisters. As the house had been long unoccupied, it needed a great deal of repair, and until this was done the future tenants were received at Kèranroux with the most generous hospitality.

After they went to their own house, Maria remained still their guardian angel. One of the Sisters writes thus: 'Mdlle. Maria was a mother to us. Every morning she came over, looking after everybody, and looking into every corner with her own remarkable activity, exercising the most extraordinary ingenuity in helping us; and indeed, appearing to create resources in a way only known to herself. Nothing was to her tiresome, or disagreeable, or impossible; she was as much in her element with the kitchen-range, and the very smallest details of housekeeping, as with the chapel decorations; and when we saw her thus putting her hand to everything, we redoubled our own exertions.' Another says: 'This woman of the world was a living lesson for us *religieuses*, for she was the rule of obedience, of poverty, and of spiritual religion, in action. She went about the house as silently as if she had been one of ourselves;

and it was a rare privilege to be with her when she entered the choir. As she knelt before the altar, her attitude of perfect faith, and the expression of devotion on her face, made us feel as if God were doubly there, in His holy tabernacle, and in the heart of His beloved servant.'

Maria found ample scope in the Convent of S. Francis for the exercise of her two favourite employments—the education of children, and nursing the sick. With the former she was perfectly happy, planning their lessons, correcting their exercises, joining in their plays, receiving their little confidences and confessions, to which she responded with a wise affection, which, though invariably tender, never degenerated into weakness. Beside the sick bed she was a daughter of consolation. Hers was the thoughtful brain which left nothing undone for the prevention of pain; hers was the firm and gentle hand which never touched without soothing; and above all, hers was the temperament so rare, but so invaluable in a nurse—bright, hopeful, yet always sympathetic, and mindful of every complaint. She knew how to command her patients without domineering over them, and by her own love and devotion called out in them a spirit of patience and of resignation to the Will of Him whose ambassador she thus became.

In the year 1848 M. de la Fruglaye was taken dangerously ill. Like all the death-beds Maria had witnessed amongst her relations, her father's proved one of much suffering, though with an unselfishness not often met with, the dying man spared his daughter as much as possible the anguish of contemplating pain she could only pity. Madame de Champagny was summoned from Kerdüel, to share with Maria the last cares to be bestowed on the old Count. With his chivalrous devotion to his king and country, his military precision, and his *air de grand Seigneur* amongst the tenantry, who were to him like the vassals of a by-gone day, M. de la Fruglaye belonged more to the past than the present. But, though old-world tastes and old-fashioned prejudices may unfit a man for popularity, and may dim the brightness of his real merits in the eyes of the world, parental love and protecting care are of no age, and never fail of their reward in the filial devotion of the children on whom they are lavished. No father could have been more tenderly beloved than was M. de la Fruglaye by the two daughters who were now his unwearied attendants. His daughter Pauline, Madame de Kergariou, had died long since, after a short but very happy married life. Death came to the master of Kèranroux with no hurried step; month after month went by, and still the struggle was prolonged. One evening very near the last, the sun happened to strike on the portrait of Charles the Tenth, which hung opposite the bed, and lighted up the fine forehead and eyes of that unfortunate monarch. 'See,' said M. de la Fruglaye, 'he calls me. O my King, I come, I am ready! Alas! poor prince, I have not suffered as much as he did! Ah! I wish I left my country happier! alas for France! alas for society! may God take pity on France!'

He then asked for his wife's portrait, and kissing it, he exclaimed,

'Perfect woman! worthy to have been the mother of such children.' He frequently expressed his love and gratitude to his children, saying, 'No father could have been happier in his daughters than I have been.' Very soon after, the last Sacraments were administered; and on the 26th June, 1849, he breathed his last, in the presence of Maria only, her sister being in chapel at the time. Having reverently closed her father's eyes, Maria retired to her own room, followed by the Superior of the *Sœurs Hospitalières.* She took into her arms a large crucifix, and bursting into tears, said, 'O my Saviour, Thou art my only portion! nothing can now retain me in the world; I belong to Thee only, yea, I am all Thine. Thou hast broken my bonds asunder, and I will praise Thy name for ever and ever.'

Maria was now fast approaching the accomplishment of the wish which from her earliest years had been that of her inmost soul; but the way to it was a *viâ dolorosa.* Christ had called her to follow Him with the close and intimate fidelity of a heavenly bride, but the joys of the spiritual union were not bestowed upon her till she tearfully confessed that they came to her as the unspeakably precious consolation for the rending asunder of her tenderest ties on earth. Whilst her father lived, she had the high grace to refuse, on his account, the conventual life; she was able to embrace the vocation of her choice only through the death of the being she loved best on earth. And it is ever thus, from the lips of every saint in every age, from Moses, from Paul, from Thomas à Kempis, from every holy man or woman who ever lived, down to Maria de la Fruglaye, we hear reiterated the warning yet consoling words—No cross, no crown.

(*To be continued.*)

THE PILLARS OF THE HOUSE;

OR,

UNDER WODE, UNDER RODE.

CHAPTER XV.

WHAT IT LED TO.

'Then out and spak the popinjay.'

Old Ballad.

GERALDINE was hard at work on a drawing. Edgar's teaching had improved her so much, that, under a sore longing to obtain some good studies, she had ventured to place in the shop one of her best imaginary groups, and to her surprise and delight, it had brought her in fifteen shillings, and an order for a companion.

Vistas of hope began to rise before her, only obscured by her consciousness of the want of knowledge and skill. It took some resolution not to attend exclusively to her art, and she was forced to make it a rule never to touch a pencil till the lessons of Bernard and Stella were both over for the day.

They were finished, the children in the garden, and Cherry was in that world of joy and something like inspiration known to spirits imbued with any of the constructive poetry of art, always endeavouring to fulfil an ideal, never indeed satisfying themselves, but never so at rest as in the effort.

Presently she was startled by a step on the stairs. Nothing short of the Fall of Delhi had ever been known to bring Felix up-stairs in business hours; and he was especially bound to his work at present, since Mr. Froggatt was detained at home by a serious attack of rheumatism. She looked up amazed at the eager question, 'Is there a letter from Alda?'

'I believe there is, waiting for Wilmet. What is the matter?'

'The most astonishing thing. Here is Ferdinand Travis writing to tell me of his engagement to Alda.'

'To Alda?'

'To Alda! I looked twice to be sure that there was no confusion between the names, but it is my sister Alda beyond a doubt. He would not ask my consent if it were Marilda. Here's the letter, as good and nice as possible, dear good fellow.'

'Then what Edgar told us must have been pure imagination.'

'Not the old folk's wishes, most likely. For the rest, Edgar can make a good story. One can't wonder at the preference, and there's no denying that it is a brilliant chance for Alda.'

'And what a blessing that he should be so good!'

'Infinite! No one could be so welcome! How pleased Mr. Audley will be! But I must go, and try not to look too much disposed to stand on the counter and crow.'

Whatever Felix did below, up-stairs Cherry found drawing impossible. Ferdinand a brother! The pleasure was enhanced by the affectionate simplicity of his letter, the outcome of so good a heart, greatly in love, but very conscientious, and utterly unpresuming on his wealth, but shewing all his old affection and reverence for Felix. What a delightful wonder that Alda should bring in a connection so faithful to Felix!

Yet, what would not Cherry have given to be as unsuspicious as Felix and Wilmet? Why would misgivings come into her head such as never troubled theirs? Why must she be haunted by Alda's intimations about her travelling companions, and her manner, half scornful, half nettled, when Edgar described the terms on which Mr. Travis stood?

She read Ferdinand's letter a second time, and was convinced that he looked at the whole with such artless seriousness as to preclude all notion of his having been consciously playing fast and loose; but she was ready

to torture herself for the involuntary doubt whether her own sister were equally to be trusted.

However, when Wilmet came home, her genuine wholesome overflow of undoubting rapture could not but sweep Cherry along in the tide. Ferdinand combined the apparently impossible advantages of being thoroughly one of themselves, and yet of being able to give Alda the luxuries to which she had become accustomed; and Wilmet's joy was beyond expression. The contrast between the twins—one admired, praised, followed, esteemed, as one of the brightest ornaments of London society; the other toiling in an obscure poverty-stricken home, a teacher in a small third-class school, her beauty unheeded or viewed as a real disadvantage—all this never occurred for one moment to Wilmet, she only felt elevated in her sister.

Two days passed before more letters were received, and these came by the first instead of the second post, before breakfast was over. Four —besides one unheeded, being only in Robina's childish hand-writing— Alda to Wilmet, Thomas Underwood and Ferdinand both to Felix, Edgar to Geraldine. There was a simultaneous opening of the letters, then a general starting and looking into one another's eyes, and Geraldine faintly murmured, 'Then it was really *so!*'

'So? What do you mean?' broke forth Wilmet. 'These selfish people are treating my poor Alda most cruelly among them; and Felix must go and fetch her home to be married from her own brother's house as she ought to be.'

'I shall have to fetch her home,' said Felix thoughtfully; 'but I wish I were quite clear that she has been dealing kindly by Marilda.'

'You are not believing that man Thomas rather than your own sister!' cried Wilmet. 'If Alda does happen to be prettier than his daughter, she can't help it. I'm sure I should be glad enough not to be pretty, but it is a trial, and one must do the best one can.'

'That is just what I fear Alda has been doing,' said Felix between his teeth, as he frowned over his letter.

'Read her letter, poor dear girl,' cried Wilmet, 'and see if you aren't ashamed of such a judgement! No. Some is only meant for me; but listen—"Your letter of sisterly joy has come on troubled waters. I always knew I was the poor relation upon sufferance, but I have been taught to feel it now." She does not know how she could bear it, but for the security of Ferdinand's strength; and they will not let her see him—say she must give him up or them—Mrs. Underwood's violence inconceivable, and all because of a chimerical fancy.'

'What does Ferdinand himself say?' asked Cherry, as Wilmet looked on for further selections.

'He says,' said Felix, reading, 'that our greeting was especially welcome, from the contrast to what he met with from Mr. Underwood. The angry opposition took him by surprise, having always thought they regarded Alda as a daughter; but of course nothing makes any difference

to him, and he would much rather come to us for her than to a stranger. His uncle is at New Orleans, and he is writing to him; he is afraid they ought to wait for the answer, though there can be no doubt about it, and he owes him no obedience.—Now, Cherry, there is just time for Edgar's account before we go our several ways.'

'O Felix,' cried Wilmet, 'aren't you going to fetch her home, poor dear?'

'Not possible to-day, Mettie. I shall have much a-do to get away to-morrow. Don't be so unhappy, you know she *could* come alone or with Edgar, if it were so very dreadful; or if you are so fierce, you had better go yourself and encounter "Man Thomas."'

Wilmet looked so much hurt, that Geraldine thought to defend Felix by reading aloud at once.

'Ma Chérie,

'Such a bear-garden never was seen! Madam furious, Tom abusive, Alda injured innocence, Montezuma heroism, and poor Polly magnanimous—though the less said about her, the soonest mended. I saw when I went back that the crisis could not be far off. The fact is, that our dear sister cannot see anyone else treated as "an object," and has so persuaded herself that she is the proverbial maltreated poor relation, as to think everything fair.'

'Geraldine!' exclaimed Wilmet, 'how can you read? Felix, how can you listen to such things about your own sister?'

'It is only what she said herself,' said Felix drily. 'Go on, Cherry.'

'It must be owned that it was hard, when for once Polly had fallen in with something alike palatable to self and parents, and able to swallow her broad visage! If Madam had had any wit, she would have kept Alda away till the fish was hooked, when, it is my belief, he would have had no eyes for aught beyond; but the good creature is too sure of the charms of her own goose, to dread the admission of any swan whatsoever to her pond. While the Cacique being yet uncommitted, small blame to him if he saw the differ, especially as he attaches to Alda all the sanctity of Bexley, which is to him at the least what St. Matthew's is to Clem. To have been reared on the other—or indeed any side of the Atlantic, our intended brother-in-law is curiously simple. He accepted the intimation that Alda's face is her fortune with superb indifference; whether it will be the same with his uncle, remains to be seen; and I am afraid he is a good deal dependent on him, his mother's Mexican property having been speculated away. I don't like the look of the business; but if anyone can do any good it is Marilda herself. Tom is in a towering rage, and his wife worse—neither perceiving that the noise they make is small mercy to their daughter. She looks all manner of colours, but stands out gallantly that she is glad, and that all is as it should be; and I believe that, left to herself, she will set things straight. Felix had better keep out of the fray except upon compulsion.'

'Here is compulsion,' said Felix. 'Tom Underwood summons me; I can't say I like the errand.'

'You ought not to let yourself be led by Edgar's unkind joking way!'

'We ought to be off now, at any rate,' said Felix, glad to close the discussion. 'I'll write to get Fernan to meet me at the station to-morrow.'

Accordingly, when he arrived, there was Ferdinand Travis driving a magnificent horse, the whole turn-out very far from looking like a connexion of Froggatt and Underwood. He had certainly developed into a splendidly handsome fellow, though still lithe and slight rather than robust, and his dignified bearing giving the idea of greater height than his inches testified to. His greeting was warmly affectionate, with all his old wistful reverence towards his young godfather, and even with a sort of doubt of his thinking him worthy of his sister. As to the disturbance created by the avowal of the object of his attentions, he seemed amazed at it, and entirely unconscious of any supposed change on his part.

'I knew my uncle wished me to be intimate with the family,' he said, 'and I was rejoiced to fall in with anyone who bore your name, and knew how to appreciate you; but I had reason to think that—that there were other views—for—' and here the olive cheeks grew crimson, and he stammered himself into a hopeless entanglement, whence Felix recalled him charitably to an account of the explosion as it had affected himself.

It appeared that his proposal had not been mentioned to the family till Felix's answer had been received, Ferdinand feeling that no one ought to hear of it before the eldest brother. The lovers had met that night at a ball, and their consultation over the letters had taken place in the conservatory, where they had been surprised, and partly overheard, by Mrs. Underwood. When Ferdinand arrived the next morning, he was received with denunciations of underhand ways, and his explanation only made matters worse. A thunderstorm about ingratitude and treachery was launched forth, and he was told that the connection was so contrary to any intentions of his uncle, that Mr. Underwood could not hear of it, and that Alda must renounce it entirely, on peril of being cast off by the family. That Ferdinand regarded her brother as the true head of her house, was only additionally provoking; and Mr. Underwood had given him warnings, which he only hinted at to Felix, that the engagement could not be carried on with impunity.

Therewith they reached Kensington Palace Gardens, and being in a measure forbidden the house, Ferdinand drove about waiting for Felix, who, on giving his name, found himself ushered into the room where the whole party were finishing breakfast.

Alda, looking meek and pensive, but very lovely, exquisitely dressed in white and blue ribbons, flew into his arms as if her protector were come; Mr. Underwood, without getting up, acknowledged him by a grunt, and hand held out; Marilda came round, and put a cold hand into his, clasping it tight; and her mother greeted him with, 'So, Felix Underwood, you are come up about this unlucky business?'

'There is no reason it should be anything but a very happy one,' said Marilda stoutly. 'Come, Mamma, we had better leave Papa and Felix;' and she set the example, but Mrs. Underwood did not stir.

'You hear the dear girl!' she said. 'It ought to go to Alda's heart!'

'It is of no use talking before the ladies,' said Mr. Underwood, getting up. 'That is, unless you have the good sense to join with me in telling Alda that she must give up this wild affair. The fellow has next to nothing of his own, and his uncle would see him at Jericho before he consented to a match like this!'

'I am hardly prepared to do that, Sir,' said Felix, as Alda clung to his arm, and looked appealingly in his face, 'unless the objection were more personal.'

'Objection!' burst forth the lady of the house, 'when he has been making his way underhand—deceiving us all along.'

'Alda, my dear,' said Felix in her ear, 'don't you think you had better go up-stairs?'

But Alda seemed as little disposed, as Mrs. Underwood, to quit the scene of conflict. 'O Felix, I don't know what she means, nor what we have been doing, for them all to turn against me.'

'Don't tell me, Miss Innocence,' retorted Mrs. Underwood, the artificial polish giving way, and the native scolding Polly Kedge breaking out in a storm of words. 'Wasn't the young man doing just as his uncle meant him, and my poor dear girl fancying him as I never saw her do anyone before, till you came home with your sly artful ways—you that owed us the very clothes on your back?'

'Hush, Mary!' ejaculated her husband; but he might as well have tried to stop a torrent.

'Ay, I know. She comes round every man of you with her smooth tongue and pretty face, till you—you are ready to take her part against your own child, Underwood. When my poor girl's laid in her coffin, then you will know what a serpent you've been fostering.'

To Felix's surprise and annoyance, Alda must needs answer: 'I'm sure it's very hard! If people will look at me, I can't help it; and I've as much right to be spoken to as Marilda. She that has got everything, and poor me—'

Luckily her tears stopped her voice.

'Come along, Felix,' said the master of the house, opening the door; and he, perceiving that escape alone could put an end to this most humiliating scene, whispered again his recommendation to Alda to go to her room, and saw her hurrying up the stairs before his kinsman shut the door of his private room with a bounce, exclaiming, 'There! Now we are out of the way of the women's tongues, we can hear ourselves speak. I am afraid it is an awkward business, Felix Underwood.'

'I am afraid it is, Sir.'

'And the ladies make it worse by making such a din about it,' said Tom, who after all was an Underwood, and whose better breeding had come to the perception how these ravings compromised his daughter's dignity. 'How far anyone is to blame, I can't tell. The truth is, that it would have been very satisfactory to Alfred Travis and to me both if the lad and my girl could have made it up together, and they seemed ready

enough to like each other. My girl has got rather a turn for your new-fashioned sort of saints, and he seemed just her style. Everything does go contrary at times; and when your sister came home, with her pretty face and way, my wife declares now she saw a change from the first, but to tell the truth I never did, and I doubt her doing so; but you may guess how amazed we were when she came on them whispering together, and it came out that he had been writing to you to sanction his proposing for Alda, as if he were ashamed to come to me, who had always been a father to her.'

'He meant no slight to you, Sir,' said Felix eagerly; 'but you know we were his first acquaintance, and he had a feeling that an elder brother came nearest. I am sure he felt no shame; he was conscious of no change of intention.'

'Well, well, he is a little bit of an ass. Between ourselves, Felix, I don't blame him half as much as Alda. The girl is sharp enough; she has swarms of lovers; men come about her like wasps to a lump of sugar; and there's £5,000 ready for her the day she marries; but when there was one my poor Mary liked for once, we liked for her, and was in the way of liking her—Mary, who has shared everything with her like a sister—she might have let him alone. Indeed, her aunt gave her a hint, but it only served her to carry it on on the sly.'

Felix wished he had not known of Alda's hearing Edgar's report. He could only say sadly, 'If so, she is quite indefensible.'

What would Wilmet have thought of his fight with 'Man Thomas'?

'Of course,' proceeded that gentleman, 'we know the less we say of that part of the story the better. Some day, Mary will know she's well rid of a coxcombical foreign-looking fellow. She can afford to look farther; but for your sister, this is the maddest thing in the world. William Travis made a regular mull with his wife's fortune, and depend on it, the young man has next to nothing, and would come to beggary if he offended his uncle. There is nothing for it but for them to give one another up!'

'I do not think there is much chance of their doing so,' replied Felix.

'Not as they are now, in the height and fury of the thing; but you are a sensible lad, Felix; you will do your best to shew them the utter folly of the thing.'

'We do not know whether Ferdinand can afford it yet,' said Felix.

'Don't delude yourself with fancying Alfred Travis will swallow this! Not he! Why, he's set on that young Spanish don making a great match—hardly thought my Mary's hundred thousand good enough.'

'Very likely he will refuse consent,' returned Felix; 'but, in the meantime, I see nothing to be done but for Alda to go home with me and wait.'

'To very little purpose,' ejaculated Mr. Underwood, 'except that maybe a taste of your way of life may bring her to her senses and serve her

right. I must say,' he added, 'it is hard that both this boy and girl should be thrown back on your hands for no fault of yours. 'I wish I could help it, but you see there wouldn't be a moment's peace if Alda stayed here without giving him up.'

'It is not fit that she should,' said Felix.

'I like the girl too; indeed, she's almost like my own,' continued Mr. Underwood; 'the house will be dull without her, and I believe those pretty young women can't help flirting, and think one another's beaux fair game. Eh? Well, we'll send for her and put it to her—will she give up Travis and stay here, or hold him to it and go home with you?'

Felix could make no objection, though he had no question what the decision would be; so the bell was rung, Alda was summoned, and soon appeared with burning cheeks and moist eyes.

'Now, Alda,' said her adopted uncle, 'your brother and I have talked it over, and I am ready to overlook what has gone by—that is, if your aunt will—and to let all be as it was before, on this one condition, that you break off this foolish concern. Listen to me. You will find that he has little enough to call his own, and his uncle can cut off his allowance any day. It is mere insanity to think he will consent to such a match as you would be; and you would be doing the best thing for the young man and yourself to tell him it is all nonsense, and you've thought better of it.'

'O Uncle, I couldn't do that!'

'If not—you have the choice—I can't abet what Travis never intended, your aunt couldn't stand it either. There's nothing for it but that you should leave this house. Choose between us and him!'

'That can't help being done, Uncle,' said Alda, with streaming eyes and a choked voice. 'You have been very good to me, but he must come first;' and she moved towards Felix, who put his arm round her kindly, and kissed her, saying,

'Then, Alda, I will leave you to prepare; I must go and see the children and Edgar. I will come back for you in time for the half-past five train.'

Alda's tears flowed too fast again for words, and she turned to leave the room.

'I shall see you again,' said Mr. Underwood. 'Can I give you a lift anywhere, Felix?'

'No, thank you, Sir; Travis is waiting for me.'

'Ay, ay, very fine with his thorough-bred; but when his allowance is docked, how is he to live on his pay?'

The brougham had long been waiting for Tom Underwood, and he left them together. Alda hung on her brother. 'O Felix, is not it dreadful?'

'I thought him very kind and forgiving,' said Felix.

'Is that what you call forgiving? And oh! if you could hear Aunt Mary! You little think what I have gone through!'

'It will be over soon,' said Felix kindly. 'You are going home, you know, and Wilmet is wild to have you.'

'But, Felix, you don't think they mean to do more than frighten me? Ferdinand must have a real right to his own father's money; and besides, he can't properly object to me; Uncle Tom promised me my £5,000 whatever happened!'

'I cannot stay to discuss that now, Alda,' said Felix. 'I have a great deal to do, and Fernan is waiting for me. I shall come back in time.'

'Oh, I wish I could come with you now! Dear Fernan! Tell him I have borne it all for his sake, but it is such an age since I saw him!'

'No doubt he will meet us at the station,' said Felix, escaping at last, and finding Ferdinand not many yards off in the road outside.

'Well, Fernan, to Brompton, if you please. Mr. Underwood is really much kinder than I expected; but as things stand, you can't carry it on in their house, so Alda comes home with me to-night.'

'Then the dear girl is really banished for my sake! I mean, no place is like Bexley to me. But it is very noble of her!' exclaimed Ferdinand, curiously divided between regard for Felix and sense of Alda's sacrifice.

'It is the proper place in which for her to wait for your uncle's answer,' said Felix; 'but indeed, Fernan, it is a question whether we ought to let you risk all your prospects.'

Ferdinand's vehement demand what Felix took him for, and equally eager protest that his uncle must know he had no right to withhold the means that were in all equity due to him, lasted through all the brief transit to the further end of Brompton, where a great old house and grounds, once quite in the country, had been adapted and revivified by Miss Fulmort.

'Might I not come in and see the little girls?' asked Ferdinand wistfully.

'I should *rather suppose* not,' said Felix, smiling. 'Life-Guardsmen are not exactly the visitors expected in establishments for young ladies. You had better not wait for me; I cannot give the children less than an hour.'

'I would wait if it were ten hours.'

'But how about your horse? He isn't in love!'

Ferdinand would not, however, be denied; and when at length a rendezvous was agreed on, Felix, free of the dashing equipage, of which he was, to tell the truth, slightly ashamed, rang at the gates, arrived at the house door, announced himself as Mr. Underwood, asked to see his sisters; and after a long labyrinth of matted passages, found himself in a pretty countrified room, where a wiry, elderly, sensible lady, with grey hair and a keen face, gave him a friendly reception, drew a favourable, but not enthusiastic, picture of Robina's steadiness and industry, and said that Angela was a more difficult character. By this time Robina came

into the room with her hat on, eagerly, but with her face flushed and her eyes rather frightened, and as she received her brother's kiss, she said, 'The little ones are not come in yet.—May I take my brother into the garden, Miss Fennimore?'

Permission was given, and Robina held his hand with an unusually tight grasp as she led him to the wide square walled garden, with a broad gravel walk around an old-fashioned bowling-green. He thought the round face looked anxious and perplexed, and was rather uneasy as he began by saying, 'I hope not to lose Angel. Do you always walk so early in the day?'

'On Herr Müller's days, because he only comes in the afternoon,' said Robina; 'but I am rather glad; I wanted to speak to you, Felix.'

'Is anything wrong?' said Felix, seeing that the child's face had become crimson, and hearing effort in her voice. 'You are happy here? Don't be afraid to tell me anything, my dear. Remember, there is no one so bound to watch over you.'

'I know,' said Robina, looking up into those kind eyes. 'I want to tell you—' but she panted, and he encouraged her by putting his other hand over hers caressingly. 'Edgar comes every Sunday,' it came out at last.

'And what of that? Isn't it a pleasure?'

'It—it would be—but he and Alice ought not to send each other notes and messages.'

'What?' very low.

'Indeed they do; and I can't tell what to do.'

'What sort of notes and messages?' asked Felix, in a half reproving voice, as though he thought the solemnity of thirteen was taking alarm needlessly.

'O Felix, love notes,' half whispered the girl, hanging her burning head.

'Nonsense, child; you have misunderstood some joke.'

'No,' said Robina, looking full in his face with sturdy offended dignity. 'They both were in earnest when they told me about it.'

'About what?' said he, still severely, as he sat down on a bench, unheeding February damp.

'About—' she was not far from tears, as she faltered out, 'their engagement.'

'Theirs!' he wrung the hand that he still retained; 'Edgar and—'

'And Alice Knevett,' said Robin. 'I would not promise not to tell. I hope it is not treachery!'

'How long?' asked Felix hoarsely.

'Ever since the holidays. They used to walk together when Miss Pearson thought she was with us, but none of us ever knew it then.'

'You are certain? Remember, this is a graver matter than perhaps you understand.'

'I think I do understand, and it is that which makes me so unhappy;

but *indeed*, it can't be fancy. I have seen her ring, emerald and amethyst for Edgar and Alice, and the locket with their hairs twisted together. The very first Sunday we were here, he gave me a note for her, and when I told him it was not allowed, he tried quizzing me at first, and at last told me I was a silly child who did not know what was proper between engaged people. So I said,' continued Robina with dignity, 'that I could allow much to be proper in that case, but I wanted to know whether this was only kept from me because I was a baby, and was known to you and the grown-up people.'

'Right, Robin,' muttered Felix, feeling that she needed encouragement.

'Then he laughed at me more than ever about expecting things to be proclaimed on the market-cross, and tried to puzzle me out of my senses, till I could only stick to one thing, that I couldn't take his notes unless somebody knew. And after all I found the thing in my jacket pocket. He must have put it in when I was not looking.'

'And what did you do with it?'

'Oh! the dreadful thing! I felt as if it would bite me all the week long, but I didn't think it would be honourable to tear it or burn it, and I kept it. Luckily Alice didn't ask if I had a note, only whether he had said anything; and when she found I knew, she told me all about it, and said all sorts of things about my being unkind and mean to stand out, but I never promised to keep the secret.'

'Are you still keeping this note?'

'No. I gave it back to Edgar on Sunday, and told him to play no such tricks. I thought he would have been in a rage, but he was—oh! so provoking! just as if he didn't care for a little spite in a naughty child.'

'Then is this intercourse checked?'

'No, that's the worst of it. When I would not, they took to Angel. You know she got very fond of Edgar in the winter, and was always running after him and waiting on him. So she did what he told her quite innocently at first, till I found out what was going on, and tried to stop her; but she doesn't care for me as she does for Edgar, and thinks it grand to be in all their secrets, when I am too cross. And then there's a class that goes to the South Kensington Museum, and Alice is one of them, and Edgar is about there. I'm sure Miss Fulmort ought not to be deceived as they are doing; it's all nonsense about school-mistresses being designed by nature to be hoodwinked. It makes me so miserable, I don't know what to do; and when I heard you were come, it was as if you had been sent on purpose to help me.'

'Poor child!' said Felix, with a heavy sigh. 'You have kept this all to yourself.'

'I could not tell anyone. I could have told Miss Lyveson, because she is one's friend; but it would only be being a tell-tale and informer here. And one's own brother too! And I could not write, for they look over all the letters that are not to fathers and mothers.'

'They must make an exception for me!' said Felix, in an indignant tone.

'I knew you would say so. O Felix, tell them so! I do feel like having Papa now I have you.'

'If you only had!' sighed Felix. 'My poor Bob, it is a grievous business, but you have been very upright and considerate, as far as I can see.'

'I'm so glad you don't want me to have told!' she said, with a sigh of relief, as unlike his as that of one who throws off a burden is to that of him who takes it up.

'Not if it can be helped. It would be a mischievous and cruel exposure, and would be hard on one who has been led into it,' he said, with breaks and pauses, half for breath, half for considering. 'It is most reckless, most unjustifiable, in Edgar!' He knit his brows, so that she gazed at him in awe and wonder, as having something in his countenance that she did not comprehend. Then after a silence he said, 'Robin, I will speak to Edgar, and if you do not find that this is stopped after *one* communication, which of course there must be, write to me. These ladies must make an exception in favour of such as we are!'

'O Felix, it is so nice to hold you and feel you! Only I wish I had not had to grieve you so much!'

'Dishonourable conduct is not what I was prepared for!' he said, setting his teeth.

'And will you speak to Angel? I hear them coming in,' said Robina.

'Yes. Let me have her alone at first. Come back in ten minutes time.'

He was still sitting on the bench, with his elbows on his knees, and his hands over his brow, when Angela came towards him. She was of the same long-limbed make as Clement, was nearly as tall as the square sturdy Robina nearly three years older, and had Clement's small almost baby mould of features, relieved only by such arch deep blue eyes as shone in Edgar's face. She looked such a mere child, that when her step and exclamation caused Felix to raise his head, it seemed absurd to imagine her to be knowingly engaged as go-between in a clandestine correspondence; and with a sort of pity and compunction for the blame he had intended, he held out his arms to her.

'O Felix, how cold you are! Your face is like marble. Now if I was to sit there, in this weather, wouldn't they be at me like wild cats?'

Thus reminded, Felix rose, and certainly shivered after the exercise of his privilege. 'Are you happy here, Angel?' he asked in a constrained tone.

'Yes, it is jollier than Miss Pearson's. There are more girls, and we do have such fun!'

'I hope you are good and steady, and very careful of all the rules.'

Angela fidgeted, as if she didn't like the style of the conversation.

'You know,' he continued, 'there may be rules that you may not see the use of, but that must be obeyed, for all that.'

'What a tiresome dry old Blunderbore you are!' broke out Angela, with ill-assured sauciness; 'this isn't the way Edgar goes on when he comes to see us.'

Felix could not check a sort of groan or grunt; and Angela, whose pertness was defensive, quailed a little. She had driven him out of the due sequence of his discourse, but he resumed it. 'Angel, I must tell you; if anybody asks you to break rules—by giving letters—you must not.'

Angela kicked pebbles about.

'Have you ever been asked to do so?'

She hung her head, and a pout came over her face.

'Angel,' he said, in a voice from the sadness of his heart, 'I will not ask any questions, in case you have made promises not to betray secrets; but you must never make such promises again. Tell me you will never do—this thing again.'

She was silent.

'Angela!' he said reprovingly.

'I don't know why I should promise you more than Edgar!' broke out Angela petulantly. 'He is my brother too, and he isn't cross; and I love him, and *will* keep his secret.'

Between this flat defiance of his authority, and his scruple about interfering with the child's sense of honour, Felix was in no slight perplexity even as to this interview with his little sister. His disclaimer came first. 'I ask about no one's secret,' he said; 'but, Angel, I must have you understand this. If you break the rules that forbid the giving of notes from any person outside the school, it will be doing more harm than you can understand. I shall put a stop to it at once, and most likely you will be sent away in disgrace.'

She was somewhat awed, but she did not speak.

'Whatever anyone may say to you,' pursued Felix, 'recollect that it is dishonesty and treachery to do anything underhand, and the greatest possible mischief to those you wish to be kind to. Don't you see, it is no kindness to help anyone to do wrong?'

She began to cry. 'They don't want to do wrong. It is very nasty and mean of Bobbie to have told.'

'You will know some day how good and trustworthy it is in Bobbie,' said her elder brother. 'You cannot understand rights and wrongs in such a matter as this, at your age, Angel.' (To tell the child this was a mistake, if he had but known it.) 'You must be satisfied with knowing that whatever breaks rules and must be kept secret is necessarily disobedient and deceitful, and may have terrible consequences. Do you believe me? Then give me your word to have no more to do with it.'

She muttered something among her tears like 'I won't,' and Felix was satisfied, for the exaction of promises had necessarily been the chief mode of government with the two youthful pillars of the house, who spent so much time apart from their dominions; and it was almost unprecedented that such a promise was not observed.

Robina was lingering near, and as they joined her Felix found that his time was up. He was taken back to the drawing-room, where he found himself in presence of the lady he had seen, and of a much younger smaller person, with a slight cast in her eye, and a peculiar jerking manner such as he could well believe would frighten away a young girl's confidence. When he made his request for free correspondence from his little sisters, there was no demur; only Miss Fulmort said, half vexed, 'it ought to have been mentioned before; she did not know why the children had not told her.' And then she made a point of ascertaining Felix's individual address; for she said, 'A great deal of undesirable stuff may be scribbled to brothers and sisters.'

Felix possessed no card, unless such might be reckoned the announcement of photographs and stationery, &c., which was wont to be put up with parcels for strangers; and when he tried to write 'Mr. F. C. Underwood,' the shivering chill so affected his fingers that he could hardly guide the pencil. He took leave, and soon found the assiduous Ferdinand, who presently asked shyly 'what the little ones thought of it.'

Felix bethought himself. 'Really, Fernan, it was put out of my head; and moreover, perhaps it had better not be known more widely than needful.'

'You do not doubt—'

All the ground that had been gone over before was argued out once again by the eager Mexican before they reached the National Gallery, the appointed place of meeting with Edgar. He was not within, but without, and throwing away his cigar, hailed them as Fernan drew up his horse.

'At last! The storm must have been pitiless, to judge by the effects! You are blue with cold, Felix.'

'Ferdinand, thank you,' said Felix, getting out. 'I am sorry, but I must have Edgar alone a little while.'

'Look here, Travis,' said Edgar, seeing his blank look, 'we'll give you the honour of giving us a spread. You go on and order it at ———'s, and I'll walk this fellow there. Curry soup that will astonish him, and warm the cockles of his heart, mind.'

Ferdinand nodded, and drove off, perfectly satisfied with this compensation.

'Let's see if we can walk a little life into you,' said Edgar, taking his brother's arm. 'Bless thy five wits, Tom's a cold! Was it Madam! I always thought she could not be many generations from Billingsgate.'

'I have been to Brompton.'

'That tragical hoarseness would lead me to conclude something. Eh! has that Robin been chirping out her fancies? And do you mean to say that you are struck all of a heap by the awful discovery of a boarding-school mystery?'

'It is naturally distressing to find you acting such a part.'

'Then I am afraid you have a good deal to go through in the course of your life. If every little flirtation on the part of your '*Geschwister*' is to produce this effect, there won't be much left of you by the time it comes to Stella.'

'What meaning do you attach to the words "little flirtation"?'

'When the head of the family puts the question in that solemn tone, how is it to be answered? Bless me, Blunderbore, such a countenance can only proceed from being smitten yourself! To be sure, when there was only one girl you ever spoke to, it was no wonder. Poor old fellow! I'd never have poached on your manor, but how was I to imagine a pillar of the house giving way to such levities?'

'This is mere bravado, Edgar,' was the grave answer, in a tone not disconcerted but full of repression, and with a pale but steady countenance. 'Gloss it over as you will, a correspondence such as you have begun is unjustifiable. It risks damaging for ever the prospects, at once not only of—of the object—but those of your little sisters.'

'O Felicissimo mio, how green a spot is Bexley! As though secrets and mysteries were not the elixir of life to the boarding-school.'

'Have you ever considered what a discovery must involve?'

'I need not, it seems, since you had not the sense to box that child's ears for a meddlesome tell-tale. Did the scene equal Madam's performance?'

'You do not imagine that I mentioned it.'

'Oh! The revered prop of the state soars so far above my head, that I did not know what he might regard as his duty.'

'You shall know it now, Edgar. There are two choices. If you are really engaged to this young lady,' (Edgar made a nod of impatient scornful acquiescence, but certainly of acquiescence,) 'then ask her honourably from her friends, and let whatever you do be open! Otherwise, give it up as an impossible imprudence, but drop all attempt at what is clandestine. Unless you do one or other of these, I warn you that I shall speak to Miss Pearson.'

'If you were a reasonable and experienced paterfamilias, instead of only a poor conscientious over-harassed prig of a boy, with more brothers and sisters than he knows what to do with, I'll tell you, in candid unprejudice, what you would do. Just let it alone! There are as many of such little affairs going as there are midges in a sunbeam; and they never do anyone any harm, unless the higher powers make an unadvised hubbub.'

'Am I to understand that as an avowal that you know yourself to be trifling?'

'I know nothing about it. I don't live in the heroics, like some of my friends. In the rural seclusion of Bexley I saw a pretty lively girl, who, not to put too fine a point upon it, made quite as much up to the romantic young artist as ever the young artist did to her. Of course, there was an exchange of prettinesses, and life on either side became a blank when she was immured at Brompton, and the only solace left was the notes that so outrage your and Bobbie's united sense of propriety.'

'And what is to follow?'

'Is it to lead to?' he corrected, with a mimicry of Wilmet's tone. 'That depends. If you make the explosion, I shall have to rise to the occasion—keep the slip-knot ready and patent, and as soon as I get my head above water, have a wife and family on my back to keep me down, and hinder me from coming to your rescue. If not—why, it will take its chance, and we shall have a reasonable chance of trying whether we get tired of one another—the best thing that could happen to us, by-the-by—though she is such a saucy little darling, that were that picture of mine painted, I should be fool enough to marry her to-morrow.'

'And why—may I ask—seeing these things so clearly, did you draw the poor child into an engagement?'

Edgar shrugged his shoulders. 'You had better ask why she drew me. If you didn't know it before, my dear Felix, "'Tis human natur to be fools."'

'Allowing it to be folly, you do not mean to persist?'

'As if a poor fellow must always have a meaning! Life is not worth having if one is to be always so awfully in earnest.'

'I have the misfortune to be in earnest,' said Felix, with the formality of one past patience, but resolved to keep his temper in hand, 'when I warn you, that if I find that this intercourse is continued, unless you choose to ask her properly of her father, it will be my duty to let Miss Pearson know.'

'So be it,' was the answer, in a tone of half mocking, half compassionate submission, that was more provoking than all, except for the sudden change to the gay kindliness that followed, as Edgar threw aside his own affairs, to laugh over Ferdinand Travis's honest simplicity of adoration of Alda and all her household, declaring that it had been as much for his delight, as to be rid of him, that he himself had devised that commission of the luncheon. 'What a spread it will be!' Edgar chuckled to himself; 'and how it will be thrown away on the present company! not that there ever was a man who wanted it more!' he added, as he saw how white his brother's face was. 'You've been and got a chill!'

Felix did not deny it; and if his unsophisticated palate did not appreciate all that Ferdinand had ordered on the principle that nothing could be too good for him either in his individual capacity or as Alda's

brother, he at least submitted to what his two companions required of him in the way of hot soup, and *even* of one glass of wine, before he grew restive, and insisted on carrying the head that their solicitude had succeeded in rendering heated and flushed to burning pitch, to do the business in the City that always sprang up whenever anyone had to go to town.

Edgar bade him adieu; and the faithful Ferdinand drove him wherever he had to go, and finally to Kensington Palace Gardens, where he was ushered into the drawing-room, to find Marilda, resolved upon unconsciousness, but only succeeding in a kind of obstreperous cordiality and good will, which, together with the hot room, made him quite dizzy; and his answers were so much at random, that he sent Fulbert to an examination at Cambridge, and Clement prospecting in Australia. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Underwood made their appearance; but when Felix spoke of getting a cab, Marilda said the carriage was ordered. Then Alda was explicit about the boxes that were to follow, but on the whole she was behaving very prettily and unobtrusively. Marilda kissed her warmly, and detained Felix a moment to say, 'This will blow over, and then she will come back, unless things have settled themselves better. If I can do any good, write to me.'

So Alda quitted her adopted home; but the change might be lightened to her by being handed out of the carriage at the station by a military-looking figure, who announced that he wanted to see a fellow at Aldershott, and meant to dine there. It was not his fault that he got out at Farnborough.

(To be continued.)

DOMINIE FREYLINGHAUSEN.

BY FLORENCE WILFORD.

CHAPTER III.

Time passed rather heavily for the young officers of the British regiment in Albany. They happened to be what now-a-days would be called a fast set, though the phrase was not invented then; and the simple pleasures of the citizens were not much to their taste. Whenever Mr. Vyvian looked dull, Cornelius or Cornelia were sure to try to cheer him by telling him they would take him to the berry-picking; and they had no conception how mild and pitiable a bit of dissipation this great gala of theirs appeared to him.

It was thought a great favour to invite anyone not belonging to one of the companies, and Killian Barentse, in his position as head of Cornelius' company, rather demurred to the invitation.

'We don't want this dandified officer, do we, Franzje?' said he at one of the private meetings of the company. 'I am sure he will be only in the way.'

'I suppose Cornelius will take care of him,' she said indifferently, while the fine Indian face of Killian was bent eagerly on her, waiting for her words.

'Or Cornelia,' said he rather maliciously. 'They must promise to walk one on each side of him, and take all the burden of entertainment on their shoulders.'

'You mean, we mustn't let him speak a word to Franzje. I understand your tactics very well,' said Cornelius, with a sage nod and chuckle.

Killian's dark cheek flushed with a sudden glow.

'Of course,' went on Cornelius, seeing the shot had told, 'we know who it is keeps Franzje away from our house now Mr. Vyvian is there; but no one can prevent his thinking her the most beautiful girl in Albany.'

'I don't want to prevent him,' said Killian angrily; 'but he need not think we look to him to tell us whom to admire. As for Franzje's going to your house, you know very well that I never presume to interfere with her movements. I have not the shadow of a right to do so,' he added rather bitterly.

She glanced up at him kindly with a sweet and soothing smile, though a startled blush was on her cheek. 'Never mind, Killian,' she said softly; 'we all know Cornelius is only joking.'

But the pretty Cornelia, whose feelings had been considerably ruffled by her brother's reference to Mr. Vyvian's admiration of Franzje, here broke in pettishly, 'It is all very well to call it a joke, Franzje; but you know yourself you have never been inside our doors since Mr. Vyvian came. Some people would call that modesty, I suppose; but I think to be always afraid of people's falling in love with one, is almost as bad as wishing that they should.'

It was a sight to see the grand beautiful eyes opening wide in their amazed innocence; but Franzje was still enough of a child to take the accusation in a very matter-of-fact way. 'If you mean that for me, Cornelia,' she said, with the childish dignity which sat so prettily on her, 'you must know it is all quite nonsense. I have stayed at home more lately because the Dominie wished it; that is the whole and sole reason.'

'And so you are to drop your friends whenever the Dominie chooses,' said Cornelia, pouting. 'I call it very unkind. After all, too, I don't know what reward you get for your obedience, I thought the Dominie seemed quite put out with you last Sunday.'

There was no doubt that Franzje was really wounded now. She drooped her stately head, and could scarcely keep the tears from rushing to her eyes. It was true that, spite of her dutiful obedience to his wishes, the Dominie had not been half so benignant to her as usual since

the officers arrived in the town, and her loyal little heart was sorely troubled by it.

'For shame, for shame!' said several of the company in a breath. And Killian Barentse came to the rescue yet more boldly.

'You have no right to speak in that way to your Head, Cornelia,' he said severely. 'I should like to hear what the Dominie would say to some of your remarks. I believe all of us, except Franzje, have been talking foolishly since the name of Mr. Vyvian came up, and that makes me the more sorry that he is coming to the berry-picking. You know we have scarcely ever had anyone but ourselves—not even the Dominie.'

'I should hope not; *he would* spoil sport,' said Cornelius Banker.

Killian looked at him steadily. 'I don't know what is come over you two,' he said. 'It must be pretty sort of sport if our Dominie's presence would spoil it. Of course, he is older and graver than we are; but you know very well he never objects to innocent mirth.'

'Spoken like the Dominie himself!' said Cornelius, with a bow of mock homage.

But here some of the other lads of the company laid hold of him, and half in jest, half in earnest, forced him down on his knees, and made him beg Killian's pardon for all his impertinence.

'They are not like themselves now, those two,' said Killian, when the meeting had broken up, and he was walking home with Franzje and her brother Evert. 'I wish these officers had never come into the town. The Dominie says he thinks they are a bad set.'

'He made up his mind they were going to be,' said Franzje a little petulantly.

Killian glanced at her in surprise. 'I do believe you wish Mr. Vyvian to come to the berry-picking,' he remarked, with keen jealousy in his tone.

'I wish it because Cornelia and Cornelius wish it. I do not see that it need make much difference to anyone. We can get our berries all the same, Killian; I am determined that our company shall pick the most of all. Last year the Company of the Red out-did us; but they shall not this time, shall they?' And she looked so eager and animated over this trifling ambition of hers, that Killian was re-assured.

'She is thinking more about the berries, and the honour of the company, than about Mr. Vyvian,' he said to himself complacently. 'That is well.'

Killian Barentse was an orphan, and lived with his grandfather, an aged widower, who belonged to 'the society,' and like old Jan Ryckman, never spoke except when addressed, and though always cheerful and kind, took little interest in anything but subjects connected with religion.

It was but a dull home for the youth; and its silence and gravity had left their impress on his character. His appearance and manners had something of the dignified quiet of the people whom he so resembled in

feature; he was brave and enterprising, but he was not gay; he was industrious and painstaking, but not intellectual, though he consorted much with the Dominie, seldom sought any relaxation but that afforded by his gun and the frequent meetings of his company, and never joined the band of careless dissipated youths, who found their pleasure in such strange exploits as stealing pigs or turkeys from their neighbours after dark, and holding a grand midnight carousal at one of the inns of the town on the strength of the spoils thus accumulated.

Now that he was shooting up towards manhood, his love for Franzje Ryckman had begun to be an acknowledged fact in the town; and it was surmised that when he returned from the trading voyage among the Indians, upon which he was to start the next spring, he would claim her as his bride; some said with good probability of success, as his character stood high, he was known to be possessed of some means, and had always been a favourite with all the Ryckmans, young and old.

He himself was doubtful and diffident. Franzje liked him—yes, certainly liked him; and it was just the sort of quiet affectionate regard which frequently led on to marriage in Albany, where no one thought of love as a passion, and where courtship was almost always a very simple and matter-of-fact affair; but he had learnt to feel that Franzje was not quite like other girls—that there was a strength and a depth in her nature which made her love a great and precious thing, not so easily to be gained, not so to be taken for granted as the less discerning people around him judged.

'She is quite a child still,' he said to himself, 'and loves her father and mother better than anybody else; it is quite natural that she should not care for me as I do for her—I, who have no one else; besides, I am not so worth caring for. Perhaps in time she will come really to care for me—perhaps when I go away, and come back thoroughly a man, she will no longer think of me as just like one of her brothers, as she does now. At any rate, I will have patience. I would serve seven years for her as cheerfully as ever Jacob did for Rachel.'

Why he should feel an incipient jealousy of Mr. Vyvian he could not tell; it was not his good looks that caused it; he was handsome enough himself for the matter of that: it was perhaps, though Killian did not know it, a feeling that in Mr. Vyvian's polish, in his ready cleverness and abundant information, Franzje might find a something interesting from its novelty, and peculiarly attractive to her from the natural bent of her mind.

She was better educated, as has been said, than most of the maidens of Albany: she had a native grace and refinement about her which most of them lacked. She read English books with avidity, liked poetry, which Killian thought insufferable, and had tastes and aspirations which had never yet been gratified. The Dominie and Aunt Schuyler had combined to make her what she was; and yet she was different from both of them, with that distinct individuality, which no one can

give or take away. The Dominie had occasionally tried to repress it, when it interfered with the track in which he wished to lead her; but even he could not eradicate it; and Killian, whose intellect was not so profound, but whose sympathies were quicker, *felt* perhaps better than anyone what Franzje was, and how little he himself could suffice to her, even though she liked him. But even he did not know Franzje thoroughly—the beautiful child, whose face was a prophecy of something to which the soul within had not yet attained.

The sun rose gloriously on the day of the berry-picking; and the hickory and maple trees that lined the road up to the hills, were splendid in their flush of autumn colouring. Early in the morning, groups of youths and maidens, big and little children, began to assemble in the principal street; and as each company were to start together in a body, the Ryckmans and the Bankers, with Mr. Vyvian, soon found themselves side by side. 'The Ryckmans,' however, only meant in this instance, Franzje and her two eldest brothers, Evert and Jan; the younger children belonged to a different company, and had already started, as they were likely to be longer on the road. Each member of each company held on their arm a covered basket of Indian manufacture, the handle of which was tastefully adorned with ribbons, red, blue, yellow, white, or green, according to the insignia of their particular company. Franzje's and Killian's was known as the Company of the Blue, so the baskets of all their party were tied up with blue ribbons; and Mr. Vyvian had been presented by Cornelia with a similar one, decorated with her own fair hands. He walked along, swinging it on one finger with an air of half-disdainful good nature; while a young ensign of his regiment, who had been likewise invited, pretended to be overwhelmed by the weight of *his* basket, and empty though it was, hung it on the end of a walking-stick, and carried it across his shoulders with many professions of intense fatigue.

Franzje and some young friends of hers, with her brothers and Killian, started off at a brisk pace directly the company was pronounced complete, and soon outstripped Cornelia and the young officers, who were acting as her attendant squires. 'Keet-je' was more gaily dressed than most of the maidens; and her decided prettiness in some degree palliated the foolish hoydenish airs which amused the young Englishmen, but certainly did not captivate them. The ensign said to himself that she was much easier to get on with than any other girl he had met in Albany, and was so far content; but Mr. Vyvian, though he was very gallant towards her, and paid her outrageous compliments, vowed to himself that he would not dance attendance upon her longer than he could help.

'It is very well for the beautiful shy creature up there to run away from me,' he soliloquized, as a turn in the winding hilly road showed him a glimpse of Franzje and her party far in advance; 'it is much better than this other girl's coquettish forwardness; but I can tell her

she shall not escape me so easily. When once we arrive at our destination, I will see if I cannot contrive to cut out the young Indian.'

It was easier said than done; for Killian seemed like Franzje's shadow throughout the day, and was so intent on filling her basket, that he almost forgot his own. Even during the sociable mid-day meal, which they ate pic-nic fashion, seated on the ground, the young queen of the Blue Company was so hemmed in by her affectionate subjects, so guarded by her fellow-sovereign, that Mr. Vyvian found it almost impossible to get speech of her without being heard by the whole assemblage. She was very quietly, even plainly, dressed—indeed, scarcely any of the maidens, but Cornelia, had attempted anything like a gala costume—but she looked radiant; all the sunshine of the day seemed reflected in those glorious blue eyes, in 'the red young mouth, and the hair's young gold.'

The Company hung upon her words as if they had been rubies and diamonds; though, truth to say, they were not remarkable for any portentous amount of wisdom. She was childishly eager about the quantity of berries that had been, or were likely to be, gathered; childishly proud of the tasteful decorations of the Blue Company's baskets, and nearly as ready as any of her companions to deride the decorative efforts of the other companies.

'Did you ever see anything so heavy and clumsy as that great roll of red ribbons?' she asked, indicating an unfortunate basket belonging to one of the Company of the Red who were camping near them.

'Never!' 'It's hideous!' 'That Red Company has not the slightest taste!' and so on, were the loyal responses from all sides.

But Mr. Vyvian, raising his musical voice a little, said distinctly, 'Of course I am not so ungrateful and tasteless as to deny my preference to the blue, but may I be pardoned for thinking that that massive coil of scarlet is rather rich and good in its effect? Is it heresy in your opinion, Mademoiselle Ryckman, to be able to admire the baskets of another company? I see everybody is beginning to look shocked.'

Franzje's blush made her look more beautiful than ever. 'I dare say we are prejudiced,' she faltered. 'We have a sort of little rivalry about these baskets; but of course a stranger and a visitor can't be expected to enter into that.'

'And of course Mr. Vyvian must be allowed to admire red,' simpered Cornelia, with a glance at his handsome scarlet uniform.

'Nay, I don't admire it so much as blue,' he said. 'I fully admit that blue ribbons, blue eyes, blue flowers, are all more charming than any others.'

A glance at the blue-eyed Franzje pointed his words; but his gallantry might have been thrown away on the matter-of-fact young people around him, had not Cornelia's jealousy quickened her apprehension. 'Perhaps you admire blue stockings too,' she said promptly,

with a little toss of her head, and a saucy sparkle of her eyes, such as only dark eyes can give.

There was a general laugh, for Franzje's learning was rather a joke among the not very intellectual young people of Albany. And before Mr. Vyvian could reply—

'Oh, defend us from anything of that sort!' cried out the young ensign, who had not heard of her fame in this respect. I hoped we had left all the blue-stockings behind us in England.'

'You certainly will not find them here,' said Killian Barentse: 'there are some well-read ladies among us, like Aunt Schuyler, but they make no display of their learning. Shall we go and pick berries again, Franzje? Everyone seems to have done.'

She thanked him with, oh! such a bright grateful glance: he had turned off the allusion so beautifully, with such ready understanding of her distress, with such delightful tact.

'Killian, how good you are! I could have kissed you for saying that!' she said gaily, as they stooped together over a berry-bush, out of hearing of the others.

To her surprise the brown face became crimson; he looked down at her with a strange glance, his lips quivering. 'You shouldn't say that to me,' he said in an agitated voice. 'You can't mean it—at least if you had you wouldn't have said it.'

Her own cheeks were hot now with the terrible agonizing blush of maidenly shame and confusion. 'I forgot you were not Evert,' she stammered. 'Killian, we used to be exactly like brother and sister; I don't see why we shouldn't be still; at least—oh, have I said something wrong again?—I mean, I don't see why we need either of us misunderstand a silly jesting phrase, which means nothing, except that one is grateful.'

'You might be grateful to Mr. Vyvian, but you would not use it to him.'

The blushes seemed to scorch her cheeks. 'Use it to Mr. Vyvian! Killian, what do you take me for? Why do you say such strange things?'

'Nor would you to the Dominie,' he pursued gravely and sadly.

'To the Dominie!' she rejoined, in a sort of terrified amazement, much as a young Roman Catholic might have said, 'To the Pope!' 'No, of course not. Do you think it possible that anyone could take such a liberty?'

'Yet he kisses you sometimes—at least, I know he *has* done so.'

A very sweet meditative smile moved the corners of her troubled mouth. 'Yes,' she said, quietly; 'but that is quite a different thing, because I am one of his "children." Killian, why do you mystify me, and make me feel so ashamed and uncomfortable? I am sorry I have vexed you. I spoke foolishly, and without thought, just as I might have done to Evert or Jan.'

'I know: that is what I complain of,' said Killian bitterly.

She opened her large eyes silently, half offended, wholly puzzled.

'I want you to think of me not as you do of your brothers, nor yet quite as you do of Mr. Vyvian, or the Dominie, but—' he began haltingly, finding it difficult to explain himself. He was interrupted by a laugh from her, a clear joyous laugh of irrepressible amusement.

'I am not to think of you quite as I do of the Dominie! O Killian, Killian, do you think there is any danger? Are you joking with me, or what?'

'It is you that are joking,' he said coldly, 'and will not see that I am in earnest. Can't you see that you are everything to me, and that I want to be something to you? That I don't want to be classed with Evert and Jan. I know I am not your equal in many things; but at least no one can understand you better or prize you more than I do. Mr. Vyvian may admire your beauty, and the Dominie may praise your cleverness—'

'He never does,' she said indignantly; 'he never praises me at all. And, Killian, I am sure he would not like you to flatter me, or to be always talking of Mr. Vyvian, and trying to make me think foolish things about him. I shall not stay to hear any more. I am sure I ought not.' And closing down her basket-lid hastily, she ran away, seeking not only to escape Killian, but all her other young companions as well.

Poor little girl! she was waking up into womanhood, but waking painfully, feeling as if the self-conscious thoughts that had been aroused in her the last week or two must be wrong as well as perplexing, though they had been aroused by influences from without, and had not sprung spontaneously from within. She had had a happy innocent simple life, full of home indulgence and home love, with nothing more to hope or dread than approval or blame from the Dominie, with no whispers of flattery, no importunate admiration, nothing to excite premature feelings of any description. And now that Killian—her friend since babyhood, her pleasant play-fellow—should be the one to force new unwelcome exciting thoughts upon her, seemed to her very hard, very unjust.

Love-making at an early age was common in Albany: there had been instances of marriage between youths and maidens quite as young as Killian and Franzje; but, spite of the precocity of her beauty, she was unusually simple and child-like in mind, and no thought of love or lovers had come to trouble her peace, or arouse her share of woman's vanity, until now. An instinctive, ever-deepening, hero-worship occupied her heart, unsuspected even by herself; and perhaps this had helped to keep her regard for Killian from even the slightest tinge of romantic sentiment, and had blinded her to the touch of romance which was creeping into the old familiar affection which he entertained towards her. She had seen other friendships ripen into love, as Killian's friendship for

her was ripening now; but she had never expected this development in his case, and was vexed and astonished to find it had already begun.

She left the belt of shrubs where the berry-pickers were busy behind her, and wandered into the dark pine wood which crowned the summit of the hill. She did not penetrate very far into it, but walked along not far from the edge, till she came to a place where a sort of ravine opened, and a waterfall rushed down the precipitous slope. The roar of the leaping foaming water was delightful to her; it brought to her a sense of freshness, of liberty, an escape from the trouble of her own thoughts. The little birch-trees that fringed each side of the ravine, the lofty gloom of the pine forest that stretched away behind it, the gorgeous tawny gold of the shumach, with its clusters of vivid scarlet berries, that here and there sprang out like flame from the pines—all these things gave her a keen sense of joy and relief, a feeling of unwonted admiration, which drew her mind quite away from the small shadows that had crept into her life.

She sat down under a sycamore-tree, her hands folded in her lap, her head a little thrown back, a very picture of happy thoughtfulness, of thoughtful peace.

'It reminds me of that bit of Milton,' she said to herself, 'that the Dominie is so fond of.'

She was still endeavouring to recall the lines exactly to her memory, and hearing nothing but the roar of the waterfall, when a shadow fell on the tufted grass at her feet, and looking up she saw Mr. Vyvian. If she had met him fresh from Killian's bewildering talk, she would have been annoyed and frightened; but now she was rapt away from all self-consciousness into a joyful calm. So she only lifted her blue eyes quietly and trustfully, and smilingly waved her hand towards the torrent as an apology for not hearing the words which he seemed to be addressing to her. He took the hint, and placed himself on the grass beside her in a careless elegant attitude, watching as she did the swift descent of the foam-tossed waters, though with widely different thoughts.

He liked her for her calmness—for her apparent freedom from any suspicion that he had come there in search of her; but his vanity was mortified by her evident indifference to his presence, and he was not at all sorry when at length she rose to go. Not that he meant her to depart without him; but that, once away from the waterfall, he could exercise his eloquent tongue, and make her attend to him—make her listen and respond. It was very well to be lost in the contemplation of Nature, but not to the ignoring of his handsome self.

'Is this a favourite haunt of yours?' he said, as they turned away from the ravine, and walked back together through the pine-glades to the scene of their day's industry.

'I like it very much,' she said shyly; 'but I seldom go there, it is too far away from home.'

'I am so glad my steps led me that way,' he said. 'I got a little tired

of stooping over bushes in search of berries, which I have bad taste enough to think most particularly unpleasant eating, so I thought I would explore the wood a little. Neither Cornelius nor his sister told me of the waterfall. I suppose they do not care much themselves for the beauties of Nature, and it never occurred to them that I might.'

'On these days we think most of the berries,' said Franzje simply; 'we always want our company to have more than any other. I came a good many years to the hills without ever going near the waterfall; but one day, on our Dominie's birth-day, he took Jan and me for a long walk, and brought us to this place, and since that I have always liked to come here when I could.'

'And none of your companions share your taste?'

'I don't know. I did not ask any of them to come with me, or no doubt they would.'

'You seemed very happy all alone, smiling and dreaming to yourself, spinning a bridge of fancies over the torrent, I suppose. I ought to apologize for having interrupted the day-dream.'

'There wasn't any day-dream, Sir,' she said, smiling. 'I was only trying to remember some lines of poetry, but I could not get farther than this.' And she repeated a few of the lines to him.

'I am afraid I cannot help you,' he said, surprised to hear her quote English poetry. 'I do not even recognize the author.'

She turned her serene eyes upon him with frankest wonder. An English gentleman who did not recognize Milton appeared to her a very marvellous phenomenon.

'They are from Paradise Lost,' she said.

'Who taught you to like Paradise Lost? I did not know the British classics had found their way to Albany,' he asked, with some amusement.

'I read it first with Aunt Schuyler; and then the Dominie gave me a copy of it, a beautiful copy, for my very own.'

'Indeed! your Dominie must be a man of taste. I suppose, however, he has not allowed you to read Shakespeare?'

'I have read most of it at the Flats. Aunt Schuyler read a great deal of it aloud to me. She reads so beautifully, it makes one almost *see* the scenes!'

'As if you could see Hamlet as we have it on the London boards—that would indeed make it real to you.'

The innocent eyes of the young American grew wide in mystified amazement.

'See it *on the boards*, Sir?' she repeated uncomprehendingly.

'On the stage, I mean. You know, of course, that these plays are acted sometimes?'

'I don't think I quite understand,' she said, still puzzled. 'Shakespeare's Plays are poems, are they not?'

'Yes; but they were not written merely to be read—they were

written for the stage. Shakespeare himself is thought to have been an actor. Ah,' added Mr. Vyvian, with a little laugh, 'I see I am still talking Greek to you. You must indeed have been brought up in Arcadian simplicity.'

'I know I must seem very ignorant to you,' she said, blushing, and hanging her head a little, under the idea that he was laughing at her. 'I never knew that a play meant anything but a poem in dialogue.'

'Then what enjoyments there are in store for you! You say Madame Schuyler makes the plays seem real to you when she reads them; but would they not seem ten times more real if you heard the different speeches delivered by different people, dressed to represent correctly the various characters, and on a stage, a raised place, with scenes painted to resemble those in which Shakespeare places his heroes? It was for this kind of representation that Shakespeare wrote them, and nothing else can give them their full force. Do you understand now what I mean?'

'Yes, I think I do,' she said, her eyes kindling. 'How strange and beautiful it must be! But we have nothing like that in Albany.'

'No, you are centuries behind the rest of the world; but never mind that, you will not live here all your days, I suppose?'

She opened her eyes wider still than in her surprise of a few minutes before. 'Why not? My father has promised to take me to New York some day; but we shall not stay there, you know; we shall come back here, of course.'

'You may marry, and leave the place.'

'No, we always marry here in the town,' she answered with grave simplicity, as if the question were one of mere ordinary routine, and admitted of no speculation.

'Does that mean young Barentse?' thought Mr. Vyvian to himself. 'Hardly; she would not take the subject so coolly if it were not still in the abstract. Aloud he said, 'Well, if you are so determined on staying in Albany, if the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must come to the mountain. What should you say to our getting up a theatre here?'

'A theatre, Sir?'

'Yes—a place to act plays in; a large room, or covered place of some sort, with a stage raised at one end for the actors, and the rest of the space filled with chairs for the lookers-on. I wonder if that large barn of M. Banker's could be converted into one.'

'The best barn of all is at the Flats: it is quite a beautiful place; but I should not think Colonel Schuyler could spare it. And besides, who could act? I know no one but Aunt Schuyler and the Dominie who can read Shakespeare well.'

The young officer could not repress his amusement. 'Old Madame Schuyler (who by-the-by I hear is very stout) and your gaunt austere Dominie as play-actors! The idea is most delicious! I had no idea

you could be so satirical, Mademoiselle. They might possibly do to represent two of the witches in Macbeth, and Freylinghausen might perhaps make an effective ghost in the apparition scene in Hamlet—those are the only characters that occur to me as suitable.'

'You would not say so if you had heard the Dominie read Henry the Fourth's speech about sleep, or some of Wolsey's,' said Franzje, colouring. 'I am sorry if what I said sounded disrespectful. I did not mean it so.'

'I am sure you did not: you are the very perfection of innocence and propriety; the disrespect was mine. But seriously, without disparaging your good friends' talents, I do not think I could exactly invite them to join my theatrical company. When I started the plan, I was thinking that my brother-officers and I could be the actors; we have sometimes joined in such things before.'

'Have you?' said Franzje, with innocent respect, which would have been greater, but for his patronizing flattery of herself. 'And what play would you act? I think I would almost rather see the Merchant of Venice than any other.'

'Oh, we must eschew Shakespeare altogether; he is beyond the reach of such tyros as we are. We must try some light comedy.'

'Will it be at all like the "Taming of the Shrew?"'

'Well, not exactly; the dialogue will be in prose, perhaps; but I must not tell you more about it now. Only will you promise me that if I can arrange a play you will come and see it?'

'Oh, I shall be only too glad! But might my father and mother and Jan and Evert come too? Perhaps, though, we shall fill up your room too much; everybody will want to see your play; there has never been anything like it in Albany before.'

'Whoever comes, or does not come, I will engage that there shall be room for you, and as many of your family as you like to bring. But I want you to promise me one thing more—it is to keep this plan of mine secret for the present.'

A vague trouble sprang into her face. 'There is not anything wrong in it, is there?' she asked timidly.

'Nothing whatever; but I want to give your good towns-folk a surprise.' And he added to himself, 'I don't want to set any of the old Puritans meddling.'

'Oh,' she said, with a smile, which would not have shone out so brightly if she could have heard the unspoken as well as the spoken part of the sentence; 'then of course I will not tell. But I thought you were going to ask M. Banker about the barn?'

'Yes, I must take the Bankers into the secret; but otherwise I shall confide in no one but you. How can I thank you enough for giving me this delightful stroll with you to relieve the tedium of the day?'

'I thought we met by chance,' said the straightforward maiden, uneasy under his gallantry.

'It was chance on your side, no doubt; I will not say whether it was on mine. Mademoiselle Ryckman, I am anxious that we should be friends. It has pained me to hear that you avoid the Bankers' house on my account. Who has taught you to make such a bugbear of me?'

The lovely colour on her face deepened once more into a burning painful glow. 'No one has taught me,' she stammered. 'I was told not to go to the Bankers alone before I ever saw you—before you came.'

'But the prohibition had some reference to my coming?'

She was too true to say it had not.

'And may I ask *whose* command it is that you go on obeying so implicitly?'

An older or more sophisticated maiden would have questioned his right to ask anything about it. Franzje, with a strange tortured humiliated feeling, for which she could not quite account, answered reluctantly, 'It was the Dominie.' And then as the smile on his face stung her into pride, she added almost haughtily, 'The Dominie's counsel to us is always good, and we consider ourselves bound to follow it.'

'How I wish I were the Dominie for a little while!' said Mr. Vyvian emphatically.

She did not answer; and in another minute they emerged from the shadow of the pines upon the open hill side.

Franzje's brothers rushed up to her open-mouthed. 'Franzje, we could not think what had become of you; and Killian has been looking for you everywhere. Cornelia said you must be with Mr. Vyvian, but we did not believe her.'

The transparent ingenuous face was clouded over now.

'I met Mr. Vyvian at the waterfall, and we have walked back together,' she announced, with a deprecating glance at him, and a feeling of annoyance with her too out-spoken brothers. 'Killian had no occasion to search for me; I was quite safe.' She added to herself, 'It was from him that I ran away.'

And though scarcely anyone suspected it, the result of that autumn berry-picking was an estrangement, destined to grow wider, between the young king and queen of the Company of the Blue.

Had Mr. Vyvian any hand in this, consciously as well as unconsciously?

Time would prove.

(*To be continued.*)

ENGLISH LINKS OF FOREIGN FORGING;

OR,

'THE LADY WITH THE LONG NOSE.'

(A TALE OF CONTINENTAL TRAVEL.)

BY A. F. FRERE,

AUTHOR OF 'WONDER-CASTLE;' 'THE THREE SONS-IN-LAW,' ETC.

CHAPTER III.

SOME centuries ago, Kuno von Bannerstein, a young man of noble birth but ruined fortunes, was traversing a wild forest district of Thuringia, when the deepening twilight induced him to look around for a possible shelter. He was not unused to bivouacking on a turfy or leafy couch; but the autumn nights were growing keen and frosty, and it was with some satisfaction that he perceived a curl of blue smoke rising from a cleared space in the wood, where the turrets of a lofty but ruinous building stood out dark against the sky: a peasant woman, who was feeding fowls at a humble side-door of the vast edifice, on Kuno's demand whether lodging could be obtained under its roof, returned a civil but somewhat cautious assent. To his next question, who were the occupants of the castle, she replied, only herself and her husband a wood-cutter; adding in a half aside the muttered words, '*Es ist hier nicht immer ganz geheuer*,'—'The place is not always safe, or rather, *canny*.'

Those were days of rude and riskful living, as well as of general belief in strange appearances; and Kuno cared little for the hint, being well content with the unfurnished chamber, in tolerable repair, to which his hostess shewed him, and where, laying aside his huntsman's gear, he soon made, with cloak and bag, a sufficiently good couch for the sleep of a wearied traveller. Next day a violent storm induced him gladly to remain under shelter. The woodman's wife dressed some of the game he had brought for his eating, and also added some rough comforts to the quarters he occupied. Her husband, when at home, shewed enough of intelligence and rustic civility to make their guest bethink him whether, homeless and purposeless as he was, such a place of refuge might not be the best to remain in, until (as might be said in modern phrase) something should turn up. The forest afforded plenty of game to support life at the cost of little trouble; and Kuno, who was rather studious for his period, had one or two thick volumes of reading for wet days in his wallet, and preferred retirement to mixing among equals with whom his own fortune placed him no longer on a par. So he stayed on from week to week, paying in kind such small contribution as the

peasants expected, and feeling daily less disposed to sally forth into the world. Of sights or sounds alarming or uncanny the castle appeared perfectly devoid. Its long ranges of lofty chambers, where he sometimes wandered on stormy days, had been wholly dismantled of their furniture; no antique tapestries swayed in the wind; no grim old pictures stirred into life on the walls; only in one apartment, which had evidently been a saloon of some magnificence, there remained a few, what we should call 'fixtures,' consisting of three or four massive sconces that hung from the ceiling by chains of tarnished gold, a small mirror on the wall, and opposite to it a deep cupboard of dark inlaid wood, apparently locked, though by some secret spring of which there was no outward sign. Kuno had once or twice amused himself with trying the door; but speculative curiosity was not his line, and where others might have guessed at a mystery or a treasure, he remained indifferent. The only thing that he noticed, with some interest and perplexity, was that the mirror, though immediately opposite the cupboard, did *not* reflect that or any near object, or his own face when he passed it. Kuno was something of a dabbler in science, and looking-glasses were still rare enough in those days for very vague surmises to arise as to their properties. He had seen objects inverted by such means; what if the fantastic gleams that sometimes shot across the surface of the old mirror came from the sky, or some distant scene of fitful splendour? Perhaps his books might explain it: there were so many strange things, which had nevertheless been made out by learned men! And so he studied and he hunted day by day, till Christmas drew near.

'Doubtless, noble Sir,' said the wood-cutter to him one evening, 'you intend to keep the holy festival in the great city? There are banquets and processions and divers observances, which a young lord, like you, should grace with his presence.'

'Nay, my good friend,' Kuno sadly replied, 'there are no feasts and no merry-makings for me. I am a homeless penniless wanderer, and shall far rather hide my shrunken fortunes at this festal season, than blazon them abroad in the eyes of men.'

The day after, the housewife came to him and said, 'Surely there is somewhere a beautiful damsel who will watch for you to claim and lead her out in the stately Christmas dance!'

But Kuno replied, 'Alas, no fair damsel waits for me!' And at the moment, the face of Adela von Geisenheim, a noble maiden of his own district, rose before him, and the bitterness of his lot seemed to sink deeper into his heart.

To turn the subject, he observed to the good woman, that doubtless the former occupants of the castle (who were understood to have died out) had led many a stately measure there in her recollection?

The matron, in her turn, sadly shook her head. 'Truly of dancing there has been enough, and perchance still may be,' she murmured gloomily: 'woe to those who learn the art of the Hochtanzerbergs!'

No more was said; and her guest, concluding her peevishly strait-laced in her views of amusement, went his way.

So Christmas came and passed, quietly enough; but it was a few nights after, that Kuno, seized with one of the restless fits that had become common of late, wandering towards midnight through one of the long galleries of the Castle, was struck by a distant glow of unwonted brilliancy, and following its lead, arrived at the door of the saloon already described. Here was truly a wondrous sight! The sconces blazed with a lustre far exceeding the lamps of those days, illuminating the vaulted ceiling and once richly painted walls; as Kuno entered, the cupboard sprang open, and from it issued a most beautiful boy of some seven years old, gaily dressed, with large black eyes, and long glossy hair waving round his delicate rosy cheeks. 'Sir Count,' he said, advancing in a frank and winning manner, 'will it please you to be presented to my noble family, and to see them perform their celebrated dance?' Before Kuno could reply, there issued from the closet three other individuals, all in rich and courtly attire, whom the boy introduced as 'my father the Chamberlain, my mother the Countess, my brother the Chevalier; and I myself,' he added, with a low and smiling reverence, 'am the little court page, Otto von Hochtanzerberg.'

The other dignified personages had meanwhile made profound bows; and pointing their toes, and rounding their arms, appeared ready to begin. A strain of quaint and spirited music, from some unseen quarter, struck up, and off they started in a dance, somewhat resembling one called a saraband, which Kuno dimly recollected seeing his grandmother perform, but far more eccentric and remarkable. Such a combination it was of rapid taps on the floor, and twists of the foot, and flingings up of the arms! He could not but stand by watching it with breathless curiosity, when presently little Otto, pausing in his own evolutions, came up and asked, Would he like to learn the art? While Kuno hesitated—for an echo of the housewife's warning words now seemed to strike his ear—the boy continued, in his peculiarly fascinating voice, 'Know, Sir Count, that certain wondrous privileges are attached to the successful performance of our dance: at every step that strikes the floor, a golden ducat rolls into your coffer; at every twist of the foot—*so*—a rich dress is added to your wardrobe; and every time you fling up your arms—*thus*—three ells are built of a magnificent marble palace!'

Kuno wavered, half doubting the tale, half disliking its aspect; but Otto, coming nearer, said, with a glance of sympathy from his lovely eyes, 'Are not your estates devastated, your castles demolished, your treasures scattered to the winds? See there,' and he pointed to the mirror, 'what Bannerstein *is*—and try what it may become!'

With eyes riveted in astonishment, Kuno beheld the well-known landscape of his childhood's home, bared and blackened by the sword and fire of enemies who had driven him thence, orphaned and desolate. And as Otto coaxingly repeated, 'Try the step—only try,' his feet and

arms began to move, awkwardly at first, but at each successful tap, fling, or wave, he heard the faint chink of money, or the rustle of silken brocade, or—most wonderful of all—he saw rising in the mirror, block on block, from the desolate soil of Bannerstein, such an edifice as none of his ancestors had ever dreamt of in the days of their highest glory!

There was no stopping now. On, on danced Kuno, exerting his utmost strength, and glancing—now at his strange companions, now at the changeful picture in the glass; when he perceived the Chevalier (who had been perhaps the most vigorous performer of the party) begin to reel after the fashion of an extinct top, and presently, with the exclamation, '*Hora mea!* I'm out—I'm out!' he tumbled helplessly on the floor. Kuno looked inquiringly at his little friend, who always kept at his side. 'Do not be frightened,' said Otto, 'but mark what I tell you. Each of us will in turn collapse, as you saw my brother do: I am the last; but beware that you dance not on too long, for while you go on I must, and if once I fell down, you would never get us all shut up in the closet, and ill would come of it.'

Much perplexed, and somewhat awed, Kuno obeyed the injunction. A few moments later, the Chamberlain also cried, '*Hora mea!* I'm out—I'm out!' and fell down beside his son. The lady mamma followed; Kuno, in nervous haste, stopped dancing with one foot in the air; the page, still pirouetting, picked up his relations one by one, helped or thrust them into the closet; then backing into it himself, with a smiling bow, cried '*Hora nostra!* all out—all out!' and as the cupboard door closed itself with a spring, the lights were suddenly extinguished, the music ceased, and the amazed Kuno had to grope his way as best he might back to his own distant chamber.

Next morning, waking from a heavy sleep, the affair appeared a dream, until, attempting to rise, he became conscious of great stiffness and soreness in his limbs, such as would be produced by violent and unusual exercise.

His shoes also bore the traces of a severe use; and little by little a conviction grew on his mind of the reality of the adventure, till, at the recollection of the beautiful palace he had seen building on his paternal acres, he leaped up full of wild delight, extended his arms, tossed back his hair, and was on the point of setting off at once for Bannerstein, when it struck him that Otto, before parting, had uttered significantly the word, 'To-morrow!' and his castle, after all, could be only partially built. He had better stay, and dance another night with the Hochtanzerbergs.

All day he rather avoided the woodman and his wife, for he felt shy of their suspicions; and Otto, besides, had enjoined upon him the strictest secresy. Towards midnight he crept again along the corridors; the lights blazed out in the saloon, the cupboard flew open, the dancers came forth: all passed as before, except that Kuno, grown more expert, saw his palace rise with magic speed in the mirror, heard thicker and thicker

the chink of the gold and the rustle of the silk, and got so elated that little Otto warned him not to fix his eyes too intently on the reflected picture, but to watch for the moment of cessation; adding, that the following night, the last of the year, would also see the end of their revel, and that Kuno, by diligent dancing, might then complete his edifice and make himself a wealthy man for life.

Again, in that peculiar and somewhat uncomfortable way, the family took their leave; and the fortunate Count retreated to his humble couch.

In the course of the next day, Kuno, coming in at an hour when his hosts were usually engaged in their labours, was surprised to see both the woodman and his wife decked in their best suits, and learnt on inquiry that they were about to join a procession which, on the last day of the year, always repaired to a convent on a neighbouring height; the more devout remaining for a midnight Mass celebrated in the chapel of the cloister. 'Will you not come too, noble Sir?' suggested the housewife; 'it is a holy and a meet observance—far better than dance or revel;' and she darted an anxious glance at her guest. He, however, shook his head, and pleaded a preference for solitude; which the good couple reluctantly accepting, went their way. But after they were gone, and the dread of observation was removed, Kuno bethought him that the scene would be a curious one, and that possibly, without compromising himself, he might pick up from some of the other peasants at the ceremony a few particulars concerning those Hochtanzerbergs, about whom he began to feel a special curiosity. It had scarcely occurred to him yet—so occupied was his mind with his own marvellous fortunes—to ask whence or what were those mysterious dancers. There were many strange stories of people concealed in, or stealthily returning to, their own castles; and a mixture of magic powers did not in that age appear incongruous. Perhaps he would learn the history of that singular family, and yet run no risk of betraying little Otto's friendly confidence.

In these reflections he followed the line of the procession as it wound up the hill in a sunset glow, brilliant with banners and holiday dresses. But he was too late to overtake any of its members, and only reached the monastery after all had entered and were kneeling in the crowded and illuminated church. After a brief sharing in their devotions, Kuno resolved to explore some side-chapels where gloom and solitude appeared to reign in agreeable contrast. The early darkness of a winter evening, added to their natural obscurity, made him grope at times to find a passage between the narrow arches; he felt rather than saw his way amid massive angles of rough stone-work, with a growing sense of strangeness, perplexity, and awe; but a glimmering space at length betrayed the entrance of moonbeams, and Kuno, emerging from the deep shadow of adjacent pillars, found himself surrounded by tombs of evident dignified antiquity. A full-length figure lay on each, lit by fitful gleams, for the sky was cloud-sprinkled. Kuno, with slightly tremulous

touch, felt his way round first one then another monument. There appeared to be four; and as he approached the last, the moon shone out suddenly with startling brightness, across a face which he recognized as that of Otto von Hochtanzerberg!

The discovery, amid circumstances so solemn and impressive, was appalling even to Kuno's somewhat sceptical spirit. That boy, then—that beautiful winning little page—was but an apparition! How long had he lain, cold and forgotten, in one of those graves? And they, those other revellers, what was their strange history? Slowly and laboriously Kuno deciphered the date carved upon each tomb: the year, even the day, was the same in all, and it was a hundred years ago!

As he mused, and stood there transfixed, some words of Otto's recurred to his mind. When dancing the night before, Kuno had asked him if the family now were building palaces for themselves, or stocking their coffers with gold. And the boy had replied, with a heavy sigh, 'Ah, no! *alles vorbei—alles vorbei!*' which 'all over' Kuno at the time took to denote some personal disgust with life and its affairs; and he had answered again, 'But *you* are young, and should not despair;' and Otto had sighed again, 'Well for me I never grew older!' and then danced and sprang so excitedly that it was impossible to ask him any further question.

While Kuno still ruminated, a line of light was seen approaching, the music of a chant gradually swelled on the air, and a train of priests and acolytes entered the chapel, while Kuno shrank back into the gloom of a recess. A solemn rite commenced, shared in by some of the peasants who had followed from the church, but the tones were low and muffled; Kuno bent forward a little to catch the words, when a light fell on his face, and the woodman's wife, who knelt near him, turned to whisper in his ear, 'It is the yearly penance-mass for the sins of the Hochtanzerbergs. Kneel, kneel, fair Sir, and pray with us.'

But Kuno, horror-struck, shrank from the rite. He had shared the revels of that ill-fated house—nay, was about to do so again! Should the superstitious prejudices of a herd of ignorant rustics deter him from keeping his appointment, and achieving the completion of his own hopes? A dearer one than ever was involved in to-night's meeting, for Otto had hinted that he might see in the mirror the face he loved best, and judge by its looks of the destiny that awaited him.

So, heedless of the startled glance of his hostess, heedless of the warning wave of the old woodman's hand, he broke away through the kneeling ranks, and sped hastily across the courts of the monastery, and down the dark hill side. Clouds now concealed the moon, there was no creature to guide him; he soon wandered from the path, got entangled in brakes and murky hollows, and was so long recovering the way he had lost, that the first stroke of midnight resounded as he rushed through the long gallery of the Castle, and on entering the saloon he perceived the dancers in full swing. For the first time, the performance gave him

a shudder. There was something weird and uncanny in the gestures of the party, the Countess's cheeks looked so painted, yet so ghastly, the Chevalier rolled his large eyes, and the Chamberlain wagged his long beard in a manner decidedly strange; but Otto was lovely and guileless as ever, and danced up to Kuno's side, crying playfully, 'You are late, you are late, forshame! Make haste, make haste, ere the hour be past.'

Then Kuno danced the more vehemently for the horror he sought to stifle—up, up rose the palace to its topmost turret, its picture vanished from the mirror, and instead appeared the lovely features of Adela von Geisenheim, gazing intently upon him, and gradually breaking into a tender smile.

But while he, spell-bound by that beloved face, forgot to watch his companions, down dropped each in turn with the accustomed cry—Kuno just caught the distressed glance of little Otto as he too fell; the lights went out, the gay music was succeeded by an awful silence, and that again was broken by peals of thunder; the castle was violently shaken, and the bewildered stranger, groping around in the darkness, felt all the Hochtanzerbergs rolling about his feet!

There was a glimmer of satisfaction for Kuno's mind from this palpably substantial manifestation of the family; but the situation was a perplexing one. He knew his duty, and laboured with might and main to restore his strange companions to their usual refuge; but in almost total darkness, amid recurring shocks that destroyed all balance and more than once sent him sprawling likewise, the task seemed well-nigh hopeless! As fast as he had got two or three Hochtanzerbergs into the closet, some one appeared to tumble out again; and with groping and clutching and counting he felt his head go round and his limbs almost refuse to act. At length—and how long it took, he never could say—the four ex-dancers were thrust inside, and the door pressed to—but alas! no effort would make it shut. Kicks, blows, the whole weight of his body, availed nothing; and exhausted to the last degree, he could only drag himself away through the dusty corridors and drop almost fainting on his bed.

When he awoke from his sleep or swoon, a whirl of sensations crowded on his mind; but joyous anticipation prevailed over the more gloomy ideas, and as day was dawning, he bent all his thoughts and energies to a start for Bannerstein. Leaving a few coins on the table for his hosts, he avoided the awkwardness of a farewell, and soon reached a village on the skirts of the forest, where he spent his few remaining ducats in procuring horses and a guide. What matter, when he was sure of finding a mass of gold in the family chest! With these aids, and the spur of his ardent desires, the distance was traversed with a rapidity very different to the sad slowness of his lonely pilgrimage; and it was still early on the second day when he approached a small hamlet familiar to his eyes, whose inhabitants had been among the vassals of his family.

At this point, a sudden revulsion seized Kuno's mind. Up to that moment he had never doubted the results of the arts he had practised, but now—so near testing their reality—a cold fit of despondency came over him, and he dropped his rein on the weary horse's neck, hesitating whether to proceed. *If it were all a delusion!*

But as he wavered, the bells of the little church began to send out a merry peal, there was a stir in the village street, peasants came flocking up the steep path on which his form had been descried, and hailed their master with shouts of joy. 'Welcome, Sir Count! your castle has risen fairer than ever, and we are all gathered here to bring you home in triumph!' Thus encouraged, Kuno pressed on, accompanied by the joyous throng, over his still devastated lands, till there rose into view the wondrous fabric of the last three nights. As he surveyed it admiringly, a dread lest its magic origin should be guessed and cavilled at was dispelled by the words that fell from the peasants' lips as they too stood in open-mouthed delight. The domain had been left for some months unvisited, and it was only that morning that a goat-herd, wandering further than usual, had discovered the new-built castle, and hastened to inform his friends. Terror and violence had kept people widely apart, so that news did not spread; and there was nothing to shew that the work had been achieved by supernatural means.

Kuno rapturously explored his mansion; all was rich, even magnificent, in material and ornament; in a row of enormous chests lay piles of velvets and brocades, and in massive brass-bound coffers were ducats heaped like grains of flour in a sack.

After a brief inspection, hastily arraying himself in a rich riding-suit, he set off again for the abode of his lady-love, enduring no delay in the renewal of his courtship. On the announcement of his altered circumstances, an interview was willingly accorded him with the Lady Adela; for the Baron her father, and the Barons her brothers, who had resolutely turned their backs on Kuno the penniless, readily welcomed back the wealthy and prosperous Count; and as in those days fortunes rose and fell with the turn of a wheel, and news travelled slower than events, no awkward questions were asked; and Adela herself was all tenderness and trust. On the third day after, the Geisenheims and several other noble families journeyed to Bannerstein; where, at the close of a magnificent entertainment, the betrothal took place; and as the wooings of those troublous times were seldom 'long in doing,' Kuno and Adela were wedded within another week, and all was rejoicing and prosperity at Bannerstein.

A period of almost perfect felicity followed. The bridal pair were in all things admirably suited: both took a warm interest in their lands and poor retainers, and soon the desolate waste was blooming again with fertility, and peace and confidence reigned around. One thing only appeared peculiar in the customs of the Castle—its great portal was never closed; indeed, it could not be closed, for whenever attempted, a

violent force seemed to burst it open again; and the Count, when appealed to, said with stern brevity, 'It was thus to remain.' So the neighbours set the matter down to a pious vow—such as were common at the period—and as rich and poor all had equal access at all hours of the day and night, and none who wanted came away empty-handed, 'Sir Kuno's vow' was popular enough, and might have raised him almost to a saintly rank among his fellows, had not some other peculiarities and deficiencies stood in the way.

It was noticed, as time went on, that the Count, although he attended Mass on the great festivals, and otherwise maintained a decorous respect for religion, yet never confessed, or shared in the more devout observances of the age. Also, by degrees, the open gate came to be abused by crowds of depraved and reckless characters, who ran riot at times within the castle, gorging themselves with Kuno's bounty, and sorely distressing the gentle Adela with their tumultuous revelry. At length venturing a remonstrance to her husband, she was met by the startling assurance that he was helpless in the matter!

'Do not ask me why, love,' he said, with a clouded brow. 'It is a fate to which I am bound. Vows could perchance be remitted: but for this evil there is no remedy.'

The fact was, poor Kuno had long groaned under this ill consequence of his neglect in the last night at Hochtanzerberg. *He* knew that the door he had failed to leave closed had its counterpart in the ever-open gate of his own magic-built castle; and that even the vast wealth its coffers had once contained was melting away at a terribly rapid rate. The unbidden guests asked for what they chose, or too often took it unasked; suits of clothes, rich furniture, vanished unaccountably. The year was drawing to a close, and it struck him that his only course was to go back to the ruined mansion, and by means of the Hochtanzerberg saraband stock his establishment anew.

He deferred his departure, however, to the latest moment, that he might spend Christmas at home with his beloved Adela and the fair child she had lately borne him. On that evening he told her of his approaching absence for a few days, the purpose of which must be a secret, but concerned his deepest interests. The good wife placed in him unbounded trust, and was in one respect gratified by the intimation; for she thought some pious retreat might be intended, to atone for that neglect of holy rites, which always caused her a degree of uneasiness.

So Kuno, bidding her an affectionate farewell, and enjoining the tenderest care upon her attendants, set forth. He travelled alone, and with all possible secresy, timing his arrival so as to enter the castle after nightfall, by a door he knew to be open and unobserved, and repairing at once to the saloon, where he awaited the commencement of the Hochtanzerberg revel. But scarce had the lights been kindled, and Otto appeared, than the boy's bright glance of recognition changed to one of alarm. He signed vehemently to Kuno to depart. 'Stay not!

Dance not, Sir Count! You broke the conditions, and must dance no more with the Hochtanzerbergs!' And as Kuno, reluctant to abandon his chances of fortune, still lingered in the chamber, Otto, casting his eyes on the mirror, cried, 'See there, what ill befalls your dearest treasures!'

Kuno looked in the glass, and beheld his noble Bannerstein attacked by a troop of armed men, while its terrified inmates flew to and fro; and a glimmering figure in white, resembling Adela, seemed to hurry past, as the picture vanished from his gaze.

He needed no other injunction to hasten from the place, and leaping on his horse, traversed in the wildest excitement the ways by which he had so lately come. To avoid delay, he repeatedly changed horses, careless now of suspicion, and only intent on warding off the dangers his mind foreboded to wife and child. When nearing his own domain, he was met by one of his retainers, who, with agitated looks, exclaimed, 'My Lord, my Lord, hasten!' And as he turned towards Bannerstein, 'Not there, not there! your enemies, the Schwarzenbergs, have come down, and the Countess and your infant son—'

'Speak on!' cried Kuno, hoarse with agony.

'—Have been carried off by them. Your own troop is in pursuit—this way, over the rocks, we may yet join them.' Both spurred their horses, the suspense was too great for further speech; dashing along by torrent or precipice, heedless of all risks but the *one*, the desperate riders coursed on through the now falling night, halting only when a relay could be procured. At length, as morning broke, the clash of arms met their ear, and in a narrow gorge the contending parties were descried, engaged in a deadly struggle, which appeared, on the Bannerstein side, verging on defeat, till Kuno, with the energy of a madman, charged through the broken ranks, led his now rallying troop to a fresh assault, and dealing terrific blows among the Schwarzenbergs, drove them back with great slaughter, securing at the same time a litter wherein were concealed Adela and her child.

The danger past, joy filled all hearts; but the poor lady had suffered greatly from the shock, repose was sought for her under the nearest shelter, and while the harassed troop were dismissed, Kuno with a few of his men remained to attend her. It was late in the day when the small party were able to set out for Bannerstein, and their progress was necessarily so slow, that darkness had come on long before they could reach the Castle. Cold and exhausted, the Countess at length fainted away, the infant wailed in its father's arms, and to increase their troubles, a violent storm of thunder and lightning gathered in the direction whither they were going. While they paused, uncertain how to act, Kuno called to mind the storm at Hochtanzerberg, and remembered that this, too, was the last night of the year. A distant bell faintly chimed midnight; the next moment a sheet of brilliant lightning revealed Bannerstein on an opposite height, and as Kuno gazed with a dim

apprehension of coming evil, the Castle was violently shaken—tottered —and fell in ruins!

'Oh, horror!' exclaimed the startled Count.

'Rather thank Heaven,' said a voice behind him, 'for the events which withdrew you, and those dear to you, from its walls.'

Kuno turned, and saw the old wood-cutter from Hochtanzerberg.

'The doom of evil works was on your castle,' continued the peasant. 'Long ago I wished to warn you, but knew not your name or abode, till I saw you rush across the court-yard two nights ago, and tracked you homeward. My utmost speed would scarce have availed, but that another danger had meanwhile saved you from the greater peril.'

Kuno lifted up his hands in gratitude; then turning to his still unconscious wife—'Where,' he cried, 'can I find her a refuge, since home we have none?'

A peasant's hut was soon reached, and as Geisenheim was not far distant, a messenger was sent thither for cordials, and returned early next morning with a hospitable invitation to the ill-fated pair. Adela slowly recovered under her mother's tendance; but the baby, too frail for such exposure, soon closed its few weeks life; and Kuno, stunned at first by this strange crisis of events, had time to ponder on them, and on his again shattered fortunes. By ordinary observers, the destruction of the castle was attributed either to the raid of the Schwarzenbergs, or to the subsequent storm; the Count maintained a grave silence, only declining the reprisals urged on him by Adela's brothers, and striving by devoted attentions to console his bereaved wife. Her jewels, which had been rescued from the abductors' hands, saved them from absolute dependence; and as time went on the lands of Bannerstein yielded good profits; and a humble dwelling became the home of the saddened pair, until Kuno won wealth and honour in his country's wars, and the castle was rebuilt in a more secure if less magnificent style.

The secret of the Hochtanzerbergs Kuno never dared reveal, save that he confessed, at his wife's entreaty, to having practised magic arts, and obediently performed such penance as his priest enjoined for the sin. Of the earlier story, all that is known is the legend, that the family had been celebrated for their beauty, darkly-won wealth, and extraordinary dancing, and for a power of sorcery by which certain painted figures, formed in their likenesses, were on the three last nights of each year re-animated to practise the strange saraband that had enriched their originals during life. It was said that a tragical doom, like that of Kuno's edifice, had swept them all off together, before the innocent child Otto knew the evil of his kindred's doings; and thus he had escaped the guilt attached thereto, while yet (as in life) his winning playful manners were sadly called in to aid at each recurring mock celebration, to decoy fresh learners of the unholy art.

Kuno was able, however, to separate the character of the unconscious victim from the dark tissue of crime and profanity, in which circum-

stances may sometimes mysteriously involve the purest members of a tainted race. He always loved to recall the boy's bright and guileless face; and when, as the years went on, children were born to him again, there was an 'Otto' among them, and Adela knew that the name recalled those deep and sad memories which were buried with the story of the past.

Only, at the close of each recurring year, a penitent with shrouded face was observed to enter the chapel of the monastery on the hill, and Count Kuno passed the nights of his former unhallowed revel in vigils of prayer and meditation beside the tombs of the Hochtanzerbergs.

Hugh's narration had carried back some of his auditors so vividly into the middle ages, that after regaining their boat, they still, in their various ways, kept pondering the tale. For Edwin and Eva it had the charm of being in great part incomprehensible; and when, after much silent puzzling, they began to ask Granny those usual and perplexing questions —'Was it true? or could it have been true? or if not *all*, which parts *might* have been true?' Mrs. Fulham felt dreadfully puzzled.

'What do you say, Mr. Neville? if it is fair to ask the teller of a story.'

Hugh shook his head, as he shipped his oar for a moment. '"I say the tale as 'twas said to me."'

*'I think,' said Mr. Colvin, 'there is always a moral truth, at least, at the bottom of such legends. The lesson they teach has been, in some way, based on facts, and the facts have been re-moulded, magnified, and strongly coloured, through the fancies and the beliefs of periods of which all *we* know is, that wildness and even frenzy entered into every habit of life and thought. Reason and probability were not the omnipresent correctives they now are to the vagaries of a heated fancy, or the delusions of a morbid conscience.'

'One has to allow, in many ways, for the opinion of the time,' said Mrs. Fulham. 'The bad people did what were then acknowledged to be evil works, and the penitents shewed their grief and amendment by acts of contrition, which to us would seem rather pretentious than genuine.'

'Yes,' rejoined Mr. Colvin, 'I cannot doubt that those early times required ruder and more external forms of expression for their convictions, than would now have any reality, for the civilized world at least. To revive them would be mockery.—But I am afraid these comments are harder to understand than the story,' he said, with a good-humoured glance at the children's puzzled faces. 'I think you must be content to take it as a fairy-tale, only happening in Germany instead of dreamland.'

*The following remarks apply, of course, only to *genuine* legends and folk-lore, to which the tale of Kuno does not belong, having been partly dreamt, partly composed by the writer. If sufficiently *vraisemblable* for artistic truth as it stands here, it would not be just to claim for it the consideration spoken of on grounds of reality.

'And may I be allowed,' put in Hugh, 'to remark to my mediæval friend, Sir Edward, the parson of Lyngate, that the other boat has got considerably ahead of us during our dissertation?'

Mr. Colvin laughingly applied himself to his oar, and the landing-place was gained almost before the earlier party could assume looks of triumph. The evening was now deliciously cool; and they all strolled slowly homewards, Ida declaring it would really need an effort to tear oneself away from Thun.

'What! with the Wetterhorn in view?' exclaimed her brother.

'Not in *sight*,' she retorted; 'but I *have* a strong belief in Grindelwald; besides, our rooms are engaged at the *Adler*.'

'Oh, are you going there?' cried Mrs. Colvin, and preferred a sudden request concerning a certain knife which had been lent her so good-naturedly by a lady staying at that hotel the previous week, and which she had been much vexed at having forgotten to return. Would Miss Neville be so very kind as to take charge of it?

Ida was quite willing, but how should its owner be identified, since her name was (as usual) unknown? Mrs. Colvin was vexed at her own stupidity: but she had been summoned to start in a hurry, and the lady had disappeared from the terrace where both were sketching.

'Did a sketcher ever *not* have to start in a hurry?' said her husband, laughing.

'Well, but I must describe her. Dressed in black silk—'

'Always?' put in Mr. Colvin.

'Now, Edward, do let me alone. It looked like mourning. A tall slight figure, very lady-like, and with a very long nose.'

'The lady with the long nose!' exclaimed several voices.

'Oh, what do you know of her?' asked Mrs. Colvin.

'I don't know if it is the same,' Ida said, and related the Gemmi story.

'Yes, very likely; she talked, don't you remember, Edward, of going on some mountain excursion, and returning to Grindelwald.'

'I don't profess to recollect other people's plans,' said her husband; 'but the kindness sounds like her. I believe that was the lady who I was told had sat up with a sick child there: the chaplain was speaking of her very warmly.'

'Well, I hope we *shall* meet her,' said Ida; 'don't you, Hugh? I mean, irrespectively of her penknife.'

'I should be rather afraid of a penknife introduction,' observed her brother. 'Don't you think, like the gift, it might "cut love?"'

'Nonsense, Hugh: *before* an introduction there could not be any to cut.'

'Speak for yourself,' said he: '*I* have worshipped the long-nosed goddess a little ever since I heard of her walk down the Gemmi, and imagine her equally estimable and hideous.'

'No, not that,' protested Mrs. Colvin. 'Her nose is not so *very* long.'

'I shall be terribly disappointed if it is not,' rejoined Hugh. 'People now-a-days are so drearily all alike, a good honest deformity is quite a relief.'

Mrs. Fulham, who never much liked hearing personalities discussed, and had a special compunction on this unknown lady's account, now changed the subject by some local remark; and soon after, the party arrived at the Pension Itten, where the guests were assembling for supper.

(To be continued.)

SEVEN PHASES OF AN AUTHOR.

III.

THE long summer twilight was beginning to die into darkness; but just enough colourless light remained to shew the dreariness of the street below, and to reveal the outline of a young lady who, sitting at an upper window, was evidently watching anxiously for someone who came not.

Presently there was a step on the pavement. As it paused at the door, a look half of pain, half of joy, passed over the watcher's face, but was quickly succeeded by disappointment as the postman's double knock resounded through the house. Once she had greeted that sound as the herald of some loving letter or welcome invitation. But now Helen Temple had ceased to expect these. Once a week, indeed, she would hear from her mother; but her uncle had declined all communication since her marriage; one by one her other correspondents had dropped off, while the invitations that did come were by no means welcome; and the kind of request that the postman was in the most constant habit of bringing, always made her dread his approach.

On this occasion, her expectation of these favours was by no means disappointed. The servant entered, bringing a heap of most unmistakeable bills, addressed to Captain Temple; and the poor young wife sighed as she wondered when they would be paid. She watched for a few minutes longer, before ordering the man to bring tea, in the vain hope that her husband might meanwhile arrive. Then she tried to wile away the lonely hours by reading; but it was useless to attempt to fix her attention. While mechanically scanning the words, there would rise up a mental picture of a gambling-room, where her husband was playing fast and deep in the midst of companions whose aspect made her shudder. Other scenes would follow—some darker, some lighter—even the brightest of them, the vision of him she loved, sitting luxuriously in his club and caring not to be with his wife, made her sad. The types

began to dance mockingly, a strange cloud came between her eyes and the book, while great drops rained down on the page.

Poor, poor Helen! 'little Nell' no longer, because she had become a care-worn woman; yet in her chastened beauty more resembling that bright child than did the bride of one year ago. It was severe discipline that had brought back her own true nature. Though, woman-like, she would never own it, a month's married life had shewn how dire had been her mistake; a year confirmed her worst fears. Day by day, the conviction was forced on her that her husband was thoroughly unprincipled, and utterly superficial in mind and character. All that was highest in her he was absolutely incapable of understanding: nay, after a time, he became *gené* by the very qualities that would have won the respect of a nobler man. When she found how he was overwhelmed with debts, she anxiously begged him to live quietly, so as to pay them off by degrees, or at least impose no deception on the world. But Captain Temple was entirely opposed to this idea. He insisted on taking handsomely furnished apartments, driving about in a well-appointed brougham, and on Helen's being supplied by her milliner with a suitable trousseau. At first the bride had acceded to this gratefully, loving to think her husband cared so much to enhance her beauty; but when she learnt the real state of his affairs, she declined having any more expensive dresses. Algernon received this refusal banteringly; but on her coming down one evening, plainly dressed, to accompany him to a party, he grew angry, and declared that his wife should not disgrace him. Poor Helen remonstrated in vain; it went against every feeling of her honest nature to induce hard-working tradespeople to supply goods that in all probability would never be paid for; yet her husband's commands were imperative. She longed to warn them not to give credit; but there was her husband's honour to maintain. The straining to keep up appearances, living at 'Agony Point,' was a daily harass, yet there seemed no way out of it. Whenever she lamented it, Captain Temple would reply that she ought to have managed her old uncle better, and then there would have been a fortune to pay off debts with. The romance of her life was roughly destroyed when she found that not for herself alone had she been married, and that affection had soon ceased to exist on one side. Oftener and oftener Algernon now made some excuse for spending the evening away from her; later and later would be the hour at which he returned, fewer and fewer became his caresses. Helen had conjured up visions of the happy evenings they would spend together in reading, and the interchange of ideas that would enrich them both; of the interest he would be sure to take in her writings. But these were never realized. The interest that Captain Temple had professed in literature in order to win her, had only been assumed, as anyone less in love might easily have discovered. Reading was 'altogether a bore' to him. Indeed, his chief ideas were on betting, club gossip, and the best way of making a show in the world. His wife's

mind was unknown ground to him, and her writing was a subject totally without interest.

One by one these realities forced themselves on the disappointed Helen; step by step, she was descending from her false position, and painfully reverting to her better nature. Deprived of a husband's love and sympathy, she thought with remorseful tenderness of that beloved father who had cherished her: she remembered his counsels, and in her lonelliness and sadness turned anew to that faithful God who despises not the sighing of a contrite heart nor the desire of such as are sorrowful. And the peace which passeth understanding stole in among the trials and worries of her daily life.

Helen was continually sad, as on this evening, and during her solitary hours felt the want of some occupation more absorbing than reading, to stifle the regrets and forebodings that would arise; so she tried to lose the consciousness of her own troubles by creating another world of ideas. She turned to her writing, and with an uplifting of the eyes to God, began to weave a tale of sorrow. It was not the story of her own life—no, she could not have borne to reveal that, even as a warning and lesson to others. It was the story of a poor woman, far removed from her own station, who, struggling to find bread for her family by needle-work, had the continual trial of seeing her earnings dissipated and herself ill-treated by a drunken husband. So far the cases were not identical: Helen was not ill-used, *only* neglected. She was not in want of bread; yet the fashionable captain's wife almost envied her poor heroine the hunger and rags: something tangible and physical seemed better than heart-sickness; the rags were honest, each rent telling a truth that her own fine clothes concealed. But in both cases the consolations were the same; and Helen poured her own source of comfort into the poor woman's heart. When her own ruthless pen brought the reckless husband home from the tavern to meet his patient wife with blows and curses, Helen would weep over the sad scene, long to see the poor woman happy and honoured. But despite herself, she could not rescue that sufferer; yet she could whisper to her hopeful words of the sure answer to faithful prayer, of sweet patience, which, like never-ceasing dew, will moisten the hard heart at last: she gave the wife 'strength and love through the unloving hour,' and turned the hunger into a holy fast by the cheerfulness with which it was borne. Then, in the midst of the curses rose up a silent prayer, yet, perchance, more clearly heard in Heaven than the words of profanity: celestial peace came down to sweeten the scanty bowl of porridge, which could not be replenished because the week's earnings had been snatched away. Then Helen was comforted for her heroine; and writing on and on, was beginning to shew how, slowly but surely, a brighter day was coming, when she started on hearing a voice behind her, saying, 'What are you up at this time of night for? It is not good for you to sit up so late.'

'It will not hurt me more than it does you, Algernon dear,' replied Helen, whom Captain Temple, letting himself in by the latch-key, had joined unobserved. 'I thought I should like to sit up to your supper, and was so engrossed by my writing that I did not hear you come in.'

'Oh—what—are you writing again? What is it now? Some temperance tract, I suppose, advising poor men to stay at home like drones, instead of having a little pleasure after their hard day's work.'

'You know that is a subject we don't quite agree upon, so we won't discuss it now,' said Helen, rising, and gathering up her papers, in some fear lest her husband should cast his eye on them, and take umbrage at what she had written. 'Come, have some supper, and let us be good friends to-night.'

'So we always are, except when you ram your strait-laced notions down my throat, and insist perpetually on our settling down as a poverty-stricken couple. By-the-by, what do you do with all the money your quill-driving brings in?'

'I pay off some of the debts with it.'

'Rather a waste of resources, I think. However, I suppose it makes one or two duns the less. But when is that uncle of yours going to give in, and do his duty by you, Nell? I feel very much flattered by his persistence in tabooing me! But I should not care so much for the old boy's prejudices, if I were not so awfully in want of a little of his cash.'

'What is the matter, Algie dear? you seem rather put out to-night. Have you been losing money?'

'I've had a dead run of luck against me all the night. There! don't sigh, and look as if it served me right! I've something else to tell you. What do you think of our regiment being ordered off to India?'

'Oh, I'm so glad!' exclaimed Helen, brightening at the thought of his being removed from London temptations and old associates. 'Is it really true? When do we go?'

'I don't know about "we,"' answered Captain Temple gruffly, evidently vexed at her delight. 'India will be a great deal too hot for you. You had much better stay at home on an allowance, and then you can live in as beggarly a manner as you please.'

'No, Algernon, I will not be left behind. You have married me, and where you go I will go too. So make up your mind to that at once.'

'Well, we'll see about it,' replied the weaker-minded husband, who dreaded an encounter with Helen when her spirit was up. 'The regiment is ordered off on the 10th of next month, so it will be a pretty piece of work to get ready in time.'

'I don't mind any amount of trouble, Algie, if you will only be glad to have me with you,' said Helen, with tears in her eyes.

'Oh, well, I shouldn't so much mind it if it weren't such an awful expense. I suppose a wilful woman must have her way,' said Captain Temple; his little scheme of leaving his wife at home and leading a bachelor life in India thus nipped in the bud.

Another year saw Captain and Mrs. Temple settled on a military station near Oude. Helen looked happier now, for during the long voyage her husband had necessarily been thrown more in her company, and on the station there were few temptations to draw him from home. The intellectual part of her nature still felt a void, which was, however, greatly filled up by a little companion who came to cheer her heart and draw its father and mother more closely together. This was a little boy, born on the voyage to India, who doubly revived Helen's heart by his resemblance to her loved father.

During the next five years two little girls were added to the family; and the mother's cup of happiness would have been almost full, had not her husband retained his vice of gambling on every opportunity. But he had become more affectionate to her, and was very fond of the children; out of London, there was not such a struggle to keep up appearances, or such temptation to run into debt. Helen lifted up thankful eyes, and thought that the morning of joy was breaking on her after the night of sorrow. But while yet in its dawn, the light was suddenly quenched. Captain Temple caught the jungle fever, and died after a short illness, through which Helen nursed him night and day. In the intervals of consciousness, he told her with deep tenderness how she had awakened a good spirit in him, how her loving patience, her gentle protests against wrong, had wrought in him a love far deeper and better than a lover's. Earnestly he sought pardon for all his unkindness and untowardliness; and he read full forgiveness in her eyes. Almost was it worth the suffering to have brought such a sweet ending. But, alas! it *was* an ending. While holding his little Nell's hand, and listening to her soft voice reading words of holy comfort to the penitent, Algernon Temple passed away, leaving her a widow in a strange land!

So ended Helen's seven years of married life. A chequered time it was, full of many sorrows, yet lighted by bright flashes of joy culminating in a tender farewell glory. They had brought back peace and beauty to the author's soul, which, united with a new power of sympathy, and radiating forth in her writings, few and scanty though they were, brought help and solace to many an aching heart.

(To be continued.) AUSTRALIE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ST. CLOUD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'ISA'S STORY,' &c.

Is it true that monuments, like men, have their destiny, which may be averted for a time, but must inevitably be fulfilled at last? The fate of St. Cloud would almost tempt one to believe in some such theory. As I stand there in spirit to-day, it seems like a dream that I stood there in reality only a few months ago, looking down from the woody hill on the beautiful little palace, watching the blue smoke curling up from its chimneys, and wishing that stones could speak and tell of the scenes they had witnessed within and without those walls. It was here that Louis Seize and Marie Antoinette entered on their promising life of young royalty; it was in the villages neighbouring the park that the tender-hearted queen had great fires lighted to warm her shivering people in the winter time, and in return had snow-statues erected to her, round which the people joined hands, and danced, and shouted, 'Vive la Reine!' 'Vive notre Mère, Marie Antoinette!' till all France took up the cry, and shouted in chorus, 'Vive Marie Antoinette!' It was here, in the palace built by the great Mansard for the brother of Louis XIV., that Bonaparte, on his return from Egypt, flushed with conquest and laden with spoils, summoned the Council of Five Hundred, dissolved them, and took unto himself the title of First Consul! It was from St. Cloud that were thundered forth those fatal Ordonnances that culminated in the Revolution of 1830!

Later, in 1848, the palace was threatened with a somewhat similar fate to that which has overtaken it in 1870, and was only saved by the presence of mind of one of the townspeople.

The mob, or in the language of the times, the sovereign people of Paris, had vented its fury on the pretty Château de Neuilly, peculiarly obnoxious as being the favourite residence of the King Louis Philippe. Finding no work at hand on which to spend its residue of enthusiasm, the sovereign people turned its wave of devastating patriotism towards the rival Château of St. Cloud. Luckily for St. Cloud, there happened to be in that army of raving incendiaries one weak citizen who grudged the sovereign people its innocent fun, or thought at best that one big bon-fire a day was holocaust enough to the Republic, one and undivisible. This treacherous citizen set spurs to his heels, and while the people marched at that slow and easy pace that became its majesty, he flew swiftly as his feet would carry him, and arrived in time to warn the town of its approaching danger. The magnitude of the impending catastrophe was incalculable. To destroy the Château was to destroy the town—to swamp its resources, and abandon the inhabitants to ruin. Great was the dismay caused by the news. It spread like wild-fire. The inhabitants flocked out from their houses and thronged the market-

place, calling on the Maire and the Commissaire de Police, and all the elders of the town, to save them.

'Let us go forth in a body and expostulate with them!' proposed the citizen schoolmaster, who knew Cicero and Demosthenes by heart, and believed in the force of human speech, notably in his own.

'Let us prepare a *procès verbal*, and denounce them!' suggested the Commissaire de Police, and he donned his tricolore scarf.

'Let us arm ourselves with spades and pokers, and sally forth and defy them!' said a burly little marchand de pommes.

But none of these brave counsels prevailed. The red wave meantime was rolling on. Every moment was fraught with life and death to the town. Escape was nowhere. The townspeople, wailing and shrieking, made a rush in purposeless impulse towards the Château.

Suddenly a voice was lifted in tones of command.

'Hold! If the citizens hearken to me I will save them!'

The speaker was a house-painter, of the name of Landel, well known to the multitude.

'Speak, citizen, speak!' came from every hearer.

'There is no time for speech. We must act. Follow me, and let all good citizens be silent, and do as I bid them!'

'We will—we will!'

He hurried to his work-shop, which was in a street close by, called in his own apprentices, recruited a dozen of the foremost men, loaded them all with paint-pots, brushes, and as many ladders as could be seized on the premises, and then set off in the direction of the castle. The crowd followed after him with that blind impromptu faith that the crowd yields always to the master-mind that takes its destinies in hand. They reached the Château. Ladders were set against the front; the men mounted rapidly, and before five minutes elapsed a line of disjointed hieroglyphics broke out on the white surface from under a dozen hands. The gaping crowd, swaying to and fro with excitement, stood below, watching patiently.

The clamour of the red wave from Paris was now audible, like the distant roar of the sea.

'Bravo! Vite! Sauve!' shouted the spectators, as the letters, taking rapidly shape and form, stood out triumphant in the talismanic words:

P.R.O.P.R.I.É.T.É N.A.T.I.O.N.A.L.E!

A thundering sound of cheers greeted the last stroke of the brushes; and the painters, paint-pot in hand, ran down from their giddy eminence, to be caught in the arms of their fellow-townsmen, and nearly smothered with grateful embraces.

As to Landel, the originator of the stratagem, he declared it was unknown to himself how he escaped suffocation; and ever after spoke of the fact as an authentic miracle.

The boisterous enthusiasm was still at its height, when the citizens of Paris, tramping and howling, reached the castle gates. But the citizens of St. Cloud, confident in the device of Landel, confronted them bravely in the castle yard. The effect of the magic inscription was electric. The citizens of Paris fell back a moment, confounded, irresolute. Then, amused by the ready wit of the citizens of St. Cloud, they yielded to their light impulse, and laughed, and cheered, and dashed down their torches, and struck up the Marseillaise. The good citizens of St. Cloud joined lustily in the chorus; and after much clapping of hands and embracing, the wild red wave broke on the scene of its intended ruin, and rolled back to Paris as harmless as a breaker on the shingles of our own sea-shore. Such is the story as it was told to me by a Frenchman who had lived through those stormy days.

It is, as I said, only a few months ago since I stood with him, listening to this reminiscence of his youth, looking down upon the valley of the Seine, and counting the domes and spires and towers of Paris that rose clear and grey against the deep blue sky. What a long century seems to have come and gone between that peaceful yesterday and the smoking ruin of to-day!

It was the *Pardon* of St. Cloud. The town had put on its gala dress; the houses were decked with flowers and flags; the people wore their Sunday clothes, partly in honour of the patron saint, but chiefly in honour of the neighbours who were to flock in from surrounding towns and villages to make merry with them at their fête. The narrow main street, set like a ladder at the base of the town, and climbing up steep and rugged to the top, was gorgeous with the glories of shop windows displaying their choicest wares; but the market-place was the great centre of attraction, and was thronged by the more active pleasure-seekers. There were merry-go-rounds, and flying horses, and see-saw boats, for the smaller children; and a glorious *mat-de-cocagne*, with its slippery pole crowned by a real silver watch, for enterprising young France. The elders, as usual in France, joined in the sport of the youngsters with hearty zest; and every now and then a white-haired *bon-papa* might be seen starting off on a wooden charger, flanked by a couple of baby grandchildren, too small to be trusted alone on Pegasus.

Lotteries were going on in every direction, and what fun they were! You paid two sous, and you were safe to draw a prize! The perversity of the wheel in the discernment of the prizes was a source of endless delight. A night-cap would fall to a sailor, a thimble to an old soldier, a doll to a little boy, and a pipe or a gun to a little girl! Every turn of the wheel was the signal for roars of laughter. How happy the people seemed! How all unconscious of the black cloud gathering on the near horizon, and destined so soon to break over their heads in a deluge of fire and blood!

The waters were playing: those beautiful waters, of which Versailles the Magnificent condescended to be jealous, were darting up into the

blue air, and dancing down the stone lips of the fountains, rippling, gurgling, splashing, full of crystal glee, so pure, so merry, with their spray and their silvery chatter.

The day was warm, and I was tired, for I had been strolling about the town, going from one centre of fun to another, as greedy as any gamin; so I sat down on the broad ledge of the basin, and began to watch the fishes scudding through the wave—fairy fishes they looked, as the sheen of their golden scales came shimmering through the foam—and to wonder within myself how they liked the fuss and the whirl, and whether it was fright or frolic that sent them flying so wildly through the frothy circles. But the crowd grew presently so pressing that I ran a risk of being pushed from my centre of gravity, and sent to pursue my cogitations concerning the fishes nearer to them than I cared; so I made my way out of the crush, and climbing up the rapid slope, soon gained the shelter of the trees above.

There is a curious anecdote attached to this spot. Under one of the lordly chestnuts, that constitute the chief beauty and pride of the Park, lies an old well. Nothing in its appearance suggests a story. It has neither ornament nor inscription, and the battered stone parapet encircling its mouth, mouldy and moss-grown, shews that for all purposes of use it has long since ceased to be frequented by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood. Yet this old well played the oracle once in its life, and sent forth a decree said to have in no small measure influenced the destinies of France.

It was in 1818. The Allies were occupying Paris, and were to do so for two years to come. Their presence was a sting and rebuke to the people, who were growing every day more clamorous for their withdrawal, and whose hate and exasperation were making the position of the foreign troops anything but pleasant. Men stepped out of their way when they met them in the streets; women and children hissed at them. The mass of the people all over France, Royalists and Bonapartists alike, were impatient for the expiration of the two remaining years. The King himself, though apparently satisfied to let them stay, felt that while his throne was propped up by foreign muskets the hearts of his subjects would never rally round it, and he was ready to make any sacrifice to buy off the remaining term of the occupation.

An overture was made to that effect; but the indemnity demanded by the Allies was so exorbitant, that the country, drained by the wars of the Empire, would have required the two years to levy it.

The Duke of Wellington was then Ambassador to the Tuilleries. Pending the negociations for the cancelling of the Treaty, he was fired at one night coming out of the opera. The ball perforated his hat, without doing any further damage; but had the opera blown up, and the King been shot dead, and Bonaparte re-installed at the Tuilleries, those events could hardly have caused a greater commotion than was created by that hole in the Duke's hat. For four-and-twenty hours Paris went

mad. The Embassy was besieged. The Faubourg St. Honore, from the Rue Royale to the Place Beauveau, overflowed with people rushing from the four quarters of the city, to inquire for the Duke, to insist on seeing him, and on seeing his hat. The police mounted guard, to prevent horses or carriages circulating, or attempting to circulate, through the frenzied crowd.

When the popular delirium had in some degree cooled down, the question as to who fired the shot assumed its due place in public curiosity. The wildest stories were set afloat. The Royalists accused the Bonapartists. The Bonapartists accused the Royalists. The English hinted at Prussian jealousy. The Prussians retorted with English treachery. Both these accusations found favour with the French. The Allies wanted, forsooth, to prove how necessary was their presence in Paris, and to throw odium on the French people. Finally, when every possible and impossible version had been in turn accepted and dismissed, it was given out on mysterious authority that the shot had been fired by the aide-de-camp of the Duke, at the Duke's own command!

Strange to say, whether from its being the last, or the most extravagant, this chimera took a very strong hold on the public mind—so strong, that the members of the Embassy became seriously annoyed, and set on foot the most active steps towards the discovery of the culprit. But all to no purpose. Baffled in their researches, and finding natural means unavailing, the singular idea occurred to one of their attaches, Colonel F——, of trying what the supernatural could do, and of consulting Mademoiselle Lenormand. Three of them went accordingly to the famous clairvoyante, and the question was put to her, '*Qui a tirè sur Wellington?*' Her answer was, '*Les anciens disent, que la vérité est dans un puits. Consultez le puits.*' Somewhat disgusted at this ludicrous piece of advice, the three gentlemen paid their fee and retired.

The following day they chanced to be at St. Cloud, and in rambling through the Park they came upon the above-mentioned well. Whether in the mere spirit of jest, or with some latent belief in the prophetic gift of Mademoiselle Lenormand, the youngest of the party proposed testing its merit there and then. The suggestion was laughingly agreed to. The young man bent over the well, and throwing his voice down into the gaping darkness, called out, 'Who fired at Wellington?' The voice came back, 'Wellington!'

A roar of laughter capped the echo, making the wood ring, and scaring the rooks from their resting-places; and the sooth-seekers, as they walked away, agreed that, although so many fools frequented her, Mademoiselle Lenormand was a very clever woman.

I can vouch for the truth of the story, inasmuch as my informant was an English general, who had it from one of the sooth-seekers in person. He assured me, moreover, that though the incident never got into the papers in Paris or elsewhere, it was very much noised abroad, and made

a considerable sensation at the time; so much so, that many people attributed the departure of the foreign troops, six months afterwards, (consequently, eighteen months before the expiration of the stipulated term,) to the effect it produced on the public mind.

But to return to my own recollections. I walked on through the Park, resting now and then on one of the stone seats provided for the weary stroller, or more frequently stopping to admire the marble groups of fauns, gods, and demi-gods, scattered in the closer vicinity of the Château, when suddenly I came upon a rustic summer-house, almost entirely eclipsed by the dense foliage of the surrounding trees. Pushing aside the overhanging boughs of an acacia, I went in. It was like a temple of coolness, so moist and dark was the atmosphere. The green trellis that dipped down before the entrance, screened me almost as effectually from the light as from the heat, and, while I could see through it, left me invisible to anyone from outside. I sat down, enjoying the stillness, and the sweet scent of the acacia, and the broken cadences of a lazy thrush hid away somewhere in the roof, and began watching, abstractedly, an old beggar-man, who came slowly limping along the avenue in front. He passed my hiding-place without noticing it, and sat down on the trunk of a chestnut close by. He had not been long there when the sound of footsteps, approaching from the back of the summer-house, fell upon my ear. Crunch, crunch, went the heavy tread upon the gravel. It stopped. I bent forward, and caught sight of a gentleman standing by the old beggar-man. After a few words, which I did not hear, the gentleman put his hand in his pocket, drew out a large silver coin, and tendered it to the old man.

'*Merci, mon petit bourgeois;* perhaps you would not mind dropping it in here,' pointing with his thumb downwards to a pocket in his trowsers.

The *petit bourgeois* did as he was told.

But the click of the silver, as it fell on the copper foundation of the pocket, made the beggar start.

'Is it silver, *mon bourgeois?*' he asked in surprise.

'Yes; it is a five-franc piece.'

'*Sapristi!* This is a real fête-day to me; but it can't stay there, *mon bourgeois.* You see I have lost my sight, and as good as lost my hands, so the *camarades* turn out my trouser pocket, and count the *sous* when I get home of a night. They crib one now and again; it's only *sous,* so I pretend not to see,' and he winked knowingly; 'but it won't do to give them a chance of that sort of game! Just fish it up again, and we'll hide it somewhere else.'

The gentleman plunged his delicate white hand into the greasy depths of the pocket, and drew out the silver piece.

'Now, if you'll just unbutton me here, and feel inside my gilet, you'll find a pocket, where you can pop in the *grosse pièce. Là! Bon! Merci, mon petit bourgeois!*'

And the poor fellow chuckled with delight, as, obedient to his

instructions, the gentleman fumbled diligently under the tattered lining, placed his gift in safety, and carefully rebuttoned the gilet. I could see his face as he performed the operation, and noted the odd quiet smile, unspoilt, however, by the faintest expression of disgust, that broke over his sallow iron cheek.

There was a murmur of the 'low music of humanity' in this little episode, that chimed in melodiously with the sylvan peace of the landscape, and the warbling of the thrush, and the fragrance of the flowery meadow-grass; and I followed the vanishing figure of the *bon bourgeois* wistfully, as one strains for the echoes of the lark's alleluia dying up into blue space after it has filled our ear with glad music.

In a few minutes the blind beggar moved away, and disappeared in an opposite direction. I then emerged from my summer-house, and sauntered on towards the Château.

I had not gone far when I overtook the *bon bourgeois*. He was walking slowly, stopping every now and then to examine a tree, or to admire some vista that broke on him unexpectedly through the woods. When we reached the gates of the Château, he was only a few steps in advance of me, and we seemed about to enter together. Suddenly I beheld a bustle and stir all round us. The sentry stepped forward and gave the military salute; the guard in the Cour d'honneur fell into rank and presented arms; eager faces were thrust out of doors and windows, and a shout of '*Vive l'Empereur!*' rang out joyously on the summer air.

For a moment I stood dumb with astonishment, but quickly recovering myself, joined lustily in the loyal cry.

It was my last glimpse of him and of St. Cloud.

AMBULANCE LIFE IN PARIS.

THE advent of the first grand-child carried us over to Paris about the middle of last August, and the interest of the situation kept us there watching the course of events. The *Times* arrived regularly every afternoon, telling us of the progress of the German armies, and of successive crushing defeats of the French; but somehow nobody seemed to attach any importance to these warnings. That Paris was really going to be besieged was not seriously believed by any Parisians; according to their characters, they either treated it as a good joke, or a partisan falsehood. Even foreign residents caught the infection, and fancied it could not be. By dint of hearing on all sides that the thing was utterly impossible, we came ourselves half to believe it must be absurd; and at any rate we determined to wait and see what was to happen.

On the 8th of September, the baby was baptized. The church was

close to some public bureau where clothes were distributed to the Mobiles, and scores of them were waiting to receive their bundles; they were lying on the pavement, or sitting closely packed on the kerb-stone, and we had to pick our way between them. Poor little darling! These were early days for a two-weeks-old maiden to come into such close contact with war; just at the moment, too, when her sponsors were about to renounce for her the devil and all his works! God bless our little Mary, and grant that the future course of her life may be more tranquil than its beginning!

On the next day, the 9th, Baby's Papa suddenly (and sensibly) decided to remove the whole family from Paris; and after incredible exertions we got everything ready for them to leave on the morning of the 10th. Oh! how thankful was I then not to be a man, to travel with a wife, six children, a governess, four servants, and more boxes, bags, baskets, and bundles, than I know how to count! What a Babel it was! Parents, friends, children, and servants, all talking at once in English, French, and Spanish. Everybody giving orders, and nobody attending to anybody else; two of the children in despair at my confiscating a mass of toys as impossible to take in the train; and a third in tears because the canary-bird and guinea-pigs were to be left behind.

That proved to be the very last train taking luggage; and we were most thankful to get them off, though at the time we did not understand the importance of the case. A week passed away, filled with conflicting rumours; and then on the 17th came the last postal delivery. Henceforth, no more letters, no more communication with the outside world: we were shut in. Then began a new and strange life.

Very early in the siege, I determined to work in some ambulance. The sick-room was too familiar for me to look upon it in the romantic light in which some inexperienced ones viewed such work, but all the more it seemed my duty to take a share of what was to be done. The red-cross flag was at first hung out from hundreds of houses merely to protect them; but General Trochu speedily put an end to this abuse, and it was only allowed to be used after proof was given that it meant earnest service, and that beds were ready for a certain number of wounded. Still the number was very great, and the question was, Which shall I join? This question was settled by remembrance of a maxim of one who now rests from his labours: Do first the good that is at hand, then go as far afield as you like. I therefore joined a French ambulance in my immediate neighbourhood, drawn to it by the announcement that it was under the direction of certain nuns, already well known and dear to me, from association through several years—the Sœurs de l'Esperance. If any of your readers have lost dear ones in France, and seen these devoted women by the bed-side, instant in season and out of season, they will understand the feeling which drew me to this establishment—the very sight of that dress in the street makes my heart swell.

On going to the house to enroll myself, the superintendent, or *econome*,

as she was called, informed me that there were as yet no wounded in the rooms, though of course nobody knew how soon the thirty-two beds might be filled. In the meanwhile, there was an immense deal of sewing to be done, and the ladies who were already members had the habit of meeting in the work-room every day from twelve to six. 'If Madame will bring her needle and thread to-morrow, she will find ample occupation, and she will also make the acquaintance of *ces dames*.' This sounded very formidable; but the next day found me there, hoping that the *econome* would take me into the Salon de Travail, and introduce me to somebody for a beginning. She was too busy, however, and could only indicate the room I was to enter; the sound of many female voices in animated conversation was direction enough, and it was rather an ordeal to open the door with a consciousness of the sudden silence that was to follow the appearance of a stranger in the door-way. The sooner it was done the better; so I opened the two battants and looked around: on the right hand side was a large table with several ladies sewing at it; in the middle of the *salle* a group of young women, apparently paid employées; and on the left hand side an old lady, with beautiful white curls, sat alone, beside a small table covered with piles of old stockings. Those beautiful curls, and her grave distinguished manner, together with the conviction that darning stockings was one of my talents, settled the matter. I drew a chair up to the table, and asked permission to join her. She proved to be as charming as she looked, and an acquaintance was then commenced which I hope to renew in happier days.

At first there were no wounded. Day after day we would ask, always to have the answer: 'Pas encore, Madame.' Day after day we would work there for hours—mending, darning, patching, altering, hemming, and stitching; needles flying through the linen, and some of the tongues going faster than the needles. It was an odd experience of life. Women are permitted to be ignorant of military matters, but really nobody has the right to say such absurd things as some of these ladies said. My beautiful old lady, and her intelligent agreeable daughter, used sometimes to exchange glances with me, when our fellow-workers would utter their impossibilities. I am a little afraid we three thought ourselves cleverer than our companions.

Next to the war, the most engrossing topic was the price of provisions, and the quantity each had laid up—how much butter each had succeeded in getting, and how many dozens of eggs, what means had been adopted for preserving these stores, what had been paid for ham and bacon, and what trouble the *bonne* had that morning or yesterday to buy fresh meat. (This was before the Government had brought the butchers into some kind of order.) But tears are very close to laughter. One day the room was more than usually noisy and merry; the next, a sad hush fell over the workers, when the *econome* said, 'Ladies, since our last meeting, Madame S—— has lost her only son, a fine young man of twenty-four. He dined at home yesterday, went on outpost duty at night, and was shot through

the heart: the doctor of the ambulance has gone to bring home his body.'

The days went on; never was there such enchanting weather: the streets were full of Mobiles and Gardes Nationales, busily engaged in drilling, it is true; but then, the squares and gardens were positively spilling over with children and nurses. I never remarked so many babies in Paris before. It was hard to believe we were living in a beleaguered town. We went regularly to our sewing, till at last the *econome* announced there was really no more to be done; and in answer to an inquiry from my beautiful old lady, added the information that even when the wounded came in, all the nursing was to be done by the Sisters—the ladies were only to act as lingères.

This decided me to offer my services at some other ambulance; and after visiting several, I selected the Anglo-American Ambulance in the Avenue de l'Impératrice, and there, on the 23rd of September, I first heard cannon fired to *kill*. Mont Valerien was very near, and the sound of its huge guns was startling. Afterwards we became so accustomed to it, that we constantly could not remember whether firing had been going on or not.

The aspect of the American ambulance was very different from all others. Instead of taking possession of houses, and putting four, five, or six beds in each room, here was a large building-lot at the corner of two streets, on which a number of tents had been erected. Some of these tents were round, others long, and capable of accommodating from thirty to forty patients each. The first sight of the place gave one an idea of a fête, and one was tempted to think that it was a holiday sort of thing, not meant for hard work. I expressed some idea of this to the American lady who introduced me. 'Wait and see,' was her reply. 'Don't you know that we have profited by the lessons learned in our Civil War? The tents have been selected instead of houses, because there are no walls to suck in and hold the awful poison that comes from open wounds. Dr. Swinburne intends to have no smell here. Almost all the materials employed here have come from the United States; the waterproof duck of the tents, the elastic slats of the beds, and the very wagons that are to go out to the field to bring back the wounded. The head-surgeon served through the whole war, and those five weary years have taught him more than any books could do.'

'The tents are very well in fine weather,' I said, 'but very soon they will become intolerably cold.'

'Not at all. A large stove is sunk in the earth, outside of the upper end of the tent; pipes are carried under the flooring, and the smoke-pipe comes out beyond the lower end. A thermometer hangs in the centre of each tent, and the head nurse must watch it carefully to keep the temperature at the point ordered by the doctor. You will find that the difficulty will be that it will be more often too warm than too cold, but careful watching will keep it just right. The double roofs will prevent

a drop of water from coming in, and you will find yourself as comfortable in winter as in summer.

This I soon found to be the case; and the ease with which thorough ventilation could be obtained was wonderful. Then too the inner curtains enabled us at any moment to make separate rooms, and when necessary, to isolate any patient who required perfect quiet.

In pleasant weather, and when no severe cases prevented, all the curtains were raised, and from their beds the poor fellows found some amusement in watching passers in the streets, or the drilling of Mobiles in the avenue beyond.

The 'affaire de Chevilly' gave us ten wounded; nearly all were from the 35th Regiment, which behaved with great bravery on that occasion, and was nearly cut to pieces. With one exception all these men were wounded in the leg, and all severely; two were obliged to suffer amputation above the knee. Of these two, one died on the twelfth day. His was not the first death, however. My own special patient, and the favourite of everybody, was the first to go. Poor Henri Triboullard! He was so gentle and patient, so cheerful and grateful, encouraging to his comrades, obedient to the nurses, that we all became fond of him. He had served in Algeria and at Solferino, where he won some distinction. He was intelligent, and took great interest in the events of the war, watching eagerly for the newspapers I brought up every morning, and enjoying discussion of their contents.

The ball struck him while he was kneeling to fire; it passed through the left thigh, inflicting a severe wound, and grazed his right heel as it passed out. This last seemed nothing to the inexperienced ones, but the doctor from the beginning felt that the real danger might arise from the apparent scratch. For several days he appeared to improve; his appetite was good, fever left him, and he seemed on the fair road to recovery. One night he called the attendant, and complained of a queer trembling in his right leg. 'Are you cold?' said the nurse; 'you shall have another blanket, or a cruche of hot water to your feet.' 'No, I am not exactly cold, but this trembling keeps me awake, and makes me nervous.' It ceased for a while after the application of a hot-water bottle, then returned with some violence, so that the shivering shook the bed. The doctor was called, and he at once recognized that fatal foe—lock-jaw.

I had left him in the early evening comfortable and cheery. The next morning, as I entered the enclosure, one of the staff of young gentlemen said, 'Bad news for you this morning, Mrs. ——; your man is in a very bad way; he has lock-jaw.' I hurried to the tent; and had it not been for the warning, I might have believed that his bed had been changed, and a stranger put in his place. He was so altered that it was difficult to believe my eyes. He lived two days, but in so much suffering that we were glad when the end came. On the day before his death, during the intervals of ease, he lay in a semi-stupor, produced by the *choral;* and when the spasms came on he would shriek out in a heart-

rending way for another dose of the calming potion. On that last day his parents came to visit him. They were respectable people, who had lived in a little house of their own at Creteil; but the village was in the possession of the enemy, their house a ruin, and they homeless and nearly penniless fugitives in Paris. They sat in heart-broken silence for a long time, and at first he slept calmly. The doctor had ordered perfect quiet around, the curtains had been dropped between him and the other end of the tent, and no sound was heard but the weary drip drip of the rain on the canvas roof. To rouse him would bring on a paroxysm, and yet it was almost unendurable to leave him without a word. After a long time they rose to go, and just at that moment a spasm came on, and he writhed and screamed in agony. As they hurried out to escape the sight, he opened his eyes and fixed them on his mother, but did not speak, so that we were uncertain whether he saw her clearly or knew who it was. But later in the day he said to me, 'Ma pauvre mère!' She saw it all, and she could do nothing—poor mother!

As they went out they met the doctor, who told them frankly that he had but little hope. 'I will do my best,' he said; 'and you must go home and pray—that is all you can do now.' 'Yes,' she answered with streaming eyes, 'I will go home and pray for my child. And it is not now that I begin to pray, for I am the mother of four sons.'

She never saw him alive again. Early the next morning he died. He was carefully laid out, his bed moved into a large unoccupied tent, a wreath of white flowers at his feet, and everything decently disposed to shew that sympathetic hands had performed the last offices. *Pauvre mère!* She felt all this deeply, and listened with avidity to the expressions of the kindly affection we had entertained for him.

Partly from this affection, partly because it was the first death in the ambulance, we could not endure the thought of his being put in the *fosse commune*, which is all a soldier has a right to; so the ladies and gentlemen subscribed and purchased a bit of ground for his grave.

Dr. Swinburne, who is as wise and good as he is skilful, said to us the next day, 'You did well to buy that grave, because you all felt Henri's death, and the poor fellow was one to win regard. I did not therefore oppose the outlay; but the first time must also be the last. If the siege goes on, and sorties continue, we shall have more wounded, consequently more deaths. What funds we can spare must in future be given to the living, not to the dead.' Of course we saw the good sense of this, and acquiesced.

I ought to say something here about Dr. Swinburne, but a difficulty presents itself. Those who knew him, above all those who worked under him, or those who enjoyed his care, will say that my praise is too feeble, whereas if I tell half the good I know of that Christian gentleman, strangers will think it exaggeration. The soldiers loved him. One day he had been soothing a nervous fractious patient; and when the poor suffering creature was calmed, he left with the promise to come back in half an hour. As he went out, the man drew a deep breath, saying earnestly, 'Isn't he good, le vieux!' 'Yes, indeed,' said another; 'he has but one fault.' 'What fault is that?' called out two or three from their beds, disposed to do battle for the dear doctor. 'He don't talk French,' was the reply. 'Well, that's true; but if he did, he would be perfect; and if he were perfect he could not live any longer. So it's just as well,' was the satisfactory conclusion they came to—a conclusion which amused the doctor very much when it was reported to him.

The sortie of the 21st October brought thirty-four to us. Early that morning the ambulance trap had been sent to the proper bureau, to take steps for passing without *octroi* duty a cask of wine presented to us. 'Never mind the wine for to-day,' was said to our messenger; 'go back at once to your ambulance, and tell them to send all their wagons to the field; there are very important operations on foot, and we shall need all your services.'

'Twas a sad but exciting scene; the gentlemen who were *de service* that day were having their *brassards* securely fastened to their left arms; the captain of the day was attending to the carriages, and disposing his corps, while the doctor superintended the packing of the baskets with bandages, lint, instruments, wine, brandy, chloroform, &c., &c.

The Anglo-American Ambulance, while principally made up of real Americans, numbered many workers of different nations; English, French, German, Italian, and Russian, were all on the staff. The Hon. Lewis Wingfield did good service by day and night, and his light but firm touch was found comforting on limbs that could scarce bear the contact of a feather. 'Il ne brutalise jamais, le petit Anglais,' said one man. For a rough ungentle touch they always used the expression *brutaliser*—a sense new to me. I first heard it after the visit of a French doctor, who certainly did throw down the bed-clothes, and lift the broken leg, as if he had no idea what pain could be. The man screamed at the time, and afterwards said, 'Comme il m'a brutalisé, cet animal!'

This doctor was more brutal than the man knew, for this sudden motion was made in the full expectation of detecting us in a falsehood. The canvas walls, the perfect ventilation, the unceasing care, and the system of dressing wounds with oakum instead of lint, combined to make the tents as free from smell as the outer air; and the doctors who came daily, drawn by the rapidly spreading fame of the wonderful success at the American Ambulance, could scarcely believe their eyes or their noses. They would sniff about, hoping to detect a bad smell; and when convinced that the air was perfectly sweet, it needed ocular demonstration to prove that we really had compound fractures, open sores, and abcesses.

The dressing with oakum was surprising to most of them. I was told that the discovery of its value took place in this way. During the American Civil War a battle was fought near a prison, to which the wounded were carried in great numbers; no preparations had been made for dressings, and the surgeons, at their wits' end, were obliged to use whatever they found, however unsuitable. It is perfectly wonderful, however, with what unlikely materials a clever surgeon will manage to perform good work. (I have seen wounds that had been dressed, and limbs set, with straw as a first make-shift on the battle-field.) In this prison was a large pile of oakum picked by the prisoners, which was at once laid under contribution, and used as a dressing. The wounds thus treated were found to emit less smell, and heal more rapidly, than those dressed in the usual way; attention was drawn to the fact, experiments made, and the result established that a valuable discovery had been made. On one occasion only did I ever detect the slightest odour, and that was when sitting by the bed-side of a man from whose leg a handful of fragments of bone were taken half an hour afterwards. When this was done, the wound washed and re-dressed, no smell was perceptible.

The thirty-four brought in from the Malmaison sortie were distributed in different tents; and Dr. Swinburne gave me No. 2 with sixteen men. Some of these had only trifling contusions, two being able to leave in a couple of days; while some of the others were severely hurt. One young fellow of twenty-one, with a pretty girlish face, had his knee all broken into splinters, with no possibility of saving the leg. General Ducrot's surgeon-in-chief came to visit the tents, and a consultation was held in English by the bed-side. He entirely concurred in Dr. Swinburne's opinion that the leg must come off, and the sooner the better; then, turning to the poor fellow, he broke the intelligence to him in the gentlest possible way. The lad received the news with composure, saying, 'Certainly, Sir; whatever you do is right. I know the best will be done for me.'

In a short time the doctors left the tent, to make preparations for the amputation. Curiously enough, though twenty-four hours had elapsed since the wound, he had not yet felt any pain; but during the half hour that passed before the doctors were ready, sharp pains began to run through the knee. He was not at all agitated at the prospect of the operation, but was quietly cheerful; and I wondered at first whether he had understood the doctor. He did understand it, however, and gave me his name and address to write to his family.

What a horrid thing is war! This poor lad, for he was just twenty-one, a slight delicate fellow, had been a grocer's assistant before the war. In September he volunteered as a *franc tireur*, and the very first time he was under fire he was maimed for life. He was married, too, and it made him smile to see what surprise the announcement invariably caused.

It made my heart sick to watch the attendants bearing him off in his bed, and know that he was to pass under the knife, to be made a cripple—supposing that he survived. And when he was brought back, looking rather paler, but perfectly calm, it cost an effort to receive him without tears. 'Ça va bien, Edmond, mon enfant?' 'Très bien, Madame,' was his quiet reply.

Mr. Wingfield, who helped to carry him back, said that the effect of the chloroform had scarcely passed away, and probably he did not yet know what had been done. It was thought better to let him recover entire consciousness in the place he was to occupy. We put his bed in a corner of the centre compartment; and almost before we had time to settle the pillows, he asked me to fill and light his pipe. He smoked in silence, and after a while I saw his hand stealing down the side of his right leg, to assure himself of what had taken place. And a few minutes later, when I went to the other end of the tent, he said to the occupant of the nearest bed, 'Do you know what has happened to me?' The other man knew perfectly, but he replied, 'Quoi donc?' 'My leg has been cut off.' To which the second could find nothing to say but 'Tiens!' And there the conversation dropped for the evening.

Edmond's composure was a marvel to us. It scarcely ever left him. The first evening, for a little while, he was restless—sighing, and turning his head on the pillow—till suddenly he said he was faint; but some brandy and beef-tea brought back his strength, and we had the comfort of seeing him fall asleep. His brother and sister-in-law came that same evening, and he received them affectionately, but without shewing any emotion, except for a moment when he charged them not to tell his wife

that he had lost his leg. She had been ill, and he feared it would distress her too much.

The next day his wife came, and after many warnings of the necessity of perfect quiet, was allowed to see him. Nothing could be more calm than their meeting. She was a nice gentle little thing, and behaved very well, with a self-possession that equalled his. She shed a few tears, but smiled through them, and told him she did not mind his leg being cut off at all, it would keep him always at home instead of going off to fight any more, and it was so much better than what she had feared when she found he did not come back. She thought he was killed all one night, and when the truth came it was truly an immense relief.

The doctor ordered the tent to be kept as quiet as possible, and yet he wished a cheerful tone to be manifest. My general custom was to sit sewing in the centre compartment, where every bed was in sight, and from time to time to walk through, or go and chat from bed to bed. Some liked to be read to, some preferred a book to themselves; some were too weary and feverish for anything but a turning of the pillows, a smoothing of the covering, a cool hand laid on the forehead, or a whispered, 'Mon pauvre enfant.' As a general rule they were easy to nurse, tractable, and grateful. One of the men was difficult to manage; but a bullet had laid bare a nerve, and we were ready to make every allowance. Poor fellow! He was a peasant from the Midi, had always lived in the open air, and now, with his undisciplined nature, he was bound in chains of suffering! He used to get into terrible rages, but always expressed regret for them. One day a strange curé, passing through, said something he intended to be soothing; but Jean did not so understand it. We were really frightened to see the passion into which he threw himself. He came to himself by seeing one of the ladies quite alarmed. He laughed to hear her say that she was afraid of him; and it often amused him afterwards, when she would ask, referring to a phrase of his own, 'Are you a lion or a lamb to day?' Once he answered, 'Oh, a whole flock of lambs, Madame.'

The third day after Malmaison was Sunday; all the wounds were in a feverish state; the men were more irritable than the day before: it was a critical day with Edmond, and a sense of anxious responsibility weighed upon me. I sat by his bed-side, doing nothing, but looking about. Edmond was evidently nervous; he watched me for some time, and at last said, 'Your bag is there, Madame, under that pillow.' In a moment I saw it all, and after an instant's repugnance I got my work-bag and began to sew on my ordinary week-day work. The tranquillizing effect was wonderful. Edmond was content to watch the needle going in and out, and I was surprised to see how soon it influenced him soothingly.

When the doctor came in I said, 'You see me deliberately sewing on Sunday for the first time in my life, but it has such a quieting influence upon this one, (indicating Edmond,) that my duty is clear.'

'You are quite right,' answered the doctor, 'and I was glad to see you. It is a matter now of life or death with some of these poor fellows, and you must neglect no means of saving them. Nurses often fail to understand a general effect; but nothing, however trifling, should be neglected in a sick room.'

None but those who have gone through the same experience, can

understand how fond the nurses become of their patients. Many of these were ignorant peasants, in health perhaps rough and vulgar creatures, but here refined and ennobled by suffering, bringing constantly to mind the words, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto Me;' so that we felt it a privilege. But it was not a sentimental matter, by any means, as a very few hours in one of the tents could prove to the most romantic young novel-reader.

At an early service in the Madeleine, before going to my work, a lady who knelt by me joined me as we came out, and said, 'Pardon, Madame, your red cross tells me that you are an *ambulancière*.'

'Yes, Madame, at your service.'

'And you go every day to nurse the wounded?'

'Yes, Madame.'

'Oh, Madame, c'est idéale, c'est poétique.'

I smiled without answering. She waited an instant, then said, 'Why do you smile?'

Forced to reply, I said: 'Ma chère dame, if there is one thing on earth that is real and practical, that is *not* ideal and poetical, it is serving in an ambulance. If you choose to pass ten minutes at 36, Avenue de l'Impératrice, you can have the proof any day you like.'

'What do you mean?' she asked; 'it seems so beautiful to me. Now what did you do yesterday, for example?'

Whereupon I gave her a detailed and unvarnished relation of the day before, rather setting down in malice all the disagreeables. She hesitated a moment; then with a Frenchwoman's grace, she took my hand, saying, 'Non, Madame, ce n'est par poétique, c'est sublime.'

But she never came up to the Ambulance, for all her enthusiasm.

Our Anglo-Saxon names were impossibilities to the French tongues of the men,* and we found they had to invent a descriptive one for each of us, as *la grande dame*, *la petite dame*, &c. One lady was called *la petite mère;* my own men called me *ma tante*, being the name given to me in loving jest by many adopted nieces and nephews. We spoke to each as *mon enfant*, or gave him his name—never a number, as was the case in some military hospitals. Perhaps the personal relations thus established made them more easy to manage, but certainly I never had any cause to complain of my charges. Once when two Zouaves were telling stories of old campaigns, something was said which raised a laugh, but which I did not catch. On asking what it was, the soldier hesitated a moment, then answered, 'Ma tante, c'était un mot militaire—no use to repeat it.'

'Ah, I see. Well, you have always heard that Englishwomen are queer. I don't like *mots militaires*. We can't help it, that's the way we are made. I am only here in the day time, my children; please don't use military words before me, they pain me.'

At once they answered earnestly, 'Never; we promise you.' And

* I cannot refrain from giving an example of the difficulty foreigners have with apparently easy English names. One evening we took a young Englishman to a soirée at the house of a Polish lady in Paris. He was introduced to people called Czartoryska, Czetwertynska, Ciechanowieska, Dzierbitzka, Giedroyc, Zchowsky, and so on. He was presented to all, managed to pronounce all the above very creditably, and made a most favourable impression. But nobody could utter his name, even when it was written out. 'Why will you English have such impossible names?' said one lady, who was herself one mass of consonants. 'Can anybody expect ever to say easily *Carmichael*?'

from that time no word was uttered in my presence which could give the slightest annoyance.

One more incident, and this paper must be brought to a close.

One of the wounded, tossing in pain, exclaimed, 'Ah, que je souffre! Mon Dieu, mon Dieu!'

'Why do you call on God?' said his next neighbour; 'don't you know that God has forsaken us, and gone over to the Prussians?'

'He did well!' called out another. 'He did not leave us till we first forsook and denied Him. Now He is punishing us, and He will not come back—n'est pas, ma Tante?'

'It is true that the French have forsaken God,' I replied, 'and that His hand is heavy upon you now; but it is not true that He will not return. Turn to Him, and you will find Him more loving, more ready to forgive, than any earthly father. Never insult Him by feeling that He is implacable. He is more ready to receive us, than we are to go and ask pardon at His feet.'

I could fill a whole number in writing of this period—the most deeply interesting one of my life—but your readers have probably had enough for one month. If you care for more about ambulances, another time I will tell you of my fortnight at Versailles, and my daily visits to the Prussian wounded in the Chateau.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

Margaret.—Abbey Church *is out of print. There is no book by the same author entitled* Two Years at School.

Mother Carey.—Jessica *recommends placing them before the fire.*

Declined with thanks.—A. C. C. R.

Bob.—E. F. M., B. C., Kathleen, Madeleine, *and* F. H. G. *reply:—The nine of diamonds is called* The Curse of Scotland *because the Duke of Cumberland, having no other paper ready, wrote the order that no quarter was to be given to the Jacobites at the Battle of Culloden on the back of it.* B. C. *adds—April 15th, 1746, the day before the battle, was the Duke's birth-day, and was kept at Nairne by the Royal army with great rejoicings, as a reason for the cards being so ready to hand.* F. H. G. *also says, that every ninth monarch has been the occasion of misfortune to Scotland; and also that this is the family arms of a Scottish member who voted for the introduction of the malt tax; and that at the game of Cornette, which caused the ruin of many Scotch families, it is the winning card.*

R. G. *asks for information as to* Memoir of the Life of the Princess Louise de Condé.

A. *will be much obliged to anyone who can inform her of any* small *hymn or book suitable to give to mothers on the death of infants. Also, of any books in good print and words of one or two syllables, on religious subjects, suitable for lending to men and women who can read but little.*——Simple Lessons, *by the Rev. T. E. Carter.*—ED.

O. *would be glad to know if anyone can inform her of any lines by any poet describing the beauty of trees in winter.*——*See Cowper's* Winter Walk; *also, Thomson's* Seasons.

Can anyone recommend a book of simple Daily Prayers suitable for a boy of twelve, who is about to be thrown into the temptation of school life for the first time.—A MOTHER.

F. A. D. *begs to inform* Anna *that the lines she names form the concluding ones of a hymn attributed to St. Ignatius:—*

'I love, I love Thee, LORD most High,
Because Thou first hast loved me;
I seek no other liberty
But that of being bound to Thee.

My memory no thoughts suggest,
But shall to Thy pure glory tend;
My understanding finds no rest
Except in Thee, its only end.

My GOD, I here protest to Thee,
No other will have I than Thine;
Whatever Thou hast given to me,
I here again to Thee resign.

All mine is Thine: say but the word—
Whate'er Thou willest shall be done;
I know Thy love, all-gracious LORD,
I know it seeks my good alone.

Apart from Thee all things are nought;
Then grant, O my supremest Bliss!
Grant me to love Thee as I ought—
Thou givest all in giving this.'

Cicely's *offer has brought another entreaty, from the Superior of* St. James's Home, Hammersmith, *to help towards a sale for the Mission Schools.*

C. H. C. *is also met by responses from* Frances A., *on behalf of* The Sisters of the Church, *for their Schools. Address*—Sister Emily, 20, Belgrave Road, Abbey Road, N.W.—*Old clothes, especially boots and shoes, may also be sent to* The Mother Superior, Holy Cross Home, Kennington, S. E.

For The Daisy Chain Cot *we thankfully acknowledge:*—Chester, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Minnie, 5*s.*; Karen *and* Mary, 4*s.*; E. J. P., 2*s.* 6*d.*; Laura *and* Edith, 5*s.*; S. *and* E, 5*s.*; The Godmother of Two Margarets, £2; J. W. W., 10*s.*; E. E. S., 10*s.*; St. Bridget, £1; A Pilgrim, £1; N. A. Y., 5*s.*; Margaret, £2; Mary, 10*s.*; Marguerite, £1; G. E. S., 2*s.* 6*d.*; M., 1*s.*; Miss Anderson, 5*s.*; Miss F. Campbell, £2 10*s.*; A. E., 2*s.* 6*d.*; D. I. K., 5*s.*; Reader of the Monthly Packet, 5*s.*; Mr. Radcliffe, 5*s.*; Mrs. Gray, 5*s.*; Miss Gray, 5*s.*; Mrs. King, £1 1*s.* *Let us remind those who send Post-office orders, that the sender's name is required to obtain payment. Will our friends kindly make their Post-office orders payable at* Knightsbridge? *The* Cot *can be begun. We trust to them to keep it up.*

S. A. *would be thankful to anyone who would be willing to give a trial to a poor orphan girl who has failed in honesty. The girl has been trained in household work, and is well known to the advertiser, who will give full particulars to anyone applying to* S. A., Post-office, Oxford.

The Sisters of St. Peter's, Plymouth, *acknowledge with thanks several packages of clothes, &c., most welcome for the distressed poor of their parish.*

A. M. *begs to know who is the Secretary of* The Association for Keeping Ascension-tide Holy.

Mr. Allnutt acknowledges, with thanks, the receipt of the following donations to the funds of The Nursery of the Good Shepherd, Portsea:—Helen, 10*s.*; The Misses Gilbard, £2 2*s.*; S, 2*s.* 6*d.*; E., 2*s.* 6*d.*; E. M. F., 5*s.*; Mrs. E. B., Hurst, 10*s.*

The Treasurer of St. Swithin's Home, Winchester, *begs to acknowledge, with many thanks, the receipt of the undermentioned sums for the use of the Home:*—Miss F. Wilford, £1; Mrs. Langdale, 2*s.* 6*d.*; A Little Girl, 4*s.* 6*d.*; T. L., Shrewsbury, 1*s.*; A Reader of The Monthly Packet, 5*s.*; Anon., 10*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, 1*s.* *Further donations will be gratefully received by the* Rev. G. A. Seymour, Trinity Rectory, Winchester; *or the Treasurer of the Home Fund*—Mr. Whiting, College Street, Winchester.

Miss Hutchinson, Harewood Hill, Darlington, Durham, *begs to thank* Beta *for her kind and very welcome present of a prepaid parcel of story-books for lending to her Sunday-school class.* Miss H. *will feel much obliged for further contributions from any readers of* The Monthly Packet.

E. *will be very much obliged to any readers of* The Monthly Packet *who can send her pictures for scrap-books, and scraps of any kind which can be used for dolls' dresses, needle-books, work-bags, or pinafores, for rewards for the school-children of a poor town parish.* E. *will also be grateful for any information on the subject of S. P. G. working-parties.*

John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.

THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

APRIL, 1871.

THE DIVINA COMMEDIA OF DANTE.

In the beginning of the third Canto, we find Dante turning instinctively under the fear of being abandoned, as he and his guide hurry towards the mountain; for he sees no shadow but his own projected on the ground before him. Thereupon Virgil discourses on the nature of the spiritual frame, and removes Dante's wonder as to its transparency by quoting the apt analogy of the continual intermingling of the light rays in ether, which cross and recross each other in the same space without causing or sustaining any impediment. To know the ultimate cause of all these phenomena is only given to those who may look for it in the vision of God; and there he abruptly breaks off his explanation, struck with sorrow at the revived thought of those great sages in Limbo, who spent their lives in fruitless endeavours to comprehend that which they never now can attain to.

Then the poets reach the foot of the mountain, and find an ascent as steep as any between Lerici and Turbia on the Genoese Riviera, where now runs the Cornice road. While debating how to begin their difficult task, they notice a troop of spirits near at hand, from whom they receive the necessary information; after which one of them introduces himself to Dante as Manfredi, formerly King of Naples, and son of the Emperor Frederick II., and asks him to convey a message to his daughter Costanza concerning his spiritual destiny. When mortally wounded in 1266 at the battle of Ceperano, fought against Charles of Anjou who had invaded his kingdom, he, though previously of luxurious habits and a scoffer at religion, turned to God in his last moments, and received forgiveness. But being under sentence of excommunication, he is not allowed straightway to enter Purgatory, but has to wander for thirty-fold the time of his earthly contumacy, unless the prayers of the faithful avail to shorten it. He therefore intreats the help of Costanza's intercessions.

Dante has been so much interested in his interviews with Casella and Manfredi, that the sun has risen to an altitude of fifty degrees, or to

within about two hours of noon, without his perceiving the flight of time. But now, in the fourth Canto, they begin their ascent, and after toiling breathless and wearied up the broken rock, reach at last a more level track. Then Dante turns, and wonders to see the sun nearly due north; which gives occasion to Virgil to explain the altered appearance of the heaven in southern latitudes. After this they observe sundry spirits seated or lying about in slothful attitudes; one of whom, named Belacqua, being questioned by Dante, informs him that it would be no use to go onward yet, for God's angel would refuse him entrance into Purgatory, till after a delay equal to the time he had wasted in life before finally repenting; unless, that is, it be shortened by the intercessions of the faithful. Dante inquires no further; for Virgil, announcing that the sun is on the meridian, urges him to renewed exertion.

In the fifth Canto they meet yet another company of those spirits who, being overtaken by a violent death, turned to God in their last moments. Three of them address Dante: first, Jacopo del Cassero, a native of Fano, who, being a magistrate of Bologna, vehemently opposed the designs of Azzo VIII. of Este, when he endeavoured to usurp the sovereignty of that city. That Azzo should thereupon have procured his assassination cannot be thought surprising, when it is remembered that he suffocated his own father Obizzo, and is on that account called 'step-son' in the twelfth Canto of the Inferno. The 75th line refers to Padua, a city traditionally believed to have been founded by Antenor. Next speaks Buonconte di Montefeltro, son of that Guido whose story occupies nearly the whole of the twenty-seventh Canto of the Inferno. He fell in the battle of Campaldino, fought in 1289 between the exiled Ghibellines of Florence aided by the people of Arezzo, and the Florentines. The latter won the day; and Buonconte, who commanded on the other side, was never heard of after. Dante, who himself took part in the battle, doubtless gives the true explanation of this, and fashions it into a description of wonderful beauty. Our readers will remember his former narrative of Saint Francis coming for the father at his death, and being repulsed by the black cherub, who had kept such an effectual watch over his victim. Here the parts are reversed: the son, turning to God in death, is accepted and saved by angelic hands; and the disappointed prince of the powers of the air can do nothing but wreak his vengeance on the lifeless body. The extremely accurate conception of natural phenomena displayed in lines 109–111 places Dante in this respect, as in all others, far above his contemporaries. The grandeur of the passage that follows has often been enlarged upon, especially by Mr. Ruskin, (in *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. p. 252,) who does not omit to notice the exquisite feeling of line 126, which pictures so truthfully both the natural action of the swollen river, and the insane hatred of the demon against that which symbolised the cause of his own defeat. A more perfect blending of reality and imagination cannot be conceived. Lastly, we have a few

words from Pia, a lady of Siena, whom her second husband, Nello de' Pannochieschi, murdered by throwing her from a window. The reason of his barbarous act is uncertain.

We should not omit to notice Dante's observation of meteoric showers in line 37, which, as he was aware, occurred chiefly after midnight, for reasons now thoroughly understood. The reference of line 39 is to summer lightning, which he erroneously imagined to be due to the same cause as the meteors, a mistake which it is no discredit to him to have fallen into.

THE PURGATORIO.—CANTO V.

No more beside that spirit did I linger,
But tracked the Master's footsteps; when exclaimed
One from behind me, pointing with his finger,
'Look at that lower one; how the light is maimed
There on his left; sure, life it doth betoken
In him that so is led.' A glance I aimed
Behind me, when I heard such language spoken,
And saw how with astonishment they eyed
Me only, and the sunshine that was broken.
'Why is thy spirit so much occupied?'
The Master said: 'why slack thy course? what matter
Whate'er of comment is to thee applied?
Come thou with me, and let the people chatter.
Stand firm, as doth a tower that never boweth
Its crest for breath of wind or rainy patter.
For evermore the man in whom o'erfloweth
Thought over thought, to no fixed aim doth wed it,
Because one counter to another goeth.'
What could I say except 'I come?' I said it,
My visage somewhat with that hue aspersed
That oft restores a man again to credit.
Meanwhile, a people the hill-side traversed
That came in front of us a little, chanting
The Miserere verse by verse rehearsed.
When they perceived that space to pass was wanting
For sunlight through my frame, their note they turned
Into a hoarse and long-drawn O; and panting
With hurry to approach us I discerned
Two come in guise of messengers, who asked,
'Make us, we pray, of your condition learned.'
The Master then, 'Go back to them that tasked
You hither with this mission; and persuade them
That this man's soul with very flesh is masked.

If to behold his shadow they delayed them,
As I suspect, enough is said; 'tis fitting
They do him honour; for he well may aid them.'
The enkindled vapours never saw I quitting
Their station after midnight cleave the heaven,
Or midst the clouds at Autumn sunset flitting,
So quick, but these to quicker flight were given
Returning; and arrived there, all together
Sped towards us as a troop all reinless driven.
The poet then, 'This folk that presses hither
Is many, and they come to make petition;
But on, and listen as thou goest thither.'
'O soul who goest to a blest condition,
Clad in the limbs with which thy birth supplied thee,
Wait awhile; see if thou hast recognition,'—
So came they crying, 'of any here beside thee,
Who may provide thee news for thy conveying.
Now why go on? why not awhile abide thee?
We lost our lives by violence, delaying
In sin to our last hour; and then from heaven
Light touched our hearts, our state to us displaying,
That in the end, repentant and forgiven,
We died at peace with God, who with the yearning
To see him as he is our hearts hath riven.'
And I, 'Though on you all my glances turning,
None recognize I; but if my endeavour
May please you, speak, blest spirits; and I learning
Your wish, will do it, by that peace that ever
Behind the steps of guide so constituted
From world to world I seek, relaxing never.'
Then answered one, 'No doubt is here imputed
Of thy good will, though not on oath depending,
So it be not by want of power refuted.
Whence I, my prayer before the rest commending,
Ask thee, if e'er thou see the land that fences
Romagna, to the realm of Charles extending,
That thou wouldst summon all thy influences
In Fano, that for me due adoration
May rise, to purge me of my grave offences.
Thence came I; and the wounds' deep penetration,
Whence flowed the blood wherein my life I lived,
Were in the bosom of Antenor's nation
Dealt me, when I myself secure believed,
Este the motive of the deed supplying,
Who more than right could warrant him, conceived

Hatred against me. But had I been flying
To Mira, when I was by foes outstripped
At Oriaco, I should not be lying
Now 'mongst the dead. I ran to the marsh, but slipped
Let sore by reeds and slime, and in the o'erflowing
Of my own veins beheld earth's bosom dipped.'
Then said another, 'Ah, so may thy going
Up the high mount not of success be maimed,
As thou shalt aid me, thy good will bestowing.
Of Montefeltro I, Buonconte named;
All, even Giovanna, are of me unheeding,
Wherefore midst these I walk with brow ashamed.'
Then I, 'What force or fortune strange exceeding
Took thee from Campaldino forth, that never
Thy burial-place was known?' He answer speeding,
'There runs at Casentino's foot a river
Called Archiano, in Appennine that springeth
Above the Hermitage. There, soon as ever
Pierced in the throat I came to where it flingeth
Its name away, fleeing afoot, and staining
The plain with my life-blood; there faintness bringeth
Both sight and speech to end; and last attaining
To utter Mary's name, I sank defeated
In death, and left my flesh alone remaining.
Hear thou the truth, to be by thee repeated
Amongst the living. Me God's angel taketh;
But he of hell cried out, "Why hast thou cheated
Me, thou of heaven? For one small tear that maketh
Him safe from me thou bear'st the part undying;
But for the other, other doom awaketh."
Thou knowest how the vaporous mist low lying
In air when upwards borne again condenses
To water through the cold. So he applying
That ill desire that ever influences
His mind to ill, raised cloud and wind; such power
By virtue of his being he dispenses.
The valley thence, when came the twilight hour,
From Pratomagno to the ridge's centre
He roofed with cloud, and made the sky to lower.
To water changed the air 'neath its tormentor;
Down came the flood, and through the fosses gushed
Whate'er the laden earth forbade to enter;
Then in the swollen torrents met and rushed
Towards the great river, so its course pursuing
That nowise could its violence be hushed.

Me prostrate at his mouth the mischief-brewing
Archiano found; and into Arno bore me
Headlong, the cross upon my breast undoing,
Which of my arms I made when anguish tore me;
Hurled o'er his bed and past his banks far-stretching;
Then heaped his muddy spoils around and o'er me.'
'When thou the world again hereafter reaching
Shalt rest from thy long journey,' so exclaimed
After the second spirit a third beseeching,
'Bear note of me, that I am Pia named.
The life Siena gave, Maremma carried
Away: that knows he whom, when death had claimed
My former spouse, with jewelled ring I married.'

(To be continued.)

THE HOUSEHOLDER.

(St. Matthew, xx.)

In the sweet dawn I heard Him pass,
A holy presence, felt, not seen;
His wind was blowing the fresh grass
From silver into green.

He came again, when the slant sun
Was drinking up the scattered dew;
The creatures passed Him, one by one,
Laden with work to do.

When noon was burning in the skies,
He came with swift untiring feet,
And stood with His beseeching eyes
In the white sultry street.

His shadow followed hard behind
The shadow of the flying hours;
His breath came with the evening wind
Upon the hot faint flowers.

The idlers in the market-place,
The loiterers by the western gate,
Who saw His questioning sweet face,
Turned to the vineyard straight,

And wrought until the hum of day
  Died, like the hum of hiving bees,
And evening, all in tune to pray,
  Had sunk upon her knees.

The golden shadow, pure and mild,
  Crept westward in a heap of light;
Merciful, holy, undefiled,
  Into the quenching night.

The gates were closed and bolted fast,
  The sun put out his evening fire,
The labourers, from first to last,
  Went to receive their hire.

There stood a blind and weary man
  Among them when the sun was set;
He stood there when the day began,
  He stood among them yet.

His hands were folded on his staff,
  The throng went past him one by one;
He laughed a strange and bitter laugh
  After the faded sun.

He wandered through the market-place,
  He felt the deepening shadows fall,
And leaned with blind and weary face
  Against the vineyard wall.

Across the darkness of his soul
  A mild and radiant Presence came;
Into his bitterness it stole,
  And called him by his name.

'And why, beside My vineyard gate,
  In tears and darkness dost thou stay?
Lift up thy weary eyelids straight,
  And go in peace away.'

He looked into the Master's face,
  He saw the tears of pity shine;
The riddle of the market-place
  Broke on him all divine.

He turned him to the vineyard gate,
  His wistful face was strange to see;

'O Master, were it not too late,
I too would work for Thee!'

The Master smiled a smile of bliss,
That filled with light the darkling road;
He said, 'Thou shalt not work amiss
Among the stars of God.'

Who are we, that with restless feet,
And grudging eyes, unpurged and dim,
Among the vineyard shadows beat,
And seek to question Him?

Who standing in His market-place,
All dusty with our words and deeds,
Would limit His triumphant grace
With our poor heap of weeds;

And, slumbering by the purple streams
That bleed upon us from His vine,
Would murmur in our thirsty dreams,
That laggards share our wine?

The runners in the race run past,
Their flashing footsteps scarcely seen;
O last and first! O first and last!
We know not what you mean.

M. C.

SONGS OF OTHER CHURCHES.

BY LOUIS COUTIER BIGGS, M.A.

IV.

THE EARLY LATIN CHURCH.

To those who have not learned the relative values and positions of the ancient languages, it may well seem at first sight that Latin has been made to rank too high as an absolutely necessary part of the learning required from those who are to receive Holy Orders in our Church of England. It is, doubtless, an *apparently* arbitrary arrangement, which, passing by the study of the languages in which the words of Revelation were spoken and recorded, more strongly insists on the acquisition of another tongue. I should be travelling beyond the limits of these articles, were I to attempt in detail to justify the wisdom of this course; but I think that one great, if not sufficient, reason may be

found in the fact that so very large a portion of our Book of Common Prayer is translated from the Latin language. Not only are the uninspired portions mainly derived from Latin sources, but even the Psalms and Canticles are taken, not directly from the original, but from S. Jerome's Latin version. The only metrical hymn which, in two different forms, is found given as an integral part of our Book of Common Prayer, is translated from the Latin.[1] Cranmer's attempt to translate others of the Breviary hymns seems to have failed chiefly through the lack of suitable music to which his translations might be set. His musical ability, though insufficient to supply the want with compositions of his own, inspired him with a distaste for the ancient melodies, which I leave it to Dr. Littledale to add to the catalogue of his crimes. Certain it is, that in the introduction of translations from the Latin into our nineteenth-century hymn-books, those writers have been on the whole most successful who have sought to adapt their versions to our own English hymn-tunes.

Though our present concern is less with the material already utilized for our Church services, than with that which has been left neglected by our translators, yet it may first be asked, What is to guide us in determining the age of a Latin hymn? There is indeed a well-marked mediæval period, but the oldest and the newest hymns have many features in common. Also, many of the new hymns are re-cast from or founded upon the older ones, or written in close imitation of their style and metre. The difficulty is increased by the fact, that our English translators have often ignored the very modern date of some of the Breviary Hymns. We should not, for instance, expect from the Rev. J. Chandler's title, 'Hymns of the Primitive Church,' or from Isaac Williams's 'Ancient Hymns for Children,' that most of the original hymns in both should be not nearly so old as our Old Version of the Psalms, or as the most recent additions to our Book of Common Prayer. Even the most distinguished hymnologists have not always carefully marked the age of the hymns which they have collected. Thus, among the hymns attributed to S. Ambrose by the Venerable Bede, we find two hymns—one for fair weather, the other for rain—which are to all appearance of much later date. The least unsuitable stanzas[2] of the former run thus:—

'The clouds have veiled the heavens serene,
They put the sun to flight;
They hide the day:—no moon is seen,
Nor gleam of stars by night.

The threatening skies with lightnings flash,
Earth's centre seems to quake;

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[1] Veni Creator Spiritus.

[2] The omitted verses are imitated from Horace, Ovid, and Virgil, diluted *with a great deal of water*.

With thunder-rolls heaven's portals crash
As if their chains would break.

The seas, now swollen with floods of rain,
Their bounds no longer know,
And through the inundated plain
The wandering vessels go.

* * * *

See floating house-tops, borne away,
To other places roam;—
'Midst mournful birds the fishes play,
And 'midst the ruined home.

* * * *

LORD, spare us, by Thy Death set free;
Once Thou didst send the flood
To cleanse the earth from sin, but we
Are washed in Thine Own Blood.

O let the dove, returning, bring
The olive-branch of peace,
Or, cleaving heaven with joyful wing,
Prove that the waters cease.'

Compare with this farrago of classicalities the following, translated from a genuine ancient hymn[1] written by S. Hilary of Poitiers:—

'Thou glorious Giver of the light,
By Whose illuming ray
After the shades of gloomy night
Is shed the golden day.

Thou art the world's true Morning-Star;
Not that, whose scanty gleam
Proclaims the dawn's approach from far
With pale and fading beam.

Thou art than noon-day sun more clear,
Our Light and Day alone,
Wherein our secret thoughts appear,
Our inmost hearts are shewn.

Thou Brightness of Thy FATHER's Face,
Maker of earth, draw near!—
If Thou remove Thy heavenly Grace,
Our hearts are filled with fear.

Thy servants with Thy might defend,
While in this world we live;
And when this earthly life shall end,
The Life eternal give.

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[1] 'Lucis Largitor splendide,
Cujus sereno lumine
Post lapsa noctis tempora
Dies refusus panditur.'

The assonance between splen*dide* and lumi*ne* is probably accidental.

That so, whate'er the changes be
This changeful world may cause,
We may from sin be ever free,
And faithful to Thy Laws.

May chastity each passion wild,
Each wanton thought, confine,
And keep the body undefiled—
Thy HOLY SPIRIT'S shrine.

This hope inspires our prayer to Thee,
For this our vows we pay,
That through the night our souls may be
Kept by Thy matin-ray.'

In this hymn we have no rhymes;—only the metre is restricted to octosyllabic Iambic lines. The fifth stanza is a translation of that quoted from another MS. in Dr. Daniel's notes. If we are induced by this, and many other Latin hymns in blank verse, to suppose that rhyme is wholly a later invention, we are met by such instances as that of S. Hilary's Epiphany Hymn;[1]—the metre of which the following specimen sufficiently shews:—

'CHRIST the Redeemer now displays
To all the Brightness of His Face;
Let faithful men of every race
Extol the wonders of His Grace.

His Birth behold the guiding Star
Doth from the azure heaven declare;
While by its light the Wise Men are
Led to His cradle from afar.

They fall before Him worshipping,
Though mean the Child's apparelling;
They own Him for their GOD and King,
And gifts of mystic meaning bring.'

Or again, such lines as these,[2] from a hymn on S. Agatha, though written by Damasus, who died A.D. 384, seem to belong to a much later period:—

'Agatha's festival let us proclaim,
Martyr and Virgin of excellent name:
Her doth the diadem double adorn,
Whom JESUS took to Himself on this morn.'

The author of this hymn, who attained to the Papal dignity, also wrote two acrostics on the Name JESUS, and some lines consisting of a catalogue of the various names under which our Blessed LORD is

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[1] 'JESUS refulsit, omnium
Pius Redemptor gentium
Totum genus fidelium
Laudes celebret dramatum.

[2] 'Martyris ecce dies Agathae
Virginis emicat eximiae,
CHRISTUS eam Sibi qua sociat,
Et diadema duplex decorat.

spoken of. But the truth is, that, during the decay of Latinity, style depended far more upon the caprice of the individual writer than in the Augustan age. The poet chose his model from among all those who had written before him, and grafted his own peculiarities upon this style. One Christian writer of the fourth century was a lady, Proba Falconia, who made such an ingenious cento from Virgil, as to narrate in lines taken from his works all the principal events of our Blessed LORD'S Life. Paulinus of Nola, who died in 421, attempted a paraphrase of some of the Psalms, after the model of Horace's Odes. His first Psalm, for instance, is founded on Horace's second Epode; it begins thus:—

'Beatus ille qui procul vitam suam
Ab impiorum segregarit coetibus.'

For the following translation of some lines on Easter in one of the poems of Paulinus, I am indebted to the great kindness of the Rev. Sir Henry Baker, who has allowed me here to print this his own copyright hymn, hitherto unpublished:[1]—

'Winter's gloom is past and gone,
Flowers to life are springing,
And the turtle-dove's sweet voice
In our land is singing;
'Tis the day of quickened growth *
To the glad Creation,
'Tis the day of wondrous grace,
Day of our Salvation.

Therefore let us keep the feast,
Not with sinful leaven,
But, in purity and truth,
With the Bread of Heaven:
CHRIST our Passover is slain
Endless Life to win us,
And the Kingdom of our GOD
Henceforth is within us.

CHRIST has freed us from the Law;
That is dead which bound us;

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[1] 'Adest Salutis jam dies, hiems abit,
Et terra vernat floribus.
Auditur jam vox turturis, tempus canit
Incisionis * adfore.
Epulemur ergo, vetere fermento sine,
In Veritatis azymis;
Quia Pascha nostrum CHRISTUS immolatus est,
Intraque nos Regnum DEI est.
Quare, vetustis absoluti legibus,
Jam non in umbrâ degimus.'

* The reference is to Cant. ii. 12, where the Vulgate reads 'tempus putationis,'—'the time of pruning,' instead of 'the time of the singing of birds.' The Septuagint has καιρὸς τῆς τομῆς. Gesenius approves the text followed by these ancient versions.

And the Very Truth has shed
Light and joy around us;
Wherefore, nevermore in sin
Nor in darkness lying,
With our risen LORD we live
Life that knows not dying.
Amen.'

Venantius Fortunatus, known as the author of several of our hymns, wrote some elegiacs in imitation of Ovid. Perhaps among the most successful of these attempts are some lines on the same subject as those last given from Paulinus, the connexion between Spring and Easter:—

'Lo![1] earth, in wakening beauty,
Tells by its life restored,
Of all good gifts returning
With our returning LORD.

In praise of CHRIST triumphant
O'er death's defeated powers,
The grove with leaves is verdant,
The grass is bright with flowers.

Hell's tyrant rules no longer,
His Conqueror soars on high:
And songs of praise are sounding
From earth and sea and sky.

Lo! King of all He reigneth,
Who once the Cross did bear;
And to their Maker all things
Created raise their prayer.

Then hail, thou morn most holy,
To be observed for aye;
When GOD defeated Satan,
And rose to realms of day!'

These last two specimens are not, it must be remembered, found in the form in which they are translated in Latin service-books, and probably their authors did not intend them originally for church use; though the latter is found among the proses of the York Processional with at least four adaptations of it to other festivals. They bear very little internal evidence of their date, but perhaps they are more suitable to our English hymn-books on that very account. We shall see, when we come to the consideration of modern Latin hymns, how much easier it is to adapt a hymn to English use when the original has but few peculiarities of style. The hardest hymns of all, not exactly to translate, but to adapt for our Church singing, are some of the double and triple rhymed mediæval hymns. Next in difficulty are some of the rude and austere songs of the earliest Church writers. The reason is that, as Archbishop Trench says, 'these poems belonged to

[1] Ecce renascentis testatur gratia mundi.

their time, and to the circumstances under which they were produced.' Before we can use them, we are forced either to dilute them with a large admixture of verbiage, or to alter their most striking expressions. Dr. Neale has tried hard to give them as they are, but the result as a whole is decidedly unsuccessful. We cannot well sing in Church such verses[1] as—

'Our acts with courage do Thou fill:
Blunt Thou the Tempter's tooth of ill:
Misfortune into good convert,
Or give us grace to bear unhurt.'

because we could not use the Latin without strongly feeling its abruptness:—

'Informet actus strenuos,
Dentem retundat invidi;
Casus secundet asperos
Donet gerendi gratiam.'

Of course, a great deal of ingenuity may be displayed in making a certain number of syllables in English approach as near as possible in meaning to an equal number of similarly accented syllables in Latin. But to do this is quite a different thing from making a hymn. The hymn from which this verse (the fourth) has been taken as a specimen, may be seen in most of our collections. The S.P.C.K. Collection omits this stanza;—in Hymns Ancient and Modern it is given slightly altered from Chandler's version:—

'May He our actions deign to bless,
And loose the bonds of wickedness;
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And bring us to a prosperous end.'

Dayman's version in the Sarum Hymnal, based on that from the Hymnal Noted, strikes a middle course:—

'Direct us right in all we do,
The Tempter's envious rage subdue;
Assist us in the hour of woe,
And patience to endure bestow.'

The most successful translator of these ancient Latin hymns is perhaps Caswall. We may give as an instance the following, which, though it has already appeared in print, will probably be new to most of our readers. It is taken from a hymn attributed to Gregory:[2]—

'Let us arise and watch ere dawn of light,
And to the LORD our hearts and voices raise;
And meditate in psalms, and all unite
In holy hymns of praise.

[1] The version quoted is in Dr. Neale's 'Hymnal Noted,' but is not the editor's own translation.

[2] Nocte surgentes vigilemus omnes.

So, joining in the strains of Saints on high,
Hereafter, in the courts of Heaven's great KING,
May we be meet His praise eternally
With them in bliss to sing.

FATHER Supreme! this grace on us confer,
And Thou, O SON by an eternal birth!
With Thee co-equal, SPIRIT Comforter,
Whose Glory fills the earth.

There is something in the rhythm of these lines which seems to bring before the imagination the scene of a service held at midnight by worshippers roused from sleep.

So far as we can venture to attribute any special characteristics to the earliest Latin hymn-writers individually, we may say that Hilary has but very little of the poetry of language; so that, though his ideas are often beautifully poetical, they are but like a string of pearls ill-strung. Damasus abounds in fanciful trivialities; Ambrose[1] has sought to give his hymns the ring of true doctrine, without attempting to soften or sweeten their tone. Prudentius has been described as '*Christianus melior quam poeta*,'—'a better Christian than poet;' and indeed his Spanish birth and education were hardly calculated to produce a pure Latinity or flowing versification. He wrote, apparently, with no idea of adapting his verses to Church use. Sedulius has frequent blunders of prosody, for which his fanciful conceits form but a scanty recompense. Some of his failings are perhaps to be attributed to his foreign birth. It is said that he was a native of Scotland, and was promoted to a Spanish bishopric in Estremadura. Gregory, though of later date than the writers above mentioned, belongs to the same school. He imitates Ambrose, (falling, however, into occasional rhyme,) seeking and cultivating the roughness which are natural in Ambrose, but in Gregory unnatural and exaggerated. The translation given by Caswall is from one of his hymns in Sapphics; but a very large proportion of his hymns is written in Iambics, often disfigured by such miserable harshness as—

'Ergo *accepta hoc* nostrum
Qui sacrasti jejunium.'

and again:

'Per quod averni *ignibus*
Ipsi crememur acrius.'

[1] Archbishop Trench says of him:—'A noble confidence in the surpassing interest of his theme has rendered him indifferent to any but its simplest setting-forth. It is as though, building an altar to the living GOD, he would observe the Levitical precept, and rear it of unhewn stones, upon which no tool had been lifted. The great objects of faith are felt by him so sufficient to stir all the deepest affections of the heart, that any attempt to dress them up, to array them in moving language, were merely superfluous. The passion is there, but it is latent and repressed—a fire burning inwardly, the glow of an austere enthusiasm, which reveals itself indeed, but not to every careless beholder.'

Venantius Fortunatus, as Dr. Neale tells us, forms 'the connecting link between the poetry of Sedulius and Prudentius and that of the middle ages.' His life extended from 539 to 609; and under the patronage of Queen Rhadegund he gave up the light and frivolous style of composition in which he had previously indulged, and devoted himself to the writing of hymns. We shall have occasion to recur to his name in our next article. His lines above translated occur in some verses addressed to Bishop Felix.

Of the so-called hymns of Caius Fabius Marius Victorinus, who embraced Christianity as an old man, and died in 362, one, on the subject of the Holy TRINITY, is really a wholly unmetrical Litany.

In the somewhat voluminous poetical works of Decius Ausonius, there is but little of a distinctively Christian character. The following lines are from the prayer which forms the conclusion of his *Ephemeris*:—

'Grant me peace and safety; grant me
  Worldly wonders ne'er to prize;
Grant that death nor hoped nor dreaded,
  At the last may close my eyes.

Grant me, through Thy kindly Favour,
  Purified from secret sin,
Nought to seek, save Life Eternal
  At the last great day to win.

And, so long as Thou delayest
  That great Judgment for awhile,
Drive away the cruel serpent
  Tempting me with subtle guile.

CHRIST, to Thine Eternal FATHER
  Graciously these prayers present,
Faltering breathed through guilt and sorrow,
  Yet in true devotion sent.

Thou my GOD, my LORD and Saviour,
  Glory, WORD, Eternal Might,
Of true FATHER true-Begotten,
  GOD of GOD and Light of Light.

David's holy strains are telling
  With the FATHER Thou dost reign;
Heaven resounds with answering voices
  Joining in the loud Amen.

(To be continued.)

THE THREE FRIENDS.

THREE names were once as household words
  Beneath our Oxford towers:
The first was like a battle-axe,
  To crush all evil powers;

The next, we fondly thought, was like
  The rapier's glancing steel,
Subtile to pierce the joints, or wound
  The unbaptized heel;

The third—sweet singer, simply wise,
  And in his meekness strong—
Led gently on the hearts which he
  Had conquer'd by his song.

Where are they now? The first remains
  Still in his ancient place;
The second finds, alas! his home
  With saints of foreign race;

The third, more happy, rests above,
  And there doth ever pray
That they, once more at one, may join
  Him in the realms of day,

And that the Church may ever be
  Preserv'd in truth and peace,
Till all the faithful shall be call'd
  To share in his release.

C. N.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CV.

THE LAST PLANTAGENET.

1483-1485.

'The Cat, the Rat, and Lovell the dog,
Govern all England under the hog.'

RICHARD III. was thirty years old at the time that he and his queen, Anne Nevil, were crowned at Westminster by Archbishop Bouchier, and their pomp and splendour equalled all that had been seen in the most magnificent days of English glory.

Richard's train was borne by the Duke of Buckingham, in whose veins flowed the blood of Humfrey of Glocester; Anne's, by Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond, the direct descendant of John of Gaunt.

Immediately after his coronation, Richard III. set out on a royal progress, hoping to dazzle the eyes and secure the allegiance of his new subjects. He was uneasy about the Duke of Buckingham, who—while intending only to overthrow the Woodvilles—had never thought of the dethronement, still less of the murder, of Edward's sons, and had even refused to appear in the coronation procession on the plea of sickness; whereupon Richard had sent him word that if he could not walk he would have him carried. Seven days later, Richard had granted him the Earldom of Hereford, to which he laid claim in right of his Bohun ancestry, and he travelled with the King as far as Glocester, and there quitted him, with royal gifts and commissions, to go to Brecon.

On the way between Worcester and Bridgenorth, however, a meeting had been appointed between him and the Lady Margaret, Countess of Richmond. Both alike seem to have been by this time persuaded that the poor young princes had met with foul play; and both were desirous of revenging the crime, and profiting by the revenge. The readiest way to bring about this would be by uniting the interests of the parties of York and Lancaster, by a marriage between Margaret's son, Henry, who was looked on as the representative of the House of Lancaster, and the eldest daughter of Edward IV., Elizabeth of York, who if her brothers were no longer living, was the true heiress by right of blood, and was the niece of Buckingham's wife, Katharine Wydville. She was in sanctuary with her mother at Westminster, where Richard's soldiers kept watch against the escape of the unfortunate family, and cut them off from all communication with their friends, almost from all supplies; and thus the general hatred to the Queen and her children was fast turning into compassion and sympathy.

Richard, meantime, proceeded in great pomp and state first to Tewkesbury, and then to Warwick, where he received the official answer from Louis XI., to his announcement of his accession. It was short and cold—

My Cousin,

I have seen the letter you have written by your herald, Blanc Sanglier, and thank you for the tidings therein. If I can do you any service, I will do it with a very good heart, for I wish much to have your friendship.

Farewell, my dear Cousin.

Blanc Sanglier—the White Boar—was so called from Richard's badge, the wild boar.

This was the last transaction between Louis XI. and an English king. The shrewd Valois was shattered in health, and endured a living death in his grim chateau of Plessis les Tours, fortified to the

utmost extent, and guarded at every battlement and gate by the Scottish archers. There, clinging hard to life, he carried on his relentless policy, crushing the nobility, and making his cruelty and perfidy hateful wherever his power could reach, yet imagining himself devotedly pious. He heaped relics around him, crouched to monks and priests to pray—not so much for his soul as for his life—and actually obliged the Pope to send him the saintly Francesco di Paolo, the founder of a new Order of Religious, expecting that a miracle from him would restore him to health. The holy Italian, bound by his obedience, came from the depths of Calabria, and the hoary old tyrant crawled to him on his knees, beseeching him to heal him; but the saint could only tell him that kings must die like other men, and exhort him to repentance.

On the 25th of August, an attack of apoplexy forced the King to perceive that the last enemy was near at hand, but he shewed no token of anything like penitence for a life so deeply dyed by falsehood and cruelty; he seems to have viewed himself as a pious Christian, and his last words were to his 'bonne maitresse,' our Lady of Embrun. He died in his sixtieth year, on the 30th of August, 1483; and his son Charles VIII. being only nine years old, the regency was given to his daughter Anne, the wife of Pierre, Sieur de Beaujeu, of the House of Bourbon. With him ended the generation who had seen the English wars in France.

His death took place the day before that second coronation at York, upon which Richard III. seems to have decided at Nottingham, whence he forwarded orders for the state and splendour of his entry, with a wonderful list of the cloth of gold, satin, and velvet, required for his robes and those of the Queen and Prince of Wales. He arrived on the 29th of August, and on the 8th of September was crowned in the Cathedral by Archbishop Rotherham, and held a magnificent feast afterwards, when he knighted the Spanish ambassador. Probably his purpose was to make the Lancastrian north feel that he really was a king, as well as to win the people by gratifying their eyes with pomp or pageantry; but the effect was unfavourable. People imagined that he had slain his nephews since his first coronation, and that he had renewed it, as feeling his title more valid; as King John was reported to have done in a similar case.

The citizens of York, indeed, were delighted at the sight of the velvet and satin, the golden lions and silver boars, the King and Queen in crown and sceptre, and the ten years old Prince of Wales with demi-crown and golden rod; but when the court moved on to Pontefract Castle, the little Prince studying his primer corded with black satin, as he travelled in his chariot with his tutor Sir Richard Bernall, must have been the only one of the family not visited with anxious care.

From Pontefract Richard went to Lincoln, and there became disturbed by rumours of the displeasure and discontent of the people; and apparently in the fear that there would be an insurrection in favour of the two boys in the Tower, he caused a report to be spread that they were

dead, expecting probably that it would be taken as quietly as the death of Henry VI., or of George of Clarence; but, instead of this indifference, crowds assembled in the markets, and worked themselves up to tears and sobs, and denunciations of the cruel uncle. The Queen, Elizabeth Wydville, in the Sanctuary, though she must have been well aware that her sons could not be living, fainted on receiving the positive tidings, and on reviving, 'with pitiful screeches filled the whole mansion,' blamed herself for having yielded up her younger child, and then, kneeling down, prayed for vengeance on the murderer. She fell sick from grief; and this afforded the Lady Margaret an opportunity of communicating with her through her physician, Dr. Lewis, who proposed to her the marriage for her daughter Elizabeth with Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond—a project eagerly caught at by the desolate mother.

Meantime the news that the death of the young King and his brother was acknowledged, though not the means, travelled down to Brecon, and there strongly affected the Duke of Buckingham and his charge, John Morton, Bishop of Ely, whom Richard had sent thither, to be kept in safe custody as a friend of his brother's family, but whom he durst not put to death.

Morton and the Duke were soon in earnest conversation over the state of affairs, though at first the Bishop seemed to hang back, since he said it was dangerous to talk of princes. 'I often think of the fable in Esop,' he said: 'when the lion proclaimed that no horned beast should stay in the wood on pain of death, one that had a bunch of flesh on the forehead fled away in haste. The fox, meeting him, said, "Whither away so fast?" The beast answered, "Troth, I don't know and don't care, provided I am out of the wood, as the proclamation commands all horned beasts to be gone." "You fool," says the fox, "thou mayest stay, the lion does not mean thee. That which grows on thy head is not a horn!" "No," quoth the beast, "I know that well enough; but what if he should call it a horn, where am I then?"'

At this apologue, the Duke laughed heartily, saying, 'I warrant you, my Lord, neither the lion—no, nor the boar—shall resent anything that is said in this house. It shall go no further, I assure you;' and he added a promise that he would be as 'secret as the deaf and dumb to the singer, or the tree to the hunter.'

Then Morton ventured on the full expression of his views as to the cruelty and tyranny of Richard, saying that the people of England would prefer 'the Turk' himself to this killer of infants, and suggesting that Buckingham should give his hearty support to the heir of the House of Lancaster, ending all disputes by marrying him to the Lady Elizabeth.

The Duke took a whole day to reflect, but the next evening returned to the conversation, first praying for the weal of England. He explained his own feelings of dislike to King Edward for shewing him little favour, and of distaste to the young King, so that he had to a considerable

extent been willing to go along with Richard; but he had been first affronted by the new sovereign's unwillingness to grant him the Bohun lands, and then had said his 'blood curdled' at the murder of the two innocent princes—so that, on hearing of it, he made an excuse and came away to Brecon.

His first idea had been to claim the crown in right of his own Lancastrian descent—*i. e.* his mother was another Margaret Beaufort, daughter to Edmund *Duke* of Somerset, the next brother to John Earl of Somerset, father to the Lady Margaret Tudor, and in those days two half claims were often regarded as making up one whole one; he thought, too, that a popular election would strengthen his right; but he perceived that the Lancastrians were bent upon Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond—and he himself, being married to the Lady Elizabeth's aunt, could not unite his cause with that of the Yorkists by espousing the heiress of the White Rose, as that young man might do.

Henry Tudor was at that time at St. Malo in Brittany. After the Battle of Mortimer's Cross, he, a child of five years old, had been found in the Castle of Pembroke by Sir William Herbert, to whom the Earldom had been granted; but—though Pembroke properly belonged to Jasper Tudor, Henry's uncle—no jealousy was allowed to enter the new Earl's mind, and he bred up the little captive in all honour and good learning among his own nine children, till the renewal of the war on Warwick's insurrection; when Herbert perished, and Jasper Tudor, returning, seized the Castle, and held it out for several months, during which he was closely besieged by the Yorkists, until he and his nephew, then fourteen years of age, escaped through the enemy's lines to Tenby. There they embarked for France, but were cast by a storm on the coast of Brittany. There, Cymry as they were, they immediately made friends, and were protected by Duke François II., although they were kept in a sort of honourable captivity. The old prophecy that Richmond should come out of Brittany to conquer England, which had been current in the days of Agincourt, and had cost Arthur de Richemont so dear, made Edward IV. uncomfortable, and he tried—as much as his lazy nature ever tried anything—to induce the Duke to put young Tudor into his power, but could only obtain that he should be kept under restraint at St. Malo. Henry even at one time thought of disarming suspicion by taking Holy Orders, and, like a true Welshman, beguiled his time with the most earnest studies of British genealogies, and of the legends of King Arthur, which were more than ever the delight of chivalry. His mother was, however, working hard in his cause, and sent a messenger called Urswick, to carry information to him of the betrothal she had arranged with the daughter of his great enemy, Edward IV., and her expectation that the Duke of Buckingham would soon rise on their behalf.

Meantime the Duke wavered, and was so undecided, that Bishop Morton became very uneasy lest on some cajolery from King Richard

the whole of these machinations might be betrayed, and himself delivered up to the tyrant. He therefore fled in secret to the Isle of Ely, which was probably then not much more accessible than in Hereward's time; and having there collected some money, crossed to Flanders.

Just after he was gone, Richard beginning to suspect something, sent off a peremptory summons to Buckingham to come to his court. The terms angered the Duke into making a hot reply that he would not come to his mortal enemy, whom he neither loved nor favoured.

At the same time he gathered his forces, and sent messengers to the two Tudors in Brittany, urging them to hasten with whatever forces they could collect; and on the 18th of October, he marched from Brecon to Weobly as a rebel against the King, taking with him his wife and little son; but he had gone too far with Richard to be trusted when turning against him—the son of Vaughan took up arms for Richard, and even Sir Humphrey Stafford, the Duke's own kinsman, broke down the bridges and cut up the roads on the way; and meanwhile Richard, one of the most vigorous men in action that ever lived, had the whole of the marches of Wales guarded, so that the Duke was driven to take bye-roads, and make his way through the Forest of Dean, reaching Glocester. When the King had advanced within two days journey of Salisbury, Buckingham intended to cross the Severn, and then to make a junction with the Courtenays from Devon. However, there had been violent rains for ten days, the Severn was in flood, cattle and provisions had been washed away, and such an inundation had taken place, that the name of the Duke of Buckingham's Great Flood was long memorable in Glocestershire. His men suffered such privations and discomforts, that they clamoured to be led back to Weobly. He was obliged to comply, but in the meantime his own unguarded castle at Brecon had been seized by Vaughan, and his two daughters made prisoners; his followers were melting away, and in despair he resolved to fly. First, however, he delivered his little son, Lord Stafford, over to a faithful friend called Sir Richard Delabeare, desiring him not to give up the child till he was asked for by the token—'*Tu es Petrus, Super hanc petram.*' A kinswoman of Delabeare's carried away the child to the Place of Kynnardsley, Sir William Knevett's house, whilst the Duke, in a frieze coat, made his way to the house of Sir Ralph Banaster at Shrewsbury, a favoured and trusted friend, where he meant to lie in concealment.

A proclamation offering four thousand pounds for the apprehension of the Duke, and one thousand marks for that of the little Stafford, was set forth, and the wits of the men of Shrewsbury began to exercise themselves on the unusual dainties purchased by Banaster. Alarmed or bribed, his fidelity failed, and he betrayed the Duke, who was taken clad in a mean black cloak, in a grove near the house. On examination by the Sheriff of Shropshire, he confessed all his schemes, and was then carried to Salisbury, where the King then was. He earnestly intreated to be permitted to plead his own cause with Richard, but was refused,

and his head was struck off a few hours after his arrival. It was afterwards said that he had prepared a dagger with which to stab the King to the heart during the interview, but this was probably a mere calumny. His head and right hand were probably placed over the gates of the city; and a skeleton found recently in Salisbury, buried under some pavement, and thus mutilated, was probably that of this vain and hot-headed man.

Little Stafford's guardians were more faithful. They shaved his head, and 'put upon him a maiden's raiment,' and sent him to Newchurch, while the Vaughans searched the house of Kynnardsley, and failing to find him, captured his mother at Weobly, and took her to London. He was then taken back to Kynnardsley, and there was watched over most tenderly. One night when there was a great alarm that the Vaughans were coming, Dame Elizabeth Delabeare carried him out into the park, forded a brook, and sat under a tree with him for four hours, after which they were escorted to Hereford, 'he riding behind William ap Glin aside upon a pillion like a gentlewoman, rode in a gentlewoman's apparel. And I wis he was the fairest gentlewoman, and the best that ever she had in her days,' quoth the old MS. found among the documents in Thornbury Castle. He was bestowed in a widow's house at Hereford, and there remained till the next turn of fortune's wheel restored him to his rank and honours, to become, two reigns later, the first victim of Henry VIII.

Richard, meantime, pursued his progress into the western counties; but Buckingham's rebellion had been a great shock to him, and he betrayed constant alarm; his hand was always on his dagger, his eyes were restless, and his sleep broken by continual dreams and terrors. When he arrived at Exeter, he was greatly disturbed by hearing that the name of the castle was Rougemont, which sounded like Richmond, and recalled a prophecy that his days would not be long after he came to Richmond. Against the real Richmond, who had escaped to Brittany, he caused his fleet to keep strict watch; and he tried to conciliate the people of the country by liberal grants to the families of those concerned in the recent rising, and by a grand foundation for a hundred chantry priests at York.

The parliament which assembled in the winter of 1484, resolved that every man between the ages of sixteen and sixty should be required to take an oath of allegiance to him. Indeed, the addresses sent up to him are so full of the peculiar religious style of flattery of the day, that some have concluded that Richard could not have been as black as he is painted, if such men as Archbishop Bouchier, and Bishops Waynflete and Fisher, could concur in such formularies. There were many attainders in this parliament, and some executions; and at the same time, the King considered of the means of removing his brother's widow and daughters from the Sanctuary, where they remained as witnesses against him, and able to conduct their secret plots with the Earl of Richmond and his mother.

The discomfort of their condition had been greatly increased by Buckingham's rebellion, which had led to the departure of the Queen's brother, Lionel Wydville, Bishop of Salisbury, and her only surviving son, John Gray, Marquess of Dorset. Moreover, the King threatened to intercept the supplies, and kept a guard which inspected all who went and came. The Queen was wearied out, and hopeless, and consented at last to surrender, not only her person, and that of her daughters, but even her good fame and their rank; for she accepted a pension as Dame Elizabeth Gray, late calling herself Queen of England—and the King's oath to protect and find husbands for the young girls, was only as private gentlewomen.

Elizabeth's own person was put under restraint, and she was forced into writing to break off the betrothal of her daughter with Richmond. The young Elizabeth herself was separated from her, and placed about the person of Queen Anne Nevil, who seems to have treated her kindly.

Only two months later, on the 9th of April, 1484, poor Anne's only child, Edward Prince of Wales, died at Middleham Castle, of so brief an illness, that his parents, who were at Nottingham, were entirely unprepared, and were in a grievous state of desolation. Curiously enough, it was the day twelvemonth of the death of King Edward IV., and the accession of the poor young Edward, who had been sacrificed to make way for this namesake cut off in his eleventh year. Anne Nevil perhaps felt this coincidence as deepening the force of the blow, for she fell into a state of languishing sickness, and never recovered her grief. Her last months were embittered by a great horror that her husband was weary of her, sickly and childless as she was. Some impatient speech of his, that was reported to her while she was dressing, terrified her so much, that she flew to him, with her hair on her shoulders, and besought him to spare her life, to which he replied with soothings and encouragements. He shed tears when, in less than a year from the loss of her son, she lay upon her death-bed; and indeed, he probably really loved her, as they had spent their childhood together, and he had always looked on her as his wife.

He had at first, on his child's death, nominated Edward Earl of Warwick, the son of his brother George of Clarence, to be his heir; but this name was withdrawn, and that of the Earl of Lincoln, the son of his second sister, substituted; probably because the idiocy of young Warwick was becoming apparent. However, the decline of poor Anne opened to him the hope of leaving a son of his own, and the idea of conciliating his enemies by raising his brother's eldest daughter to the throne, seems to have been broached even before his wife's demise. Dispensations, even for the marriage of uncle and niece, could be purchased at Rome, and even Elizabeth Wydville was afraid to shew herself utterly averse; but the monstrous proposal had the effect of driving the poor girl herself to extremity—that is, if a curious old metrical chronicle quoted by Miss Strickland can be trusted. It was by

a man named Humfrey Brereton, an officer in the household of Lord Stanley, the husband of the Lady Margaret, mother to the Earl of Richmond, and describing how his master met the Lady Bessee, as the young Elizabeth Plantagenet was called, at a place appointed, and how she urged him piteously to assist her. He was unwilling at first, putting very little faith in woman; but her grief overcame him at last, and his only remaining objection was that he durst not trust any scribe to communicate his intentions. Lady Bessee declared that she could write and indite as well as the scrivener that taught her; and accordingly, Lord Stanley undertook to come to her chamber at nine o'clock that evening, when her maids were gone to bed, bringing with him only Humfrey Brereton, his trusty squire—who, by-the-by, if he wrote the poem, might, one would think, have written the letters; but probably the cautious Stanley wished to make the princess commit herself fully before embarking in the affair.

So, strangely disguised, Stanley and his squire came to Lady Bessee's wicket; she admitted them, and they found 'charcoals in chimneys,' and 'candles on sticks,' prepared, also wines and spices; and then, Elizabeth, kneeling at the table, proceeded to write letters to Stanley's friends in the north, giving each a token to prove that the message was genuine. His son was to remember how he pulled his finger when they parted at Salford bridge, and was to come to meet him in London disguised as a Kendal merchant; Sir William Stanley was to come as a Welsh merchant, with a train of Welshmen who could speak no English; Gilbert Talbot's token was the horse and purse Stanley had given him to speed his flight to the north, when he had met him on his way to Westminster Sanctuary, after a squabble with King Richard. Elizabeth sat up all night to write the letters; and in the morning, very early, Brereton was sent off with them. They all came to the place of meeting—an old inn between Holborn and Islington, where an eagle's foot, in allusion to the Stanley bird and bantling, was chalked on the door as a signal.

It was intimated to the Lady Bessee that if Richmond chose to trust himself to the Stanleys they would be faithful to him; and upon this —with the recent example of Marie of Burgundy before her—she sent a letter and a ring by the faithful Brereton to renew her betrothal, and conjured her affianced to come to her deliverance. Probably some hint of these manœuvres reached her uncle, for he solemnly took an oath that he had no intention of breaking all laws by espousing her; and at the same time, he caused her to be imprisoned at Sheriff Hutton Castle, where also was kept in ward her imbecile cousin the Earl of Warwick.

Meantime, Humfrey Brereton made his way to Brittany, where Henry Tudor was residing at the Convent of Begars, near Rennes. He found the Earl sitting at the butts in an archery ground, dressed in a black velvet surcoat, with a long face and a pale complexion; and in company with him were the Marquess of Dorset, and the stout Lancastrian Earl

of Oxford, who had so long been maintained by his countess's needlework.

Henry read the letter and kissed the ring, but it was three whole weeks before he gave Brereton any answer. He was not a hero of romance, like Maximilian, and he was too cautious to commit himself. Indeed, he was soon in great danger; for the Duke of Brittany had fallen into a mortal sickness, and his minister Landois had undertaken to give the fugitive up to King Richard, when the plot became known to Bishop Morton; and Henry, being warned, took horse, rode for his life, and presented himself at the French court, where that very astute lady, Anne de Valois, Dame de Beaujeu, was ruling in the name of her young brother. She had inherited the Angevin inclination to anything that was not Yorkist, and she favourably received the fugitive, who met the historian Philippe de Comines in her train, and told him that he considered himself to have been a captive in Brittany for fifteen years. He was not a person to excite much warm enthusiasm, with his pale face and sober dull manner, and probably the French imagined that he would be a less efficient sovereign than Richard, who was really ruling the nation, providing for the defences, and acting with vigour and justice such as would have done honour to a prince who had come to the throne by more suitable means. It is curious that his great delight was music; he was always making grants to minstrels, kept a band of trumpeters, and empowered one of the gentlemen of the Chapel Royal to 'take and seize' any promising boy he chose for one of his choristers.

It became clear that the French court were fostering Richmond and his followers, and reports of an intended attack thickened, while more and more of the bravest men in England repaired to the exile. Richard remonstrated with young Charles VIII., and likewise set forth a proclamation against Henry, accusing him of having bought the French King's aid by the promise of abandoning the English claim to all the French provinces about which the nation had once been rabid; but half a century of domestic warfare had made this cry much less availing; and the state of anxiety in which Richard lived was expressed in the name he gave to Nottingham Castle, where he was sojourning in the June of 1485, namely, the Castle of Care.

Care did but increase, for a correspondence was detected between the exiles and numerous gentlemen, of whom one William Collingbourne was the principal. He was in consequence executed on Tower Hill; but this example, instead of awing the nation, only inflamed them, for it was reported that the sole cause of his death was his having affixed to the door of St. Paul's Church the distich—

> 'The Ratte, the Catte, and Lovell our dogge,
> Govern all England under the Hogge.'

The Rat and Cat were Sir Thomas Ratcliffe and Sir Thomas Catesby, who were Richard's chief assistants, together with Lord Lovell, whose

coat of arms bore a dog; and the Hog was of course the King's own Silver Boar.

'Above, below, the Rose of Snow,
Twined with her blushing foe we spread;
The bristled boar in infant gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade,'

Gray made his bard sing. And at this very time a rose-bush produced red and white blossoms, which crowds hurried to admire as a presage of the union of Richmond and Elizabeth; and which tradition declares to have been perpetuated in the variegated flowers of the York and Lancaster rose.

Henry, finding that (luckily for him) the French would give no efficient aid, resolved to trust to his Welsh and English friends, and sailed in a French ship from Harfleur, with few followers except the exiled Lancastrians, and the malcontent Yorkist exiles. On the 1st of August, 1485, he landed at Milford Haven, and was received in Wales with rapture, as the successor of Arthur, and the restorer, after a thousand years, of British supremacy. He marched on directly upon Shropshire, sending messengers to his mother, her husband Lord Stanley, and to Sir Gilbert Talbot, to apprise them of his landing. A powerful Welsh gentleman, Sir Rhys ap Thomas, who had taken all manner of oaths to Richard, came over to him with all his men, and Gilbert Talbot brought him the whole force of his nephew, the young Earl of Shrewsbury, who was lying a prisoner in the Tower; and with them he marched on to Stafford, where he halted, hoping for reinforcements.

King Richard meantime was very little alarmed, having a very mean opinion of the Tudors, and regarding Henry as a youth who had never seen a battle; he was slow in sending summonses to his friends, even the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Northumberland, and the Stanleys, whom he never distrusted at all, perhaps the less because he had his son, Lord Strange, in his hands. When at last Stanley's reply, that sickness prevented him from coming, alarmed the King, he sent for the young man, and from him forced out a confession of all the plots. Strange fancied that his danger would make his family hasten to the King's banner; but he was mistaken, most of them were already at Stafford, and Lord Stanley himself only waited, out of regard for his son, to join Richmond openly, till the battle should be too imminent to give time for the hostage to suffer for his defection.

Both hosts put themselves in motion; Henry intending to march to London, Richard to intercept him. Richmond reached Lichfield and tarried there, fresh succours continually flowing in; Richard arrived at Leicester, with a following three miles in length along the road, and entered the city at sunset, with the crown on his head, riding a great white horse. He slept at the principal inn, the Silvery Boar.

Richmond had moved on meantime the same day, August 20th, to Tamworth; but lingered in the rear, anxious to hold a secret conference

with Lord Stanley. The two armies were so near, that he was in danger of being captured by Richard's outposts; and night forced him to stop at a little village, where he remained till morning enabled him to procure a guide to Atherstone, where he found his step-father, and became satisfied of his intentions, though, for young Strange's sake, it was deemed necessary still to delude the King by keeping the Stanley force near his army. Each great nobleman was absolutely commander of his own retainers, and often had a camp to himself, so that Stanley had every facility for playing his double game. Henry then rejoined his army, to prepare for the battle.

Meantime Richard had ridden out of Leicester in the same state and splendour in which he had entered it, wearing his crown on the helmet of a rich suit of steel armour that he had first worn at Tewkesbury; and passing on to Mirwall Abbey, encamped upon a hill called Anbeam, overlooking a broad extent of open ground, called Redmoor, not far from the town of Market-Bosworth. It was about two miles long and one mile broad, intersected by a thick wood, and bounded on the south by a little stream, on the north by rising ground, and by a swamp called Amyon Lays. Richard was to the west, Henry to the east. At night, while Henry was wandering in search of Atherstone, Richard was sleeping that uneasy sleep that Shakespeare has so magnificently commemorated, taking advantage of Grafton's mention of his having been visited by black shapes and demon forms, to call up a vision of all Richard's victims, (real or supposed)—Edward of Lancaster, that 'shadow with bright hair dabbled in blood;' Henry the Sixth; Clarence, by him betrayed; Rivers, Vaughan, Grey, Hastings, the two smothered Princes; 'that wretched Anne his wife;' and lastly, Buckingham. All flit past, dooming his sword to fall edgeless, himself to despair and die, and blessing and promising victory to Henry, who, unfortunately, was not on the opposite side of the scene of battle, but was anxiously waiting in the little village. Restless and distrustful, Richard rose at midnight, wandered alone through his outposts, found a sentinel slumbering, and stabbed him to the heart as he lay, then returned to endeavour to recruit himself by sleep for the next day; but he was awake again, long before the chaplains were ready to say Mass, or the attendants to bring breakfast; and he told his servants both of his visions, and of the sentry's fate, grimly saying, 'I found him asleep, and have left him as I found him.' No thought of mercy was in the mind of the man bold in civil war, whose early recollections were of Wakefield and Towton, and whose maiden sword had been fleshed at Barnet. He only said that, go the battle as it might, England would suffer; 'from Lancaster to Shrewsbury he would leave none alive, knight or squire; and from Holyhead to St. David's, where were castles and towers should all be parks and fields. All should repent that ever they rose against their king: and if Richmond triumphed, the Lancastrians would of course take a bloody vengeance.'

One strange episode is said to have occupied him on that morning of doom. He had acknowledged two illegitimate children, John and Katharine, whom he had brought up with the young Prince of Wales; he had knighted the one, and given the other in marriage to the Earl of Huntingdon; but he had yet another, named Richard. This young boy was brought to the royal tent at that moment, and heard for the first time that the pale, haggard, agitated man, small, slight, and deformed, yet whose dark eyes flashed with indomitable fierceness and pride as he donned the helmet with its regal crown, was his father! He was too young for the battle, and Richard bade him remain on the hill, and watch, so as to escape if he saw the white boar and the white rose give way.

Anxious tidings kept on coming in. The Duke of Norfolk brought in a paper he had found pinned to his tent in the morning, bearing the lines—

'Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold;'

and when, thus rendered even more anxious, Richard sent to command the personal attendance of Lord Stanley and his brother William, they flatly refused to come. Thereupon he gave instant orders to strike off young Stanley's head; but the opposite army already shewed signs of movement, and the execution was deferred.

Richard then arrayed his men. His army seems to have numbered about 16,000, and he decided on extending the vanguard to the utmost, so as if possible to outflank and enwrap the enemy. In their centre he placed a dense body of archers, and amongst them seven score guns called sargents, chained and locked in a row, behind a trench, with the men who knew how to use harquebuses and morris-pikes also stationed round them, all guarded by a trench. This was under command of Norfolk; the second line under that of Northumberland; and Richard himself took charge of a body of troops formed into a dense square, with wings of horsemen.

Henry, meantime, was almost as uneasy about the Stanleys as Richard himself, for neither did they obey his summons; and without their 8000, his force was no more than 5000. He formed this little troop into three lines, spreading them as far as possible, giving the centre to the experienced Earl of Oxford, the right wing to Sir Gilbert Talbot, the left to Sir John Savage. He rode through the army, giving them comfortable words—entirely armed, all save his helmet; and the long golden hair, that witnessed to his Plantagenet ancestry, flowing down to his shoulders. The soldiers closed their helmets and shook their bills; the archers strung their bows and 'frushed' their arrows. Each side stood ready for the last of the hundred battles of the Plantagenets.

Richmond moved first, so as to bring the right flank of his army alongside of the swamp, and prevent Richard's long line from closing upon that side, and besides so as to bring the August sun on the backs instead

of the faces of his men. They seem to have waited for a charge from the enemy; but as none was made, Oxford resolved to make a sudden and furious dash at the centre, where Norfolk was in command. The fighting was hot and vehement, and the small band of the Lancastrian must have been beaten off, but that the Earl of Northumberland, in the second line, never stirred to the aid of Norfolk. The Duke went down, his son the Earl of Surrey surrendered; and the Mowbray banner was down.

Richard, maddened at the sight, and at seeing half his army standing inactive, determined to make a desperate charge down the hill upon Henry himself; but fevered with the thirst of the agitation of this desperate crisis, he flung himself down and took a long draught from a spring that still goes by the name of Dick's Well.

Then he put his lance in the rest, and together with his most attached adherents—Lovell, Catesby, Ratcliffe, Brackenbury, Lord Ferrers, and Sir Gervoise Clifton, and their nearest followers, putting their lances in rest, rode headlong upon Richmond, as indeed the last hope now lay in the destruction of the individual rival. Small and slender as Richard was, he did wonders: he drove his lance through the arm-pit of Sir William Brandon, the standard bearer; and as Sir John Cheyney, a man of gigantic frame, threw himself in front of Henry, he unhorsed him at the first shock. But others had closed in between the two rivals; and at that moment a knight—Catesby, as it is said—pointed out to the King that Sir William Stanley, hitherto inactive, was moving with his 3000 men to crush him completely, and tendering to him a swift and fresh horse, advised him to save himself by flight, saying, 'I hold it time for ye to fly. Yonder Stanley, his dints be so sore, against them no man may stand. Here is thy horse; another day ye may worship again.'

'Never!' cried Richard. 'Not one foot will I fly so long as breath bides within my breast. Here will I end all my battles or my life. I will die King of England.'

Down came cautious Stanley, and the fray thickened. The charge had been but just in time to save Henry, but when it came it was overpowering. 'Treason! treason! treason!' cried Richard at every blow; but his followers fell around him, his standard-bearer clinging to his standard and waving it even till his legs were cut from under him, and then he still grasped and waved it till his last gasp. Sir Gervoise Clifton and Sir John Byron, near neighbours, had, ere parting to take opposite sides, agreed that whichever was on the winning party should protect the family and estates of the other. As Clifton fell, Byron ran to support him on his shield; but Clifton could only murmur, 'All is over, remember your pledge;' and Byron did faithfully remember it.

Sir Robert Brackenbury met a knight named Hungerford, who had gone over to the Tudor on the march, and defied him as a deserting traitor. 'I will not answer in words,' said Hungerford, aiming a blow at his head, which he caught on his shield, and shivered it to atoms.

'No advantage will I take,' cried Hungerford, throwing away his shield; but even then he sorely wounded Brackenbury, who fell; and another knight cried, 'Spare his life, brave Hungerford, he has been our friend, and so may be again;' but it was too late, for Brackenbury was already expiring, probably carrying with him all real certainty as to the fate of Edward V.

For even then, Richard, after fighting like a lion, and hewing down whatever came within the sweep of his sword, was falling under the weight of numbers, and loud shouts proclaimed his fall. His party turned and fled, and were pursued closely for about fifty minutes, during which towards a thousand men were slain, and tradition declares that the mounds along the track are their graves. Drayton sings—

> 'O Redmore Heath! then it seemed thy name was not in vain,
> When with a thousand's blood the earth was coloured red.'

This was just as the old English name of Senlac became in Norman mouths Sangue lac after Hastings. At last a steep rising ground, after about two miles, slackened the pursuit, for Henry had no desire to fulfil Richard's bloody prophecy. His uncle, Jasper Earl of Pembroke, and Aubrey de Vere, Earl of Oxford, victorious at last after their many piteous defeats, and Lord Stanley, halted with him; and Sir Reginald Bray came up with the crown that Richard had so proudly worn, and which he had found hanging on a hawthorn bush, dinted and battered; but such as it was the Lord Stanley set it on Henry's head, and shouts of 'God save King Harry!' rung throughout the field. Crown Hill became the name of the eminence, and Henry adopted as his badge the Crown in the May-bush. He knelt down and returned thanks for his victory.

Meanwhile, Richard's corpse was found covered with wounds and mire, but his personal peculiarities rendered it unmistakeable. It was shamefully thrown dangling across a horse, and thus carried into Leicester, the pursuivant Blanc Sanglier, with the silver boar on his tabard, being forced to ride in front. The body was exposed to public view at one of the towers of the city, that there might be no doubt of his death; and then, at the entreaty of the charitable nuns of St. Mary's, was given up to them to be buried in their Church of the Grey Friars. Afterwards Henry caused his grave to be covered by a royal monument in grey marble, with an alabaster effigy of his figure upon it; but the monument and grave alike disappeared in the ruin of monasteries under Henry's son. There is a report that his body was thrown into the river over Bow Bridge, and his coffin made into a trough for horses; but also the Mayor of Leicester in 1612, Mr. Robert Heyrick, believed himself to have King Richard's grave in his garden, and had erected a handsome stone pillar on it, with an inscription to that effect. The bed where the King had slept at Leicester remained at the inn, the name of which was changed from the White to the Blue Boar. It was a huge

heavy piece of furniture, which he had brought with him; but not till the inn had many times changed owners did the landlady find that it had a double bottom filled with gold pieces; but the poor woman suffered for her discovery, for her maid, with seven men, murdered her for the sake of the treasure, and were all hanged in 1613. The bed, beautifully inlaid with various coloured wood, still exists, and the inn remained till 1836, when it was unmercifully pulled down.

On that dreary moor of Bosworth ended the royalty of the great House of Anjou. The last King was but thirty-three years old, and in ability and courage was fully equal to any of his race; though even his apologists cannot deny that the darkest side of their fierce and ambitious nature had descended to him, and that even if the deaths of Edward of Lancaster and Henry VI., of his brother Clarence and his young nephews, be not laid to his charge, and that of Buckingham were justifiable, the destruction of Hastings and the three nobles at Pontefract was a monstrous violation of all law and justice. It is true that his reign was full of sagacious acts of clear-sighted wisdom, and that had it been prolonged, he would probably not have been classed with King John as a monarch, whatever he might be as an uncle; and it is also true that he fell by a conspiracy of a few nobles, not by a national rising, and that he had not fair play in his last battle, but was betrayed by the treacherous inactivity of Northumberland, and the more treacherous attacks of the Stanleys; but all this does not alter the fact that he deserved to fall.

Our greatest poet, mere play-wright though he deemed himself, beheld the hand of Heaven in the wonderful history, and pointed it out to us in the grand cycle of chronicles—beginning with the crime of Henry IV.; then shewing the retribution falling on the meek Henry VI., but displaying how those who struggled for their right became hardened and forgetful of all save ambition, till they destroyed one another, and the sun of Plantagenet went down in blood upon Bosworth Field, after four hundred years, during which—if we take into account the collateral branches—there never was a time (except perhaps the interval between John's death and Edward the First's birth) when the family was without a member as notable for his abilities as his birth.

On that 22nd of August, 1485, the only male bearer of the name of Plantagenet was the idiot boy, Edward of Clarence, Earl of Warwick, who perished a few years later by a cruel act of injustice on Henry Tudor's part, in order to obtain the confidence of Ferdinand of Castille; and his sister Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, died even more tragically under the second Henry Tudor. The five daughters of Edward IV. likewise survived; Elizabeth to unite her rights to those of Henry VII., three more to marry English nobles, and the youngest to become a nun.

There remained Richard's illegitimate three. Of John no more is heard, and he probably died with his father at Bosworth, as he generally

seems to have been with him. Katharine seems to have led an ordinary life as Countess of Huntingdon; but of the boy who saw his father first on that bloody morning there is a curious story. He fled in terror when he saw the royal standard fall; and after nearly starving, he offered himself to work for a stone-mason at Eastwell, in Kent, where he toiled, unknown, till he became a very old man, when, in Queen Elizabeth's days, he told his story to the lord of the manor, who gave him leave to build a cottage in his grounds, where he remained till his death. The foundations of the cottage and the well belonging to it still remain, and the parish register of Eastwell contains the notice of the burial:—

Anno Domini, 1560,
RYCHARD PLANTAGENET was buried the xxii day of Decembre,
Anno de supra.

One brighter page let us turn, ere closing the ghastly record of the Wars of the Roses, namely, the joy of the long crushed and persecuted Lancastrians, who had suffered so severely for the passionate revenge of their Queen. Dear to romance is the story of John Clifford, the infant son of the noble who slew young Edmund of York on Wakefield bridge. His mother feared even to keep him with her, though she was married to a kindly northern gentleman, Sir Lancelot Threlkeld; but placed him under the charge of a Cumberland shepherd, where he tended the flock on the hills, in ignorance of his birth, but learning all 'the secret lore of rural things,' till the fall of the House of York made him one of the greatest barons of the north. Brave yet gentle, a good knight yet with a heart for the poor, the Shepherd Lord Clifford was deeply loved in the northern hills. His early love is sung in the popular ballad of the 'Nut Brown Maid,'—dressed up in Prior's 'Henry and Emma;' and his return to his native home is beautifully commemorated in Wordsworth's Feast of Brougham Castle.

(*To be continued.*)

THE ANGEL OF BRITTANY.

BY C. MILLER.

CHAPTER III.

THE long nursing Maria de la Fruglaye had gone through, combined with the grief she felt on the death of her father, did not fail to affect her health. She remained for a month at Kèranroux, praying unceasingly for the soul of M. de la Fruglaye; and then went to Kerdüel, where she remained for some time with Madame de Champagny. After this she returned to Kèranroux, where she stayed but a very short while. Her

desire was to enter a convent at once; but her spiritual director, her doctor, and her friends, all advised her to remain at Pau during the winter, as they considered her health in too shattered a state to admit of anything but perfect rest. She therefore decided to leave Kèranroux early in November. 'At last, says Madame de Champagny, 'came the moment of separation, so painful for Maria, for us, for her friends, for the poor—indeed, I might say for the whole country round; for all regretted her, but most secretly hoped she would return. I went with her as far as Morlaix, and every moment I feared she was going to have one of her old attacks of nervous spasms, but her strong will conquered her weak and worn-out body, and she managed the journey very well as far as Paris.' There she remained for a few days at the Convent *des Oiseaux*, and again proposed to begin her life as a *religieuse*. But the Reverend Mère Sophie would not allow it, feeling sure her friends were wise in entreating her to take some months of entire rest; and Maria, who ever preferred the path of obedience, went on her way to Pau.

We have seen how fondly attached to Brittany she was, and how much she suffered in leaving that well-loved soil; but now, when she had said adieu to these good sisters, whose loving welcome had fallen very gratefully on the heart of the desolate woman, she felt alone indeed. Perhaps no one can estimate the real force of human ties till the moment they are broken; and Maria seems to have been almost overpowered by the sense of desolation which came upon her. The journey from Paris to Pau was to her the first step of the road which led indeed to the place where she would be; but it was full of thorns, which pierced her bleeding heart, and of sharp stones which wounded her tender feet. She writes thus: 'How I suffered during that melancholy journey! Hardly less, I think, than in losing my beloved father. Oh, my dear friend, what a haven of rest blest Heaven will seem to us, for our hearts are more fitted to suffer in this world than to rejoice! To be united without the dread of separation, to be secure in the possession of supreme good—an *eternity* in which to be happy! How short life will seem as we look back upon it, and our crosses will seem futile in proportion to their weight of glory! Speak to me sometimes, *nay often*, of all that so deeply interests me—of our friends and of the poor, who are the friends of our Sovereign Master.'

She found, however, at Pau the true secret of comfort—that of helping others yet more sad than herself; and it is very touching to note how she seemed to find out by instinct the Breton families, who chance, or more truly Providence, had led to Pau whilst she was there. Nor did care for those near her prevent her from remembering those far away. In a letter to a friend in Brittany, to whom she had confided several of her poor, she says:

'You will laugh at the first thing I am going to ask you to do for me; but never mind, a good laugh will do neither you nor me any harm, when it is not at the *expense* of any one, but I hope for their *profit*.

I have discovered that at Pau a good livelihood is made as *artiste shoe-black*, a trade little known at Morlaix. From this I have conceived the notion that F—— might make his fortune in this way, especially as he has already some notions thereon, from being a cobbler. I have therefore received all the needful instructions for the kind of box and the tools to furnish it with. I enclose a pattern of the box. The blacking and the India-rubber will be brought from Paris by my sister, so that the polish may shine with an unusual lustre. But I don't believe F—— *capable* of becoming a shoe-black of renown without the help of your good counsels, aided by the practical lessons of your servant. You must make him understand that he must be found where the omnibuses stop, at the library door at the hour people go there; in one word, he must be everywhere where there is a chance of employment for him. By-the-bye, he might very likely find regular work in those houses where they keep few or no servants, and where they would engage him to go every morning to brush and black shoes and *sabots*. He should also have a clothes-brush, with which for the fee of one or two *liards* he would brush those who wish to be brushed. For this he should get from thirty to forty francs a month, according to the number of shoes. Now don't you think F—— may make his fortune by becoming the first shoe-black of Morlaix?'

We are struck by the clear practical sense with which she sees at once that F—— is more likely to become a good shoe-black, because he is already a cobbler, with the minute details which rendered the benevolent scheme easy for her friend to carry out, and also with the grace and charm she contrives to throw over a very prosaic subject.

She had not been long at Pau when the cholera re-appeared in Brittany. She writes thus: 'Dear friend, I have just received your letter, and was on the point of writing to you..... Ah! how much more I suffer in my exile from all my friends, now that I know to what dangers they are exposed! But what use could I be to them now if I were with them, having so little strength at command? Perhaps the great sacrifice of quitting them, and prayer, to which I can devote more time here than there, are the offerings which God wishes me to bring. Certainly it would cost me less to be nursing them if I were near; and I believe if the epidemic had broken out a fortnight earlier it would have kept me in Brittany. Doubtless Providence had other purposes for me to fulfil, and His thoughts are not always our thoughts.... How often we say, I do not care for myself; it is for those belonging to me. But they are all as much the children of God as we are, and we are no less obliged to believe in His holy Providence over them than over ourselves.... Dear friends, when your children throw themselves in the fullness of their hearts into your arms, they give you a lesson of faith in the God Who has deigned to say, "A mother may forget her sucking child, before I will forsake him who puts his trust in Me." When our fate depends on a cherished father or a devoted friend, are we uneasy and troubled?'

The quiet unexciting life she led at Pau seems to have been the very best she could have chosen at this time. As she grew stronger, she delighted in walking all over the beautiful country around her, and in studying the geology of its mountains and the flora of its woods. Her enlightened mind was always on the alert to make the most of every power and every opportunity; and when we follow her into her convent cell, we shall admire the use she made of the knowledge of every kind she had acquired in the world. Day by day her resolution grew stronger to keep to her plan of entering the Convent *des Oiseaux;* but firm as was her resolve, we must not suppose it cost her nothing. On the contrary, as in saying adieu to Brittany, she discovered how deeply its love was engrafted in her very soul; so when she felt that the step she was about to take would separate her for ever on earth from that '*amitié parlante*,' so precious to her affectionate nature, she did not disguise from herself the magnitude of the sacrifice she was desired to make before Him, Who says, 'My son, give Me thy *heart*.' Maria was no ascetic on whom social ties had feeble hold, but a warm, tender, loving woman; and again and again she reiterates the prayer that God would render her able to say, 'I *delight* to do Thy Will.' It may be urged against this, that Maria was now fulfilling what had been the avowed desire of her heart since childhood, and that if she were indeed so great a saint, how could there be for her any trial in a convent life? Just for this reason, that had she been dead to all the sweet charities of life, and only conscious of spiritual joys, the life of a *religieuse* would have involved no sacrifice, no self-denial; and if in her vocation she bore no *cross*, how could she look for the Heavenly *crown*? The sister *religieuse*, to whom we are indebted for all that we know of Maria de la Fruglaye, says very truly on this point, 'The biographies of saints rarely furnish any record of their hours of weakness and despondency, yet their lives must contain failures, and strivings, and temptations: hence, though we hear of virtue practised, no appearance of the effort it has required ever meets our eyes; and in time we begin to think that the Saints were not people like ourselves, and therefore it is no use for us to try to imitate them.' Knowing, as we do, how dearly loved Maria was by her friends, we are not surprised to find that her resolution no longer to defer taking the veil met with considerable opposition from them. We have in a long letter to Madame de Champagny a clear view of the grounds of their opposition and of Maria's answers thereto. In the first place, they urged that her delicate health would never allow her to endure the hardships of conventual life; to this she replies, that the doctor she consulted on the subject told her, 'As a friend and as a man of the world, I shall be very sorry to see you enter *Les Oiseaux*, because I believe you could do much more for God by remaining in the world. As a doctor, my conscience obliges me to tell you that there are many cases of deplorably bad health, which are very much improved by cloister life, and yours may be amongst the number.' Secondly, her friends reminded her of her family ties; but she truly said

that her presence was not absolutely necessary to any one of her relatives now alive, as it had been to her father, and that her love, her prayers, and her counsels, would be ever ready for them. Lastly, they entreated her to consider how much more good she could do in the world than out of it; and this argument strikes us as by far the most powerful one brought forward. She disposes of it by replying that she had laid the matter before her Bishop; and his opinion was this—'Although I recognize in your case many circumstances which may make it very difficult for you to embrace fully a conventual life, I cannot take upon me to pronounce against it, for I do not know the interior voices of your soul, which alone can decide a matter of this kind.' She concludes by telling her sister that her decision is made to enter the Convent *des Oiseaux*, at any rate as postulant. 'If,' she says, 'my health suffers, I shall not become a nun; if, on the contrary, it improves, I shall consider it a proof that God wills me to serve Him on this wise.'

She left Pau in the beginning of April, 1850, having won in southern as in northern France all men's hearts, for everywhere they spoke of her as *the Angel*. She returned to Kerdüel for a short time, where she and her sister passed a week together, full of sadness, full of longing clinging affection, but, let us not doubt, full also of holy joy. Had Maria de la Fruglaye chosen an earthly bridegroom, Madame de Champagny would have been the first to congratulate her only sister on the coming nuptials; and could she fail to offer her the deepest sympathy of her heart, simply because the union was a spiritual one—the bridegroom Christ Himself? Before leaving Kerdüel, Maria arranged all her worldly affairs. She felt too deeply the beauty and holiness of the vow of poverty, which bound the Sisterhood she intended entering, to wish to enrich it by her fortune, and therefore disposed of it amongst her relations, keeping a very small income for herself. When the last sad farewell was spoken, to the sister who was dear to her as her own soul, to the children who she loved as a mother, to that Brittany for which she had toiled and prayed so many years, and though last, not least, to the sacred tombs of her dead, Maria felt something of the Divine consolation promised to those who forsake houses and lands, and sisters and friends, for Christ's sake and the Gospel's. No trace of what we distinctively call *love* appears in the life of Maria de la Fruglaye. And if that all-absorbing passion be indeed the crown of life, it is hard to imagine so human a nature as hers without a single love passage. For a moment we turn away, and confess our sympathy with her to be imperfect. But are we right in so doing? Can no wide affection be also deep? How was it with him who refused to lead about a sister or a wife, yet who declares with a burning love that reaches all hearts, and lights in them the flame which answers to his own intensity of feeling, that he would willingly be accurst from God, in whom he lived and moved and had his being, if only his beloved Israel could thereby find salvation? And on Maria de la Fruglaye had descended a large portion of the spirit of the great Apostle. She was

one of those rare women born to be a friend and not a lover; and when she is charged with an unwomanly independence of heart, we turn to her labours amongst the poor, to her vigils by the sick, to her filial and sisterly devotion, and to the friendship which followed its objects beyond the grave; and we feel we need no other answer than the testimony borne by their united voices to the tender feminine heart of the Angel of Brittany. We linger for a few moments on the threshold of the Convent *des Oiseaux*, before Maria de la Fruglaye dies to the world, and La Sœur Marie Anne is born to God, thinking half regretfully of the sweet friend, the devoted daughter, the patriotic Bretonne, the ardent philanthropist, who enters the walls from whence none return to fill their old place. Yet whilst we feel how much she was needed in a world so greatly in want of gentle ministrations and firm principles, we must not forget that we shall see her in her new life, instructing the young, comforting the sick, supporting the dying, and living such a life of humility, obedience, and charity, as could not fail to set forth the praise and glory of God; and after all, is not this the chief end of man?

Maria de la Fruglaye entered the Convent *des Oiseaux* in the year 1850 as a postulant, under the name of Marie Anne, the latter name being that of the patron-saint of Brittany. Her most intimate friend, Zèphirine de Kergariou, of whom mention has been made before, had preceded her in the conventual life, having lived many years in the Convent *des Oiseaux*, under the name of la Mère S. Jean de la Croix, and had died there before Maria was free to follow. From her cell she had never ceased to advise and instruct the beloved friend she longed to see by her side. She seemed to fear lest the world should prove too attractive to the young *chatelaine* of Kèranroux; for in 1837 she writes thus: 'I fear for you, dear Sister, the multitude of cares which occupy your attention, the praise of the world, of your neighbours, which waits on all the good you do, that outpouring of your heart to all around, that intense desire to do all *perfectly*, that too keen endeavour to make yourself pleasant and agreeable in the world. We often persuade ourselves that this arises from our wish to gain the world and our relations for Christ; but how often we delude ourselves here!' She goes on to explain to her friend how when she entered the convent her friends tried to persuade her that she was abandoning a life of usefulness for one of inactivity, and gives her in these words her own view of the subject of conventual life: 'I am certain they were wrong; for in the first place all sorts of good works are carried on in this house, so no one need disquiet herself by supposing she is doing nothing for God's work; and even supposing I never took any share at all in them, but was employed in the infirmary, or even in the laundry, I should be there for the purpose of self-abnegation, and by that I should, as I think, offer God the truest glory He can have from a creature—that which comes from a complete effacement of one's self and one's wishes, and an entire willingness to live for ever forgotten and unknown, save to His eyes alone.' To this explanation of the inner soul,

as it were, of the life of a *religieuse*, she adds some practical rules of great value. 'Never add anything to corporal mortifications without leave, and be moderate in the use of those which are permitted, applying yourself more carefully to killing your heart, your mind, and even your soul, from whence rather than from the body spring the most important obstacles to the perfect union of yourself to God. Live from day to day without plans; this detaches one from many things, prevents many illusions, and provides a remedy for too strong natural activity. Act in everything by the inspiration of God. As to your dress, be quite simple, wear nothing remarkable.' She also enlightened Maria on many minor points of discipline, which were afterwards of great service to her.

La Sœur Marie Anne became, as we can imagine, the joy and delight of the whole house. Her fame as a saint had preceded her, and it was very difficult for la Rèvèrende Mère Sophie, their superior, to treat her in any way as a postulant in need of instruction and discipline. La Sœur Marie Anne seemed to stand in no need of rebuke of any sort, although convent rule must have included many things which one would have thought grievous to a woman no longer young, and who had been so long accustomed to command in her own sphere. But in the Convent *des Oiseaux* there were no *great people;* each postulant submitted in turn to the word of exhortation; and it is recorded that on one occasion, when la Sœur Marie Anne said, in speaking to la Rèvèrende Mère Sophie of something unpleasant, 'I do not complain of it; I only say I suffer from it,'—she was thus answered: 'Oh, well, if you did not come here to suffer, you had better depart at once.'

It is la Sœur Marie Anne who tells us this; and adds, 'This plain speaking was just what I wanted, and it put an end to the matter at once.' La Mère Xavier filled the office of Mère Maitresse, whose duty it was to instruct the novices; and hard indeed was it to find fault with la Sœur Marie Anne. Nothing more important could be noticed than an occasional slight neglect of dress, and sometimes a melancholy expression of countenance. These trivial reproofs, which to many would have seemed childish and annoying, were accepted by the new postulant with humble joy. She received them as a thirsty land drinks in a shower; and as soon as she had left the room, the Mère Maitresse could not help saying, 'Dear Sisters, are you sure you fully appreciate the favour of making your noviciate with so great a saint! You may well kiss the ground she has trod on, for we are none of us worthy to approach her.'

The only cause for disappointment to la Sœur Marie Anne seemed to be that she was not allowed to fill some of the humble offices of the house on account of her health; but la Mère Xavier endeavoured to console her on this point by telling her that she was more useful in other departments, for as her experiences had been more varied than those of the other *religieuses*, she must impart them to the young pupils, who could thus learn many things no class-work could bring before them.

Nothing was more naturally disagreeable to la Sœur Marie Anne than speaking of herself; but as she had been told she must not refuse to suffer, she accepted the task imposed, and became such a trainer of youth as the Convent *des Oiseaux* had never possessed. She was allowed to commence her noviciate four months after her entrance into the convent. There seemed indeed no reason why it should be longer delayed, as in her case it was impossible to doubt the genuineness of the vocation. On the 12th of August, 1850, she put on that dress which was dearer to her than the robes of a queen, and resigned the name of *Sister* for the still more sacred and endearing title of *Mother*. It will be remembered that she had suffered as a young girl severely from small-pox, which had left its traces on her face; but many remarked that on the day she made her profession her features appeared free from blemish, and she looked young, fresh, and smiling, as in days gone by. The good priest who narrates this fact is disposed to attribute it to miraculous interference, but it is hardly necessary to do this. Is it not true that the supreme moments of life become mounts of transfiguration for the individuals concerned, and their faces shine with a glory beyond that of earth, and for the time, at least, are arrayed in a beauty more radiant than that of youth? Perhaps, then, if there were eyes to see, we might catch some glimpse of the spiritual body wherewith they shall rise; for it is where love is deepest, and self-sacrifice is most fully accomplished, that the real God-given self is developed, and must manifest itself even through the earthly tabernacle which, with all its imperfections, seems to dissolve before our eyes, leaving in its stead an image of faith and hope and charity. We need, then, seek for no miracle in the change seen in la Mère Marie Anne's face on the day she took the veil, beyond indeed the miracle God is ever waiting to work—the miracle of ever-increasing sanctification.

The noviciate lasted four years, during which time la Mère Marie Anne was busily engaged in making herself the help and stay of everyone in the house. We are told by her biographer that 'the period of noviciate is a time of holy initiation, of trials, of combats, of pious labours; and remains in the soul of a nun long years after, coming to her as the remembrances of childhood and youth come to us at the decline of life.' One of the duties of la Mère Marie Anne as a novice was to give the Catechism-lesson to the Sisters of the White Veil. She thus writes of the magnitude and importance of the task committed to her: 'I never open the Catechism without finding something new in it. How profound it is, and how many things I have learnt from it since I began to teach it to these little girls! Pray to God for me, that He will send down upon me all that is needful to make them know and love it.' One of her pupils furnishes us with some details of her teaching, which become pathetic when we remember that beloved Brittany from whence she drew her experiences. 'When we were all around her, she used to give us the most admirable practical lessons for the future, all the more valuable by reason of her experience in the world. How often, and under what varied and

interesting forms, she used to draw our attention to the duty of thoughtfulness for all around us—parents, friends, servants, work-people, each according to their own rank. For her favourite dream was the union of hearts in all classes of society. And how she used to inspire us with love for the poor, entering into the minutest details, to teach us how to make ourselves useful to them! And how she seemed to wish to initiate us inexperienced little girls into all the secrets of charity, that we might become as learned therein and as devout as she was!' Not only did la Mère Marie Anne exhibit every Christian virtue, but also every Christian grace; saying often, 'It is by a gentle caress, a slight attention, a constant thoughtfulness for others, that we require the right of giving useful advice when it is needed.'

As soon as her noviciate was ended, la Mère Marie Anne was made Superior over the House at Issy. This was a branch of the House in Paris, where the youngest children in the Convent School were educated, till such time as they were sufficiently advanced in their studies to join the higher classes. Had we not seen la Mère Marie Anne as the perfect hostess, the watchful mistress of a household, the untiring friend of the poor, the refuge of the weak, the comforter of the sick, and the final earthly stay of the dying, we should have said that in the care of little children lay her special *forte*. How radiant, how gentle, how firm, she was with them, and how in a moment they were at home with her! Those who were passionate and hasty grew calm and forbearing beside her; those who were sulky and revengeful became open and forgiving under that sweet smile; and those who were home-sick and miserable put their little hands in hers and fancied they were with their mother. She remained here four years, during which time she gained the love and respect of all. It is often supposed that the duties of a mother can only be fulfilled by one who has children of her own; but the true spirit of maternity is found in many a one who has neither husband nor child, but who yet yearns over the weakness and helplessness of infancy with a protecting pity, ready to die for those committed to her care, although no tie of blood exists between them. Such an one was la Mère Marie Anne. As the Superioress of Issy she found room for all her *savoir faire* and energy. Her rules for the government of the children seem to us full of wisdom; take as an example the following: 'I beg you will not be severe with the little girls when they tear their frocks or lose their things, for we must expect faults of that kind; keep your severity for grave moral evils, disobedience, passion, above all, falsehood. It is of the utmost importance they should have an intense horror of sin; but we must be careful not to make sins of everything.' It is very touching to read the *naive* professions of affection from these little children for their beloved Mère Marie Anne; one of them writes after her death: 'When our parents used to ask if she was kind to us, we used to answer, She was kindness itself. A single word from her touched us more than the most eloquent sermon.' La Mère Marie Anne was

recalled to the House in Paris by the death of the Mère Assistante. A full Chapter of the Community was held in order to elect a successor, and she was unanimously chosen. Her deep humility rendered her very unwilling to accept the honour thus put upon her, but there was no means of escaping it; and once installed, she shewed herself as perfectly *au fait* in everything demanded of her as she had done at Issy. There seems in her a remarkable absence of exaggeration; whilst fully appreciating the spiritual good to be derived from austerities, she never gave them more than their due place, and even insisted on the *duty* of enjoyment, saying, 'The poor are glad when we make a feast for them; and why should we not also enjoy our times of recreation?' To a novice, who seemed inclined to make mortification an end instead of a means, 'Do not exact more from yourself in acts of devotion than you are fit for. Do what you are commanded, and no more. When you have overworked yourself, do not be above asking permission to take a turn in the garden to rest yourself. St. John was a greater Saint than you are, and he had a pet partridge.' Another of the novices tells us that 'la Mère Marie Anne's face was delightful to look at; and that 'at recreation time she had always something to tell us which made us laugh; and out of recreation time she inspired rather than imposed silence.' One secret of her popularity lay probably in the fact, that whilst universally looked up to and consulted by everyone, she steadily refused to advise on matters which did not come under her notice officially, always saying, 'Go and ask the Mother whose business it is; it is much simpler and humbler too to do so than to apply to the Superior, by which you really dispense with obedience whilst seeming to bend.' Perfect justice to the claims of others, an absolute indifference to personal slights, made la Mère Marie Anne firm in upholding the rights of those under her rule, never obstinate in contending for her own, sensitive to unkindness shewn to the humblest member of the community, never touchy when the offence was offered to herself.

La Mère Marie Anne was elected Mère Assistante in the year 1860; and two years soon passed by. They were very happy years for the *religieuses* under her mild benignant sway; and when, in 1862, her death took place, each nun felt the loss an irreparable one. La Mère Marie Anne kept up her relations with the world by means of a copious and interesting correspondence. Her letters are marked by the mixture of clearness, tenderness, and grace, which distinguishes the best order of French female authors. Had she found her vocation in the literary world, there is no doubt that she would have taken a very high place in it. Many now asked her advice on spiritual matters, just as years back she had been counsellor-general on every subject to all her friends; and we are struck by the practical good sense as well as by the deep devotional feeling evinced in her replies. Madame de Champagny had written to her in some distress of mind, fearing that her son's bridal festivities would prevent the anniversary of the old Count de la Fruglaye's

death being kept with due solemnity, and receives this wise answer: 'My dear friend, we must endeavour in every case to do the Will of God; and as just now it is that you make your daughter-in-law welcome, it becomes a *matter of conscience* that you do your utmost to make the relations on both sides pleasant ones, both because it affects her happiness, and also because such a state of affairs is really necessary if she is to do good around her. . . . . If we wish to perpetuate our recollections, we must never allow them to weigh on those who cannot be affected by them as we are. The 24th June will always be respected by your children, I feel sure; but, dear Sister, on your daughter-in-law's account, allow St. Paul's Day to become once more a fête day, because, as it is her husband's saint's day, it must be one of joy for her. You can remember my father and Pauline during Mass, and afterwards join in the pleasure around you, as if it were any other family holy-day.'

To another friend, who had spoken of the dawning religious feeling in her little child's mind, she thus comments on an evil which was rapidly spreading amongst fashionable mothers:—'I am charmed and very much *edified* to hear that your little Paul is so good a Christian. . . . . How can it be that so many mothers neglect their children in this respect? Some time ago a very interesting child was left with us in his parents' absence. Before his first meal I reminded him of the *Benedicite*. The nurse told me that he had never been used to say it. I said nothing. But at night the poor little fellow threw his arms round my neck, and said, "Will you, please, teach me my *Benedicite*, and make me say my prayers, for I don't think my nurse knows them very well. My aunt taught me my *Pater*, but I have forgotten it, (he was ten years old;) Mamma is never up in the morning, and she is so busy in the evenings, she never has time to hear us." I can't tell you how this grieved me: here we have educated Catholic parents, who are particular enough about the studies of their children, yet who have engagements so pressing, that they *cannot* teach their children to say, "Our Father." How often in this sad enlightened age we weep to see the consequences of this terrible negligence!'

During the last two years of her life, death deprived her of many of her most intimate friends. Her brother-in-law and in love, M. de Kergariou; le Père Renault, who was dear to her through many sacred ties, and not the less dear because he was a Breton; l'Abbè Jean Marie de la Menais, with whom she had been associated in the holy work of educating the poor of Brittany; and la Mère Sophie, Superior of the House established at Kèranroux—all these had entered into their rest, whilst la Mère Marie Anne was still in Paris, beginning to feel that growing old required, as she said, 'a special grace.' But the nearer she came to the end, the simpler the road seemed to grow. 'The further I go,' she said one day to some of her fellow *religieuses*, 'the clearer I see things, as I go over in my mind all the affairs of life—study, experience, the practice of duty, both personal and relative; even virtue and perfection

seem very easy matters, if we would only follow the will of Providence, by doing one's duty just as it comes, no matter what it is, a call, a lesson, a class, or a piece of work. Do it as in God's sight. But instead of this, we allow ourselves to be troubled when things don't go on in our own way; and we think far too much of means. But I have not finished my prayers, my reading; I want more solitude. Could you have it without omitting duties that belong to you, without failing in obedience to those who have prescribed them to you, or to the circumstances which have made them necessary? No, things must be attended to. Very well, attend to them, then, and walk in peace in God's sight. "Walk before Me, and be perfect," has been the secret of goodness since the days of Abraham.'

The last letter she ever wrote was addressed to her sister; and though it contains nothing very striking, bears in it significant traces of the unfailing consideration for others, which formed so prominent a trait of her beautiful and unselfish character. She begs her sister to excuse her to some of her numerous friends for not having written to them: 'If your complaisant pen would, during Lent, say a word from me to . . . you would do me a real favour, for I do not wish to hurt them. Tell them their letters are a great pleasure to me, but I cannot answer them just now, for duty says otherwise.'

It is very touching to see how in these last written words the old feeling for Brittany comes out fresh, as in the days when Kerdüel was loved with an almost human affection. She says, speaking of the recently appointed Bishop of her native land, 'I have not been able to see anyone who could tell me about *our* new Bishop. May God give him the spirit of St. Brieuc and of St. William!' She ends by wishing 'A good Lent' to all at Kerdüel, and 'hopes that God will bless to each and all that spirit of penitence, which one might think was no longer a part of Gospel teaching.' M. de Champagny must have been a severe disciplinarian, for la Mère Marie Anne, from her life of mortification and conventual rule, testified thus to him of the moderation Christians are bidden to use in all things: 'I wish, however, my brother was not so strict, for he goes to an excess, and will injure his health. To do this is to break God's commandment, which is more to be respected than that of the Church.' 'Embrace all our dear children, present and absent, for me,' are the concluding words of what proved this farewell letter. Lent, which was to la Mère Marie Anne a season of solemn sanctifying preparation for the joy of Easter-tide, came and went, and Easter Sunday dawned on the Convent *des Oiseaux*. To la Mère Assistante was confided the task of holding one of the lanterns, which accompained the Blessed Sacrament, as it was carried to several invalids unable to join in the general celebration. During the procession she endured intolerable pain, but believed it was owing to internal rheumatism; and when the ceremony was over, she begged permission from her Superior to go to bed for a while, hoping to throw off her malady. She never rose from

that narrow couch. The next day the doctor pronounced her to be suffering from inflammation of the lungs; and as the symptoms did not yield to treatment, a consultation was held. The invalid herself had great hope of recovery, and said, 'It is nothing but my rheumatism, and twelve years of this regular life are worth more for constitutional infirmities than all the prescriptions of the faculty; but as these poor doctors have never seen me in the infirmary, they deceive themselves.' But it was not the doctors who made the mistake: la Mère Marie Anne grew daily worse.

The details of the few following days are full of instruction. No devotional work drawn up for the benefit of Christians, in the world or out of it, could contain teaching which came home more vividly to the hearts of those to whom it was addressed. Obedience, humility, an unconditional self-surrender to God, was the burden of the dying woman's song. To anyone entering the room, she said, 'Ah! give yourself all to Jesus, all altogether, and at once—yes, to Jesus only. Ah! how sweet it is to be a nun! Yes, yes, let us go to Heaven by the way of the Cross, by faith, by humility, as little children.' Once, thinking herself alone, she ejaculated, 'My God, I thank Thee that Thou hast brought down that activity which craved for food, brought it down to nothing—yes, to nothing.' At half-past ten of the evening before her death, another consultation was held; but all help was vain. The last Sacraments were administered, and all perceived that hope was at an end. During the night she said, 'Good-bye to all; I am going; farewell, my Ploujean, my Ploujean, St. Malo, beloved Brittany! Ploujean and Brittany have always been near my heart.' By this time every breath seemed a fresh torture; but in reply to the questions around her she answered, 'No, I am only tired—going to rest.' At two o'clock she said in Breton to la Sœur Saint Ives, her country-woman, 'It is all over with me, farewell to all; my Jesus, my Jesus!' Death was evidently close to, and the whole community assembled by the bed of the departing saint. Speech had failed, but consciousness remained, and she was doubtless sensible of the atmosphere of prayer surrounding her. Towards a quarter to five all was over; and la Mère Marie Anne, once Maria de la Fruglaye, was dead to pain and weariness and struggle, and alive for ever to God, through that Christ, Whose Name was latest on her lips.

The grief caused by this blow to the Convent *des Oiseaux* was indescribable. Yet it bore within it its own divine element of comfort. One of the Sisters tells us 'There is a mystery about this death that we feel, though we cannot explain. This good Mother made herself of small account in the House, yet she filled it; and now she is gone, what a blank there is!' Another adds: 'This death afflicts without casting us down; it is a grief which raises us on high; we no longer see la Mère Marie Anne, but we feel her, and live and act with her, as if she elevated our souls. Truly the remembrance of her is no barren one; it animates us to the practice of virtue.'

The funeral took place on the 29th of April, and was attended by large numbers of strangers. A poor Bretanne family came to represent at the grave *the members of Jesus Christ*, who were so dear to the heart of Maria de la Fruglaye; and beside them stood the weeping *religieuses*, who deplored the loss of the venerated Mère Marie Anne. Monseigneur le Cardinal Morlot, who had seen her labours at Issy, speaks of her thus in writing to the Superior of *les Oiseaux*; 'We will pray for her a few days, and after that let us seek her intercession with perfect confidence.' There was even in the eyes of the Roman prelate small need in her case for the purifying fires of Purgatory; and we, who do not belong to his Church, and only share in part his faith, can feel with a deep and earnest belief that the saintly Bretanne, whose life we have essayed to portray, does not forget, whilst rejoicing in the Heavenly Presence, the woes and sorrows of those who loved her to the end.

And as, almost unwillingly, we close these pages from the life of her who men called the Angel of Brittany, we are thankful to acknowledge that she did not belong to our own branch of the Church. In these days, so full of theology, so empty of religion, we need to be taught again and again the great lesson that 'the Saints are of no Church.' Obedience, humility, and love, belong to no one class or order of humanity; they are neither Protestant nor Romanist, but truly Catholic; and when we listen to the holy teaching of Maria de la Fruglaye, whether in the position of a noble young Frenchwoman, or in that of a humble *religieuse*, she speaks to us as fellow-citizens of the great community of Christ.

(Concluded.)

THE PILLARS OF THE HOUSE;

OR,

UNDER WODE, UNDER RODE.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE WINTER OF DISCONTENT.

'Peace, brother, be not over exquisite,
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
For, grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief?'

Milton.

Wilmet was so devoted to Alda and her hopes and fears, that she let Felix escape with less reproof than usual, for the cold that sat heavily upon him after the last day's chill. He did not give way to it. There might have been some temptation to sit over the fire if Geraldine had

been alone there; but Alda, when Wilmet was out of reach, engrossed Cherry's ears with descriptions of her feelings, and cravings for sympathy in her suspense, treating every other subject as futile, and the interruption of the children's lessons as an insult. No one might talk of anybody but Ferdinand; and Cherry did not wonder that Felix looked wearied and harassed, and always betrayed some anxiety to come first into possession of the morning post. One day, nearly a fortnight after his visit to London, he called Wilmet away from the breakfast table, into the sitting-room. 'Wilmet,' he said, 'I must go and see Miss Pearson before school hours.'

'You! Is there anything the matter with Alice?' asked Wilmet, startled at his tone.

'Had they—had you—any notion of anything between her and Edgar?'

'No! Miss Pearson has taken to saying, "My dear, your brothers are quite grown into young men," and I thought she did not like the play.'

'Ah! that play! It threw them together!'

'Is it really so? I suppose nothing is too foolish and provoking for Edgar!'

'The fact of admiration is not wonderful,' said Felix, rather in a tone of defence; 'but the worst of it is, that he has been trying to communicate with her through those poor little girls at school.'

Wilmet's horror was surpassing; and when she found that he had known it all this fortnight, she was so indignant, that to his reply that it was not fair to leave both parties the chance of acting honourably, she replied with scorn for his weakness in expecting anything from Edgar, and exposing the children to the chance of expulsion, which might be a lasting blight, such as merely in thought put her into a perfect agony. Nevertheless, angry and excited as she was, she flew at him when he gave her the letters, and was setting off to Miss Pearson's—'Go there without breakfast, in the sleet, and still with that bad cold not half gone!' and she dragged him back reluctantly to the other room, where, ignominiously ordering off Bernard and Stella to finish their stir-about elsewhere, she insisted on his breakfasting while she told the story. She was far too loyal to blame him except *tête-à-tête*, but she burst on him now and then. 'You are not eating, Felix!'

'A cup of tea then, please, Cherry. No one can swallow stir-about in hot haste but Wilmet herself.' He spoke good humouredly, but with a force upon himself that Cherry detected; and she further saw that he took nothing but that one cup and a fragment of bread, and then hurried off, saying that he must catch Miss Pearson for the little girls' sake.

The letters he had left were Robina's and another enfolding it containing these words:

Dear Sir,

According to my promise, I have refrained from opening this letter, though I own that the discovery of the purpose for which free correspondence

was asked, has been no small amazement to me. In the first shock, I will not trust myself to say more, until after consultation with my brother; but you shall hear from me again respecting your sisters.

I remain, your obedient servant,

B. M. Fulmort.

The letter within was—

My dear Felix,

It has all come out. There is a dreadful uproar, and nobody will believe me. If only Miss Lyveson were here! This was the way. Edgar came yesterday and took us for a long walk in Kensington Gardens, and afterwards I saw Angela going towards Alice Knevett's room; and as we are not allowed to run into other people's bed-rooms, I stopped her and put her in mind of what you said; but she began to cry and struggle with me, and Alice came out, and made a fuss to get the note Angel had for her, till I got into a passion, and spoke so loud that Miss Fennimore came out upon us. Angel did not know what she was about by that time, and cried, saying that I was unkind, and was hurting her; and Alice took her part, accusing me of tyrannizing and being jealous, so that I faced round and told all on the spot. Miss Fennimore took us all straight down to Miss Fulmort, and it was a dreadful business. They are frightfully angry with us all, and me the most, for having told you instead of them. They cannot understand the difference between you and any common brother. They think I have not told the whole truth, and it is very hard. Nobody ever distrusted me before. We are just living on sufferance till Mr. Fulmort comes to see about it, and then I think we shall be sent away. I hope so, for I know my own dear Miss Lyveson will believe me and take me back to justice and confidence. Here the girls are as angry with me for telling as the ladies are for not telling; they have no idea of such loyalty and love as we had at Catsacre. There is a report that Miss Pearson has been sent for. If we are sent home with her, it will be a horrid shame and injustice; but I shall not be able to be sorry one bit, for I know you will stand by me.

Dear, dear brother Felix,

Your affectionate sister,

Bobbie.

When the three sisters had made out all that could be understood, Geraldine owned herself less amazed than Wilmet; and Alda laughed at both for not being aware that Edgar was a universal flirt. All that surprised her was his having let it proceed to such dangerous extremities; but of course that was the girl's own fault—he would give it up when it came to the point.

'Why should you expect Edgar to be more inconstant than Ferdinand?' asked Cherry.

Both twins turned on her, and told her she was a child and knew nothing about it—their favourite way of annihilating her; and then Alda, in her excitement, walked with Wilmet to the school, leaving Cherry, as usual, to wash up the breakfast things. She felt a conviction that all this accounted for the weary oppressed look, broken by occasional starts of vivacity, which ever since Felix's day in London had been laid to the score of the cold he had brought home.

She was glad she was still alone, when Felix looked in for a moment to say, 'Miss Maria goes up by the 11.30 train. I am going to send a

letter by her, and I think she will save Robin. Angel is so mere a child, that it matters less.'

'How can they all be so unjust?'

'They have not had time to know the child.'

'I did not mean Robina, but you.'

'I don't mind that,' he said, with a smile, 'though I am glad there *is* one lady who does not scold me;' and he bent down to kiss her.

'Did the Miss Pearsons?'

'They allowed that I meant to act for the best, and you know what that means. However,' he added, 'they are earnest to save the little girls, which is more to the purpose. Wilmet or I would have gone up, but Miss Maria thinks she can do better than either, and I believe they are more likely to trust an old school-mistress, who is the injured party besides. I must write my letter. Shall I help you into the other room?'

'No, thank you; I have the lessons here, for they teaze Alda. If you would only send Theodore to me as you go.'

'Does Alda never help you?'

'Only by criticising my French pronunciation. She is much too restless. O Felix, what a cough! You have made your throat worse.'

'It is only this black east wind.'

'You ought to stay up-stairs and be taken care of. Can't you, and let Redstone call if you are wanted?'

'I *am* wanted. It is quite as warm in the office as here, when the door is shut. What I want is, only to be twenty years older. Good-bye.'

Cherry's ponderings were divided between that sigh and the possible sighs of the wind if that door were not shut, until her own door was opened by Felix's hand, to admit a little figure still in petticoats, with the loose flaxen curls, tottering feet, limp white fingers, and vacant blue eyes, whom she daily put through a few exercises to train his almost useless fingers and tongue. The sight of this, Alda declared, made her ill, though the little boy was as docile as he was helpless; but it was quite true that to nerves and ears not inured from the first, Theodore's humming and his concertina were a trial from their perpetuity.

Late that evening came a message to beg Mr. and Miss Underwood would step up; and they stepped, though the east wind was blacker than ever. They found that in great tribulation Miss Maria had brought Alice Knevett home, and sent her to bed all tears and exhaustion, but that Robina and Angela were forgiven—a word so offensive to Felix as relating to the former, that he sorely lamented that prudence forbade their removal, but was somewhat consoled by a letter that Miss Maria brought him from the Vicar of St. Matthew's, who had had a private investigation of the whole subject. He wrote to Felix that his sister was new to the management of the girls, and was a good deal annoyed at the secresy observed towards herself, not making full allowance for Robina's excep-

tional circumstances; but that for his own part, he was convinced of the girl's genuine uprightness and unselfish forbearance; and though he feared her position must be unpleasant just now, he thought it would be for the good of all if she had the patience to live it down, and earn the good opinion he was sure she deserved. Miss Maria reported that Miss Fennimore had been brought round by his opinion, though Miss Fulmort remained persuaded that Robina had 'come over him' in some way; and while yielding to his stringent desire that, as he said, 'one of the worthiest of her girls should not be unjustly expelled,' only let the child herself know that she was tolerated in consideration of her youth, her orphanhood, and her relationship to Clement. Poor Robin! No one could help grieving for the tempest that had fallen on her guiltless head, and hope that all would result in her final good; but the sorrows of an absent school-girl could hardly occupy even her dearest friends, in the full and present crisis of two love affairs.

For Edgar and Major Knevett both arrived, the lover as dispassionate as the father was the reverse. Edgar did, however, as he had undertaken, rise to the position. He joked at it a little in private, to the annoyance and perplexity of Cherry, and even of Felix; but he was perfectly steady in maintaining his perfect right to address Miss Knevett, in avowing his engagement, and in standing by it.

To Major Knevett, the affair appeared outrageous impudence on the part of a beggarly young painter out of a country book-seller's shop, encouraged by the egregious folly of the aunts. What was said of clergyman's sons and good old family, went for absolutely nothing; and Edgar's quiet assurance of success in his profession was scoffed at with incredulity not altogether unpardonable. In the encounter that Felix had the misfortune to witness, since it took place in his own office-parlour, he could not help thinking that Edgar, with his perfect temper, unfailing courtesy, calm self-respect, and steady sense of honour towards the young lady, shewed himself the true gentleman in contrast with the swaggering little Major, who seemed to expect that he could bluster the young man out of his presumption, and was quite unprepared for Edgar's cool analysis of his threats. But instead of, like Tom Underwood, cooling down into moderation and kindness so soon as his bolt was shot, the finding it fall short only chafed him the more, and rendered him the more inveterate against all conciliation.

There was an appeal all round to Felix, but he was not so practicable as the universal compliments to his good sense shewed to be expected. He had expressed his opinion that it was a rash engagement, hitherto improperly carried on; but he could not be brought to advise his brother to break it off on his side while the lady held to it on hers. It might be best to give it up by mutual consent; but as long as one party was bound, so was the other; and he thoroughly sided with Edgar in not being threatened out of it whilst Alice persisted. Still more flatly did he refuse Miss Pearson's entreaty that he would see the wilful girl, and

persuade her how hopeless was her resistance, and how little prospect of the attachment being prosperous. Nothing but despair and perplexity could have prompted the good aunts to try such a resource, but they were at their wits' end. They really loved their niece, and they dreaded the tender mercies of her father, who had indeed petted Alice as a young child, but had made her mother suffer greatly from his temper. If she would yield, they hoped to procure for her a home at York, with their brother's widow, and to save her from a residence in Jersey with the step-mother; but Alice, upheld by a secret commerce of notes ingeniously conveyed, felt herself a heroine of constancy, and kept up her spirits by little irritations to whoever tried to deal with her. She could deftly insinuate, on the one hand, that her aunts had always preached up the Underwood perfections; and on the other, hint to her father that if her home had still remained what it was, she should never have looked out of it; and whenever he flew into a rage, or used violent language, she would look up under her eye-lids, and whisper something about 'real gentlemen.' Those thorns and claws that had figured in the scale of her transmigration were giving a good many little scratches, which did her feelings some good, but her cause none at all by the vexation they produced. 'If she could only be made to understand,' said poor Miss Pearson, 'how little she gains by irritating her father, and that he is really a very dreadful person when he is thoroughly offended! Poor child! my heart aches for her.'

So Wilmet was turned in upon her, and before she could utter a word was hugged and kissed all over, because she was the very image of darling Edgar, and his dear violet eyes were exactly the same colour.

Unsentimental Wilmet extricated herself, saying, 'Eyes can't be violet coloured. Don't let us get into that silly talk, Alice; things are too serious now.'

'You are come to help me and be a dear!' cried Alice, clasping her hands. 'How does he look? the dear boy!'

'The same as usual,' said Wilmet coolly. 'But, Alice, if you think that I am come to—'

'Does he—really and truly? I saw him out of the little passage window, and I thought he looked quite thin! And Lizzie Bruce said Mrs. Hartley asked who that handsome young man was who looked so delicate.'

'He is particularly strong and healthy. Alice, I want to set it all before you as a reasonable being.'

'Only do tell me; has he got his appetite? For you know he is used to live where everything is *recherché*, and when one's out of spirits *things* do make a difference.'

Was that the claw in the velvet paw?

'He eats three times as much as Felix any day,' said Wilmet, with a certain remembrance of the startling nudity of the bone of yesterday's leg of mutton. 'He is doing very well. You need not be afraid for

him; but it seems to me that you should consider whether it can be right.'

'Come, Wilmet, you were my first friend, you can't help being kind to me.'

'I want to shew you true kindness.'

'True kindness means something horridly cross! Now don't, Wilmet. I get ever so much kindness as it is! I know what you are going to say. It is very naughty of people to like each other when neither of them has got a sixpence; but if they can't help it, what then? Must they leave off liking, eh?'

'They ought to try to prevent their liking from leading to disobedience and concealment.'

'Ah! but if they can't?'

'People always can.'

'Were you ever tried?' asked Alice, slyly for all the simplicity.

'I hope never to be, if deceiving my friends and making others deceive is to be the consequence.'

'Well, luckily there isn't much chance,' crept out of the demure corner, intended as the thorn beneath the may-flower, but it was no such thing. Wilmet was quite ready to accept the improbability as very fortunate.

'That has nothing to do with it,' she said. 'The question is, what it is right to do now. It seems hard for me to say so, being your friend and his sister—'

'Oh, never mind that. People's sisters never do like the girls they are fond of.'

Decidedly Wilmet could not get on. Her mouth was stopped either by a little rapture about Edgar, or a little velvet-pawed scratch to herself, whenever she tried in earnest to set the matter before Alice; and when, being a determined person, she at last talked on through all that Alice tried to thrust in, and delivered her mind of the remonstrance she had carefully thought over, and balanced between kindness, prudence, and duty, and all the time with the conviction that not one word was heeded! If it was not English malice it was French *malice* that pointed the replies, and sent Wilmet away as much provoked as pitying, and not at all inclined to be examined by Edgar on her interview, and let him gather that she had not had the best of it. Poor Alice! what were these little triumphs of a sharp tongue, in comparison with the harm she did herself by exacerbating whoever tried to argue with her? There was one person she did profess to wish to see, namely Geraldine; but the flying rheumatic pains, excited by the black east wind with sleet upon its blast, could not be trifled with; and Major Knevett's wrath put an effectual stop to Alice's entering the house during the Saturday and Sunday of his stay at Bexley. Perhaps Cherry was not sorry. She could not have pleaded against Edgar, in spite of her disapprobation of both; and moreover, the thought at the bottom of her heart was, 'How

could anyone who had been the object of such tones of the one brother's voice, be won by the showy graces of the other? Edgar could easily have thrown off a disappointment; but Felix came first—and oh! can he shake it off in the same light way?'

She had not the comfort of talking it over. Felix made no sign, and Edgar's line was to treat the whole complication as a matter of pleasantry, pretending that he had only gone into it to please Felix; and yet, as came to their knowledge, privately exchanging billets and catch-words with Alice, while he openly declared his engagement, and resolution to work his way up and lay his laurels at her feet.

He went away the very same morning as Major Knevett carried off his daughter to Jersey, audaciously following them to the station, where he exchanged a grasp of the hand with her in the very sight of the 'grey tyrant father,' who actually gnashed his teeth, in his inability either to knock him down or give him in charge.

There was no time to breathe between the departure of this pair of lovers and the arrival of Alda's splendid Life-Guardsman, who, horses and all, took up his abode at the Fortinbras Arms, and spent his days in felicity with Alda. A very demonstrative pair they were. To Geraldine, often unwillingly *en tiers*, they seemed to spend their time chiefly in sitting hand in hand, playing with one another's rings and dangles, of which each seemed to possess an inexhaustible variety. Ferdinand's dressing-case and its contents were exquisite in their way, and were something between an amusement and a horror to Wilmet, who could not understand Felix's regard for so extravagant and wasteful a person, who gave away sovereigns where half-crowns would have been more wholesome, half-crowns instead of shillings, shillings instead of pence, and who moreover was devoted to horse-flesh. His own favourite steed, Brown Murad, had been secured at a fabulous price; and the possession of him seemed to be the crowning triumph over a certain millionaire baronet in the same corps, evidently his rival. What was even more alarming was that every detail about races and horses in training was at his fingers' ends, so that he put Felix up to a good deal of knowledge useful to the racing articles in the Pursuivant; but he declared that he never betted. His was a perilous position, homeless and friendless as he stood; and this rendered him doubly grateful for the brotherly welcome he received. Yet the days would have been long to any but lovers, in spite of the rides and walks, one even to Minsterham to see Lance. Ferdinand liked to recur to the old remembrances of his convalescence; but in these Alda had no part, and they seemed to jar on her. She might sometimes seem half fretted by his impetuous southern love, but she could not bear a particle of his attention to be bestowed on aught save herself; and when Geraldine would have utilised his fine straight profile as an artistic study, the monopoly was so unpleasing that the portrait had to be dropped. The odd thing was that Alda should have a lover whose most congenial spirit was Clement. He was a great frequenter of St. Matthew's, and

had no interest save in kindred subjects. Felix always found them alike difficult to converse with, from a want of any breadth of sympathy with subjects past or present, such as would have occupied him even without the exigencies of his profession. They seemed to talk not church but shop, as if they did not look beyond proximate ecclesiastical details, which they discussed in technical terms startling to the uninitiated; and yet Felix trusted that Clement's soul was a good deal deeper and wider than his tongue, and that Ferdinand's, if narrow, was thoroughly resolute, finding in his enthusiasm for these details a counterpoise for the temptations of his position.

His seemed to be a nature that would alternate between apathetic indolence and strong craving for excitement. He could go on for days with a patient almost silent round of mechanical occupations performed well nigh in his sleep, and then when once stirred up became possessed with a vehement restlessness, as if there were still a little about him of the panther of the wilderness.

At first he awaited his letter from his uncle much more philosophically than did Alda, but when it tarried still, he became so eager that he made two journeys to London to meet the mail, and pestered everyone with calculations as to time and space.

The letter came, and was all that everyone else had expected. Alfred Travis had always detested the family into which his nephew had been thrown by his accident, and the tidings that the heiress had been rejected for the sake of one of these designing girls could not be welcome. So he gave notice that nothing more could be expected from him if his nephew stooped thus low. This, however, did not much concern Ferdinand. He curled his black moustache, and quietly said his uncle would not find that game answer. The affairs of the brothers had always been mixed together, and Ferdinand had been content to leave the whole in his uncle's hands, only drawing for his own handsome allowance; but the foundation had been his mother's fortune, and he had only to claim his own share of the capital, and disentangle it from the rest, either to bring his uncle to terms at once, or to be able to dispense with his consent. The delay was vexatious, but it could be but brief; and in the meantime Bexley was felicity. Yes, in spite of the warning he received at the Rectory, which my Lady followed up by a remonstrance to Felix—over the counter, for in vain he tried to get her into the office. He could only tell her that he much regretted Edgar's conduct, but as to Alda, there was no disobedience, and the young man's character was high. He was just as impracticably courteous as his father, and Lady Price shrugged her shoulders and *hoped*. 'For, Felix Underwood,' she said, 'I am convinced that *after all* you are a very well-meaning young man.'

This was her farewell, for Mr. Bevan had been more ailing than usual, and had obtained permission to leave his parish for a year, to be spent partly at the south of France, partly at the German baths.

Well was it for those who could get away! Never had the spring been sourer; Easter came so early as itself to seem untimely, and the Wednesday of its week was bleakness itself, as Lance and Robina stood on the top of the viaduct over the railway, looking over the parapet at the long perspective of rails and electric wires, their faces screwed up, and reddened in unnatural places by the bitter blast. Felix had asked at breakfast if anyone would be the bearer of a note to Marshlands; Lance had not very willingly volunteered, because no one else would; then Robina joined him, and they had proceeded through the town without a syllable from either of the usually lively tongues, till as they stood from force of habit watching for a train, the following colloquy took place, Robina being the first speaker.

'What is it?'

'What is what?'

'What is the matter?'

'What is the matter with what?'

'With it all?'

There came a laugh, but Robina returned to the charge. 'Well, but what is it? Is it east wind?'

'Something detestable—whatever it is,' grunted Lance.

'You've found it so too,' said Robina; for Lance had only come home after evening Cathedral the day before.

'Haven't I, though?'

He said no more, being a boy of much reserve as to his private troubles; and Robina presently said,

'I say, Lance, did Alda use to be nice, or is it love?'

'Never nice, like Wilmet or Cherry.'

'I am sure,' proceeded the girl, 'I thought love was the most beautiful and romantic thing—too nice to be talked about, for fear it should turn one's head; but here it seems to be really nothing but plague and bother and crossness.'

'Poor Bob!' said Lance, 'you got the worst of it up at Brompton.'

'I got it every way,' said Robina. 'There was Edgar treating me like a little contemptible baby, and Alice sometimes coaxing me and sometimes spiting me, and Angel poisoned against me; and when I thought I must be acting for the best in telling Felix, somehow that turned out altogether horrid.'

'I suppose a girl must be telling someone,' said Lance; 'and if it was to be done, Felix was the right one.'

'So I made sure,' said poor Robin; 'but Miss Fulmort and Miss Fennimore seemed to think it no better than if I had told you. They say I am forgiven, but I hate their forgiveness. I've done nothing wrong, and yet they don't like or trust me; and they seem to grudge me all my marks and prizes. "For proficiency, not for conduct," they say, in that hard cold voice. And then the girls nod and whisper. Angel

and all, think me a nasty spiteful marplot. Alice set half of them against me before she went!'

'Poor Bob! And you can't have a good set to, and punch their heads all round! That's the way to have it out, and get comfortable and friendly.'

'For choir boys? O Lance!'

'Choir boys aint girls, I thank my stars.'

'Well,' continued Robina, glad to pour out her troubles, even for such counsel as this, 'when I came home last week, I *did* think it would all be made up.'

'Well,' said Lance, as Robin grew rather choky, and drew the back of a woolly glove across her eyes, not much to their benefit.

'Clem looks black, because he says his sisters were meant to raise the tone of the school.'

'Confound the tone of the school! I know what *that* is! But who cares for Tina?'

'Then Wilmet says I ought to have asked leave to write to her, and she could have managed it quietly, and kept everybody out of a scrape.'

'Whew—w—w—' whistled Lance; but at the melancholy tone, he absolutely took his red hand out of its comfortable nest in his pocket, to draw his sister's arm into his. It was well, for her voice was far more trembling now. 'I could bear it all if it were not for Felix himself. I know he is angry with me, but he won't talk, nor tell me how; he only said "We both meant to act for the best; but it is a painful affair, and we had better not discuss it," and then he began to whistle to Theodore. If anyone did know how I hate being told I meant to act for the best!'

'Something is come over Felix,' said Lance. 'I never knew him give such a jaw as he has to me. To be sure, he was set on to it.'

'Set on?'

'Yes, by Wilmet for one! You should have seen the way she was in—as if I hadn't a right to do what I pleased with my own money.'

'What?'

'My violin! Ferdinand Travis tipped me when he rode over to the Cathedral, and by good luck it was the day before the auction at old Spicer's. Bill and I went in to see the fun; and by all that is lucky, there was a violin routed out of an old cupboard. Nobody bid against me but Godwin the broker, and it was knocked down to me for twenty-two and six. Bill lent me the half-crown; and Poulter, our lay-vicar, who is at a music-shop, says 'tis a real bargain, he's mad to have missed it himself; but he shewed me how to put my fingers on it, and I can play Mendelssohn's "Hirtenlied." You shall hear by-and-by, Robin. Well; Wilmet comes on it when she was unpacking my shirts. I'm sure I wish she'd let me unpack them myself, instead of poking her nose there; and if she wasn't in a way! Wasting my money, when I ought to be saving it up to buy a watch; and wasting

my time, and all the rest of it—till one would think 'twas old Scratch himself I'd brought home!'

'Oh! don't, Lance. And did she set on Felix?'

'Ay; and then, you know, our new Precentor, Beccles, isn't one quarter the man Nixon was; and he has been and gone a letter to Fee that any schoolmaster in creation should be licked for writing, to go and pison a poor chap's home—all about those cards.'

'What cards?'

'The pack Jones found in the middle of the north transept ten days ago.'

'Of the Cathedral! How shocking! But why should he write to Felix?'

'Because the big-wigs make sure someone out of the Bailey must have dropped them, getting into the town through the Cathedral at night.'

'But they don't suspect you?'

'No; but Beccles got into an awful way, and swears—'

'You don't mean really swears!'

'No, no—stuff—vows—that unless he gets to the bottom of it, not one of us shall have the good-conduct prize. Now I did think I might have had that—though I'm not a church candle like Tina—for I never was *had up* for anything; and it is precious hard lines! Such a beauty, Robin, the Bishop gives it—all the Cathedral music, bound in red morocco; and this beggar hinders us all this very last chance! And then, he is dirty enough to write and tell Felix to get out of me who has been getting out through the Cathedral, and dropping the cards.'

'Do you know?'

'Hold your tongue; I thought you had a little sense! Felix had that; he saw I could not tell him, and said it must be as he pleased about that; but then he rowed me, as he never did before, for wasting time, and not mugging for the exhibition—as if that was any use.'

'Why shouldn't you get the exhibition?'

'Put that out of your head,' said Lance angrily; 'Harewood is sure of that! A fellow that construes by nature—looks at a sentence, and spots the nominative in a moment—makes verses—rale—superior—iligant articles.'

'But I thought he wasn't always accurate. Can't you catch him out? O Lance, don't look so fierce! I only said so because he can't want the exhibition as much as you. He can go to some other school, or be paid for.'

'Not conveniently,' said Lance; 'they are not at all well off, and Jack helps them. Besides, I wouldn't get the thing in a sneaking way; and besides, Bill could no more make a mull in construing out of carelessness than I could a false note—it's against nature. I can't beat him, except in arithmetic. My birth-day comes at such an unlucky time. I should get another year if I'd only been born in July instead of June! I might be second, for Shapcote is only dogged by his father;

but that's no good for the exhibition: and then there's an end of Cathedral and all!'

'What should you do then, Lance?'

'Whatever costs least! I'd as lief work my way out to Fulbert if this is to go on.'

'Oh, don't! don't do that, whatever you do!' cried Robina, clinging to his arm.

'I don't see why not, if everybody is to be as savage as a bear when one comes home. One always trusted to Felix to see sense, if nobody else did; but what with his jawing one about the exhibition, and Wilmet about the tin and every spot on one's clothes, and Alda growling at whatever one does in the parlour, I'm sure I wish I'd stayed at Bexley.'

The boy and girl had never before been tried by want of sympathy, and what seemed to them injustice, when they had thus descended into the perturbed atmosphere of what they were used to regard as a happy home. There was a long mutual communication of grievances—irritable speeches—inattention from their elders—fancies and complaints of Alda's enforced peremptorily by Wilmet—appeals to Felix either quashed or unheeded; the strange thing was, in how short a time so much had managed to go wrong with them, except that they added the vexations of the last quarter to the present discomfort, real or fancied; and though they were both good children, each had the strong feeling that there was not as much encouragement as usual to goodness, and that it could not have been much worse if they had been seriously to blame. One had expected to be caressed for her endurance in a good cause; the other had not expected to be severely rebuked for what he scarcely viewed as faults. It was the first time this younger half of the family had ever suffered anything approaching to neglect or injustice from their seniors, and the moment was perilous. The discussion was forming their discontents into a dangerously avowed state, if it had the beneficial effect of raising their spirits by force of sympathy. At any rate, they were in no gloomy mood when they reached the tidy little villa, with its beds of open-hearted crocuses defying the cold wind, and admitting the sun to the utmost depths of their purple and golden bosoms, as they laughed their cheery greeting.

No less cheerful was the welcome from kind old Mrs. Froggatt, who met them at the door. 'Master Lancelot, Miss Robina, this is an unlooked-for pleasure, to be sure! My dear Miss Robina!' as the girl gave her hearty embrace.

They were the prime favourites next to Felix, and were the more gladly hailed that Mr. Froggatt was anxious about the business on which they came, and had been trying to get leave from his wife to peril his rheumatics by coming in to Bexley about it. They must stay to luncheon; and while Mr. Froggatt went off to answer his note, they were made much of over the fire, in the way that had of late become so

abhorrent to Bernard, with difficulty avoiding a pre-luncheon or nooning of cake and wine within an hour of the meal of the day.

'And how is Mr. Underwood?' asked Mrs. Froggatt, when Robina had been divested of her wraps, placed close to the fire, screened and foot-stooled, and when Lance had transferred the big white cat from the arm-chair to his own knee.

'Oh, very well, thank you,' said Robina, rather surprised that the lengthy catechism on the family health did not as usual start from 'poor dear Miss Geraldine.'

'He was looking so thin, and had such a cough, I was quite concerned when he walked out here on Good Friday afternoon,' continued Mrs. Froggatt. 'I hope he is taking care.'

'Wilmet is always at him about it,' said Lance.

'That is right. And I hope he minds to keep the office door shut. It is such a draughty place! Does he wear flannel, do you know, my dear?'

'I think so,' said Robina. 'Sister Constance told Wilmet he ought, when he had that long cough after the measles.'

'Ay. You know—you'll excuse me, my dears, a cough is not to be trifled with in your dear family.'

'You should write to the clerk of the weather-office, Mrs. Froggatt,' said Lance rather gruffly.

And as Mrs. Froggatt was not good at understanding jokes, but was always ready to accept Mr. Lance's, she thought he meant Admiral Fitzroy; and much explanation and banter followed, which the children made the louder from dread of the subject. Mrs. Froggatt was by no means the cultivated person her husband was; but being of a good old plain farmer stock, she was quite as unassuming, and her manners with the young Underwoods were a good deal like those of a superior old housekeeper, only perhaps less authoritative and familiar; but she was not to be kept away from the subject of her real anxiety. 'I wish I could see your sister, and speak to her; he ought to have some advice rather than let it run on in this way. I'm sure Mr. Froggatt would be willing to do anything. It has been a great concern to him to have to leave such a heavy charge to him this spring, and with all the family cares on his head too, at his age. Miss Alda's wedding put off too—is it? And is the young gentleman here still?'

'No; his leave was over last Monday,' said Robina, 'a week after I came home.'

'I should like to have seen him! Your brother says he is grown up such a fine-looking young man, and quite got over his lameness. A handsome couple they will be! I did see them ride through the place, but Miss Alda didn't see me.'

'You saw his horse?' broke in Lance, who considered Brown Murad as a superior specimen to either of the lovers; and Mrs. Froggatt, whose father had bred horses, and whose son was much more addicted to them

than was for his good, was a much more intelligent auditor of the perfections now dilated on than could have been expected.

Yet nothing could keep off the dreaded subject; and even at table, Lance's disappointing deficiency in school-boy voracity became the cause of a lamentation over his brother's small appetite, and an examination of Robina, resulting in her allowing that Felix seldom gave himself time to do more than snatch a crust of bread in the middle of the day, and did not always make up for it at tea-time. Mr. Froggatt shook his head and looked distressed, and his good lady went on discoursing about the bason of soup she always used to keep prepared for him, evidently longing, though not quite daring, to send a lecture to Wilmet on taking care of her brother. But what made more impression on both the children was, that after they had been into Mr. Froggatt's little conservatory with him, and had received into their charge a basket of camellias, violets, and calycanthus, with a pot of jonquils in the middle for Geraldine, the old gentleman said, as he bade them good-bye, 'Tell your sister, that if she thinks a day or two of laying by would be good for your brother, I should be ready and glad to change places with him. A little change might take away his cough; and I don't like his looks—no, I don't. He ought to be careful;' this to himself, with a long sigh.

Then the children got out into the garden, and with the natural impatience of the evil omen, exclaimed at the same moment—

'Croak, croak, croak, went the Frogs,'

and

'Were there ever such a pair of good old coddles!'

But then they walked on for a full quarter of a mile before either said another word; and then it was, 'You don't think Felix looking ill, do you, Lance?'

'I never thought about his looks at all,' said Lance.

'No more did I,' said Robina; 'but he does cough; I hear him through the wall in the morning. Do you think there is anything in it, Lance?'

'How long has it been going on?'

'Ever since he came up to London. He got a chill in our garden when I was telling him about—' said Robina, stopping short of what she hated to mention.

'Then that's it!' said Lance, turning round with the face of one who had made a great discovery.

It? What is the matter with him?'

'Yes,' said Lance. 'Hold your tongue, Robina; but Cherry and I thought long ago that he fancied that little Knevett himself. Then I made sure it was all a mistake; but now, depend upon it, that's what he is so cut up about!'

It carried conviction to the hearer, perhaps because it fitted in with a girl's love of romance. 'Then that's why he won't talk to me!'

'Of course!'

And then they began putting together all the tokens of inclination which their small experience and large imagination could suggest, till they had pretty well decided the point in their own belief, and had amused themselves considerably; but the anxiety came back again.

'Do people get over such things, Lance? There was Ophelia, and there was Wilfred in Rokeby—only she was a woman, and he was pipy. Did you ever know of anybody really and truly?'

Lance meditated, but his experience reached no farther than the surgeon's assistant at Minsterham, who was reported to be continually in love, but who did not look greatly the worse for it.

And then Robina suggested that she did not remember that either Wilfred or Ophelia had a cough.

'But my father had,' said Lance in the depths of his throat. 'Don't you know, Robin, it was hard work and trouble and poverty that—*did it?*'

'Was it?' awe-struck, for she had been so young as to have no clear ideas.

'I've heard it told often enough. My Lady cut off the third curate; and that—and all the rest of it—helped to bring on the decline.'

'But, Lance! At least, that wasn't—love.'

'Nonsense, Robin! Don't you see, whatever takes the heart and spirit out of a man, makes him ready for illness to get hold of?' Lance plucked desperately at the hazels in the hedge, and his eyes were full of tears.

'O Lance, Lance, what can we do?'

'I don't know! I'd let him pitch into me from morning till night if that would do him any good!'

'I'm sure I am very sorry I grumbled.' We'll give Wilmet Mrs. Froggatt's message, and see what she thinks.'

Poor children! their consternation was such, that they must judge by their own eyes of Felix without loss of time; so they both marched into the shop with Mr. Froggatt's note, and there felt half baffled to see Felix looking much as usual, very busy trying to content a lady with nursery literature, and casting a glance at Robin as if she had no business there.

Wilmet received Mr. Froggatt's message without excitement. She thought it would be a very good thing, but she did not believe Felix would consent; and Alda broke out, 'Then we should have Mr. Froggatt inflicted on us all the evening!'

Nor did Felix consent. He said it was very kind, but his cold was almost gone, and he did not need it. Moreover, he had his private doubts whether Alda would be decently gracious to Mr. Froggatt; and Wilmet, whose one object in life was to keep her sister contented and happy at home, could press nothing so disagreeable to her. Altogether, the reception of their hints at home was so prosaically placid, that they were both rather ashamed of the alarm into which they had worked

themselves up. Even when Robina privately asked Cherry whether she thought Felix looking well, the answer was eager.

'Oh, very—very well! He looked pulled down when his cold was bad, but he is quite quite well now.'

'Mrs. Froggatt thought—'

'Oh, you've been talking to Mrs. Froggatt! She thinks nothing so kind as to say one is looking poorly. I said "How well you are looking, Mrs. Froggatt," one day, and I assure you she only swallowed it by an act of Christian forgiveness. She is fondest of Felix, so of course he looks the worst.'

Robina got no more out of Geraldine, whose fears at that moment were in the form of utterly denying themselves. Commonplace life greatly reassured the two young things, and of the alarm there chiefly remained a certain shame at their own former discontent, and doubly tender feeling towards their fatherly elder brother. Now that they guessed something to be amiss with him, they had no irritation for him—and indeed he gave them no cause for any; the discomfort was partly indeed occasioned by the lack of his usual quiet mirth, but far more by Alda's fastidiousness, and Wilmet's vigilance lest she should be annoyed. This caused restrictions that weighed more heavily on the younger ones than on Lance and Robina, and had the effect of making Angela and Bernard rebellious. They had neither the principle nor the consideration of their two seniors; to them everyone seemed simply 'cross,' and against this crossness there was a constant struggle, either of disobedience or of grumble.

Both were at rather an insubordinate age. Angela, having begun school life with getting into a scrape greater than she understood, had acquired a naughty-girl reputation, of the kind that tempts the young mind to live up to it; and her high spirits, boisterous nature, and 'don't care' system, made her irrepressible by anyone but Wilmet, whose resolute hand might be murmured at, but was never relaxed. While Bernard, hitherto very fairly amenable to Cherry, and a capital little scholar, became infected with the spirit of riot and insubordination. Whatever fastidiousness the children took for fine-ladyism in Alda they treated unmercifully, and resented in their own fashion her complaints, and Wilmet's enforcement of regard to her tastes; nor was Lance always blameless in the tricks played upon her.

It was strange to see the difference made by one incongruous element. A few sneers at Cherry's pronunciation, an injudicious laugh when she was rebuking, and a general habit of making light of her, on Alda's part, upset all Bernard's habits of deference to the sister who had taught him all he knew. His lessons grew into daily battles—miseries to himself and far greater miseries to his teacher, and sufficient misery to the spectator to induce her to do that which the other sisters could scarcely have brought themselves to do on any provocation, namely to complain to Felix, and by-and-by make a representation, for the general

good, she said, that it was a mere farce to leave the boy under Cherry's management.

Cherry, with bitter tears, was forced to own that she could no longer keep him in order nor make him learn; and there was no alternative but to send him to Dr. Ryder's. He had no voice nor ear, so that he could not follow in Lance's steps; and for the present, Bexley was the only resource.

Of course Cherry charged the whole of this upon her poor little self; and some amount of the trouble certainly was due to her incapacity not to shew in voice and manner when she was under fret, anxiety, or depression; and now, poor child! all three at once had come upon her. Whether Alda's conversation or the children's naughtiness fretted her most, it would be hard to tell; she was in a continual state of unuttered, vague, and therefore most wearing anxiety on Felix's account, and the physical discomfort of the ungenial spring told on her whole frame and spirits. Alda's talk, when good-humoured, opened such vistas of brightness, amusement, conversation, and above all of beautiful scenes, that they awoke longings and cravings that Cherry had hardly known before. The weariness of the grinding monotony of home seemed to have infected her. She knew it for discontent, and was the more miserable over her want of power to control it, because of the terror that hung over her lest repinings might bring on them all the judicial punishment of a terrible break-up of the home she loved, even while the tedium of the daily round oppressed her. Alternate plaintiveness and weary sharpness of course aggravated both Alda and Bernard, and they knew nothing of the repentant wretchedness that rather weakened than strengthened her.

Little Stella's unfailing docility and sweetness were her great solace. Even Alda was exceedingly fond of Stella, and would have spoilt her if the child had not been singularly firm in her intense love and loyalty to the heads of the family. Angel and Bear were too rough for her, and alarmed her sense of duty; but Lance was her hero; and the happiest moments of those holidays were spent in a certain loft above a warehouse in the court of the printing-office, only attainable by a long ladder. Here, secure that none but favoured ears could hear, Lance practised on his beloved violin, at every hour he could steal, emulating too often Mother Hubbard's dog 'fiddling to mice,' but his audience often including his three younger sisters. He had had scarcely any hints, but his was the nature that could pick music out of anything; and Angela, much more than Robin, was ecstatic in all that concerned the sixth sense, and watched and criticised with rapture, wanted to learn, and pouted at being told it was not fit for a woman. Among those stacks of paper in the dusty loft, with the stamp and thud of the press close at hand, it was possible to forget, in creating sounds and longing to fulfil the dream of the spirit, that Alda was exacting and trying, Wilmet blind to the annoyances she caused, Cherry striving hard, and not always successfully,

with the fretfulness of anxiety, and Felix—they durst not think in what state. That loft and that violin made their fairy-land, and one that rendered it most unusually hard for Lance to learn his holiday task.

'I'll tell you what, Lance,' said Robina at last, when he had vainly been trying to repeat it to her, with his eye on a sheet of music all the time, 'you can't do two things at once. If I were you, I would lock up that violin till the summer examination is over.'

He turned on her quite angrily. 'Very fine talking! Lock up all the pleasure I have in life! Thank you!'

'I'm quite sure you'll never get the exhibition if you have your head in this.'

'I sha'n't get the exhibition any way.'

'But if you do your utmost for it?'

'I shall do my utmost!'

'You can't if you have these tunes always running in your head, and are always wild to be picking them out.'

'Well, Robin, I sometimes think I should do more good with music than anything else.'

'Maybe,' said Robina, a sensible little woman; 'but you'll do no good by half and half. If you don't do well in the examination, Felix will be horribly vexed, and you'll always hate the thought of it.'

'I tell you I shall be as dull as ditch-water, and as stupid as Shapcote, if I don't have any pleasure.'

'I only don't want you to be stupider.'

Lance chucked up a pen-wiper and caught it.

'The fact is,' said Robina, 'all we've got to do is our best. If we don't, it is wrong in us, and it makes us more a weight on Felix; and I think it is our real duty to keep everything out of the way that hinders us, if it is ever so nice.'

'Is that Cock Robin, or Parson Rook with his little book?' said Lance, throwing the pen-wiper in her face.

But the week after, when Robina was at school again, she was called to receive a letter which had something hard in it.

'Did you leave a key behind you?' she was asked a little suspiciously, for there was nothing about it in the brief note.

'No, Miss Fennimore; but my brother has sent it to me to keep for him. It is the key of his violin-case, and he is not going to touch it till he is past his examination.'

From that time Miss Fennimore entertained a better opinion of Robina Underwood; but little recked Robina. She only felt secure that after this act of heroism Lance could not but gain the exhibition.

(To be continued.)

DOMINIE FREYLINGHAUSEN.

BY FLORENCE WILFORD.

CHAPTER IV.

'THE birds! the birds! the birds! the birds! the birds!'

It was Evert's voice rising in rapid crescendo as he thumped at each bed-room door in turn, and roused up the sleepers; and as this was in the earliest dawn of the morning after the berry-picking, and most of the young people were very tired, from some of the rooms issued only dissatisfied grunts, and sleepy inquiries, 'What did you say?'

'The birds! the pigeons!' reiterated Evert in the passage.

Then there came a delighted 'Oh!' from the younger boys, and a sound as if they were all jumping out of bed at once; and Franzje's sweet clear voice was heard, 'I'll be down as quick as possible, and see to breakfast for you, Evert; don't let Mother hurry herself; are the maids up?' Whereupon Evert rejoined that breakfast was of no consequence at all, and he was going to see after the guns.

Franzje thought it was of consequence, at least that it would be better for the boys to have some warm chocolate and cakes to begin the day upon; so she called her own especial slave, Maria—who slept in a room adjoining, and was almost more a friend and companion than a servant—and made her own toilette very speedily.

All gradually became bustle and excitement in the street—men and boys rushing along with guns, women and girls running after them with provisions, or with ammunition forgotten by them in their excitement; and patches of the sky overhead were dark with birds sailing southwards to their winter quarters. Franzje ran singing down-stairs, and found the cook coaxing the kettle to boil in the kitchen, and Maria hastily laying out the breakfast in the parlour. Evert sat on one of the deep window-seats, cleaning a gun; and a negro lad was standing beside him, filling some little bags with shot.

'I wish those boys would come!' he exclaimed, as his sister entered; 'Killian's off already. I fancy he was the first in the town to see the birds; you know what a way he has of getting up before dawn, as if it were never possible to be at work too early. He came and threw a stone up at my window to wake me, that was how I knew.'

'I wonder if the Bankers know,' said Franzje, beginning to butter cakes for the brothers as she spoke.

'I dare say they do; I hope Cornelius will come with us, but as for that lazy Mr. Vivian, they won't get him out yet awhile, he never comes down till nine whatever's on foot; though, to be sure, the birds are something out of the common way.'

'To us,' said Franzje. 'Evert, I am beginning to think that our excitements may seem small to other people.'

'Well, I dare say pigeon shooting might not seem much to the excitement of war,' pondered Evert reflectively; 'but I am not sure that Mr. Vivian has ever been in a battle yet. I'll ask him next time I see him.'

'But without battles, I think there must be things in Europe, things we never heard of,'—she was thinking of what the adjutant had told her of the delights of the stage—'which make life different somehow there from here. I know some of us seem ignorant to Aunt Schuyler even, because she has been more about in the world; so what must we seem to—'

She left her sentence unfinished.

'The Dominie, do you mean?' said Evert rather mischievously; 'it must have been a change to him, coming here from Holland; but I never heard him find any fault with the place.'

'Ah yes, the Dominie has been in Europe too, of course—I forgot that,' rejoined Franzje, with a sudden start; 'and yet he seems quite one of us in some ways, though so above us in others. I never feel—'

'Is breakfast ready yet?' interrupted Evert, with all the natural indifference of a brother to a sister's sentiments. 'I shall not wait for those youngsters if they—oh, here's Jan!'

Yes, Jan and the chocolate came in together, and Franzje put aside her perplexities and hastened to pour it out. New thoughts were stirring in her mind, a new influence had come into her life, but the dear old simple home duties had the strongest claim of all.

'Maaike, I should like to kiss you, you have been so quick,' she said gaily.

Whereupon 'Maaike'—otherwise Maria—grinned from ear to ear, and with a modest 'Cooky, she done the most, Ma'mselle Franzje; and Dinah, she down-stairs now,' rushed away to give the younger boys a call.

They soon came clustering in, and quite rivalled Americans of the present day in the speed with which they despatched their breakfast, though before it was ended the father and mother appeared, looking as neat and precise and un-hurried as if breakfast had only been at the usual hour.

'So thou'rt down with the first, my queen,' said M. Ryckman, kissing his tall daughter fondly, 'not too tired with the day on the hills?'

'I haven't had time to think whether I was tired or not,' she said, laughing; 'it is rather nice to be made to get up early, it gives one such a famous long day.'

'You'll come out and see the fun, Franzje,' said Jan, jumping up.

'Franzje has her home duties,' put in the mother gently.

'Lots of time for them after ten o'clock,' he rejoined, 'and the birds will all be gone by that time.—Do come, Franzje.—Hurrah! we're off!' And with a shout of ecstacy the whole troop of boys rushed out of the house and away to their sport.

'I think I'll take some chocolate up to Uncle Jan,' said Franzje, when

they were gone; 'he will not think of being down yet awhile, though I dare say he was up before any of us.'

'And then shall you go out?' said the mother, who, following the easy discipline common in Albany, had no intention of insisting upon those home duties she had spoken of.

Franzje's bright eyes turned a little longingly to the bustling street, where a company of young girls, attended by their slaves, were just hurrying past. 'No,' she said slowly, 'I don't think I shall; I have some reading to do up-stairs till you are ready for me, Mother. Please let Maaike go out a bit if she likes; she has been as busy as a bee this morning.'

Then she turned and went up to her uncle's room, taking a little breakfast-tray with her. Her tap was answered by a ready 'Come in;' and when she entered, she found the old man seated at his table, with the large Bible in which he read so constantly open before him. He scarcely ever made his appearance down-stairs till dinner-time, and seldom admitted anyone to his room but Franzje and an old negro who each morning became a sort of amateur housemaid for his benefit, though usually employed in the garden.

The room was almost destitute of furniture; besides the table, there was a grand old carved bed-stead—the pride of the family—the chair he was sitting on, some simple necessaries of the toilette, but nothing more. Franzje, when she had set down the tray, perched herself on one corner of the table, and sat waiting till her uncle should close his book and speak to her, or rather should look as if he were ready to be spoken to, which at present he did not.

For some minutes she sat there with her head drooped thoughtfully, struck by the contrast of the busy life in the street and the quiet seclusion that prevailed in this room; and pondering, as she had often pondered before, on the calm, monotonous, unruffled, existence led by her great-uncle and many of the old people in the town. Would her merry young brothers, would Killian, would the Dominie even, ever settle down into an old age so utterly calm as this—in which all emotion seemed past, all interest in the outer world gone by, in which there was strictness without asceticism, days methodically portioned out though with no written rule to appeal to, devotion without fervour, the life of a mystic without its enthusiasm?

She could understand a repressed life, a strong nature kept under with a strong hand—even without catholic teaching she had grasped something of the catholic theory of self-subjection; but a dead calm, a piety so tame that it was almost commonplace—something in her revolted from that. Quietly as she sat there, her heart seemed to throb like a wild thing in her breast at the mere notion of ever settling down to that contentedly. 'It is because I am not good,' she said to herself; for her ideal of goodness was a Dutch ideal—very orderly, very prosaic, rather stupid. She had quite a reverence for people who could sit

with their hands before them, and speak in a measured tone, and read so many chapters, and say so many prayers, by clock-work, as it were; the stolidity which she saw around her, and which she did not possess, seemed to her a kind of *merit;* it was unnatural to have those reachings forth of the soul towards a different state of things which she felt in herself; goodness meant, above all things, contentment, simplicity of mind, well-regulated feelings, a certain dullness, perhaps—bah! how she hated it! ah! how wicked she was! She rose with a kind of shudder at herself; and as she did so, the old man closed his book and looked up at her, though without opening his lips.

'I want you to lend me the great commentary, Uncle, if you are not going to use it,' she said; 'I have a little time to myself now, being up so early, and I want to read a bit till Mother is ready for me. I had just got to the part last time where Moses looks at the Promised Land but must not go over into it; and I want to see what they say about it. Uncle, don't you think Moses must have *longed* to go? Why didn't God let him, I wonder?'

'We need not seek to inquire, my child,' said the old man slowly; 'it was the Almighty's Will.'

'Oh, I know, and I know His Will is always best; but, Uncle, don't you ever want to know *why* such and such things are His Will? I know we must submit, whether we understand or no; but don't you think He *means* us to think over it, to learn to understand sometimes, that we may adore it all the more?'

The old man looked troubled, as if he thought she were trying to lead him out of his depth. 'You had better ask the Dominie,' he said.

'Uncle, I think if the Dominie had been Moses, he would have broken his heart with longing to see the people safe in the Promised Land before God called him away.'

'He was going to a better Canaan, that is an heavenly,' said the old man in his deep low voice; 'he had no need to long for the earthly.'

'Not for himself, but his people—the people that were always going wrong, that he had had to bear with so patiently through all that weary wilderness—if he could only have seen them safe there—'

'He left them to God,' said the recluse quietly; 'they were God's people even more than his.'

Franzje's eyes caught the deep beautiful look of an adoring saint in one of Fra Angelico's pictures. She folded her hands together on the table, and seemed to gaze out far away. 'I see,' she said, 'he loved them, but God loved them better still; the poor foolish wilful people that were so hard to guide were God's own people. Ah! he could trust them to God, as you say; that must have made his heart calm again. Uncle, I am glad you made me think of that.'

'Do not forget it, child,' said Jan Ryckman, with more animation in his manner than Franzje had ever seen in it before; 'and what is more, pray that our young Dominie'—the elderly minister really seemed young

to this patriarch—'may not forget it either; he will always have his flock to serve God *his* way, and I don't say but what it is a right way, but yet there may be more ways than one of serving God; and I think we may trust Him to know best how to guide His own people. There have been many, who in making God's cause theirs have sometimes forgotten that their cause might not be always God's. It seems to me our Dominie is one of them.'

'He is very good, though,' said Franzje a little reproachfully, still looking out into the far distance, searching into this new problem which was being set before her.

'Truly he is,' assented the old man heartily; 'but this mistake that I spoke of, my child, is especially a *good man's* mistake.'

She did not attempt to gainsay it; he was speaking out of his experience, and experience carries a weight with it beneath which young people, if they are thoughtful, instinctively bow. The silent secluded life of the old man did not seem to Franzje so dreary, so vapid, as it had appeared a few minutes ago; he had learnt wisdom, as it seemed, in this stillness; and child as she was almost, it seemed to her that for wisdom's sake much might be foregone.

She kissed one of the wrinkled old hands, and said tenderly, 'Now, dear Uncle, drink the chocolate, and let me sit close by thee on this little stool and read the Commentary. I can be quieter here than anywhere.'

He made no objection; so she took down the great folio from the shelf, and was soon absorbed in it—her ears covered with her hands, that the gay sounds in the streets might not distract her.

Her uncle sipped his chocolate and watched her attentively; a girl who could sit down to study at seven o'clock in the morning seemed to him rather an anomaly; he was inclined to look upon the intellectual training which the Dominie bestowed upon his niece as a new-fangled notion, which was not likely to come to good; but he could tolerate what he thought a mistake much more easily than the Dominie could have done in his place. 'It may be all right,' he said; 'the girl's a good girl, and the Dominie is a good man and would not wilfully mislead her, and they are both in God's Hand—God's Hand—and they will be guided safe.'

No Quietist of the seventeenth century ever stilled himself into a simpler serenity, a more tranquil faith, than this old Dutch recluse; though it is well, perhaps, for the mission work of the world, that hearts are found with as firm a trust, as wide a charity, but with greater zeal.

Zeal without love! ah, the mischief it has worked, ah, the rents that have divided Christendom! but love without zeal! ah, the failure, and the loss, and the terrible ranks of heathenism that might have been won to Christ and are not!

Franzje read on for a good while in silence, then suddenly closed the book, and sprang up in her bright youthfulness ready for the work-a-day world. 'Now for Mother and the preserving,' she said cheerily; 'we

brought home *such* baskets of berries yesterday, Uncle; our company picked more than any.'

'So this is your way, my child,' said the patriarch; 'you read good books, and then you rush away and forget them; it is by meditating on what we read that we really learn.'

'I do not quite forget,' she said, blushing; 'it all gets worked up into my life somehow; it is not good for me to think too much, it gives me a pain in my head.'

The old man smiled, and let her go without more remonstrance.

About ten o'clock the boys came rushing back with their spoil; and for the next few days, roast pigeons, stewed pigeons, pigeon pies, and even pigeon soup, were the order of the day. It was much the same thing in other houses; and some of the dainty English officers grumbled to each other at the monotony of the fare, and wished, with all the energy of philanthropists, that the pigeons were safe in the myrtle groves of sunny Florida, instead of having been slaughtered for their benefit.

The following week flocks of wild ducks passed over the town in the same way, and again a gun was in the hands of every man and boy, and the same excitement prevailed. It was 'more slaughter than sport,' and the young Englishmen rather despised it on that account; but wild ducks being somewhat nobler game than pigeons, the lazy Mr. Vyvian did bestir himself a little on this occasion, and was rewarded by Cornelia's rather loudly expressed admiration of his unerring skill as a marksman.

It was a stirring scene: the common just outside the town was alive with people—white men and red, great big lads and small sturdy boys in jackets, young girls fair and rosy, and stout negresses armed with huge baskets wherein to collect the game—all mingled together in confused motley groups, surrounded by a band of bewildered cattle, (this being the usual pasture of each family's cows,) who felt obliged to pause in their grazing and ruminating, to add their bellowings to the general confusion, and wonder what especial form of madness had taken possession of their owners. Beyond flowed the stately waters of the Hudson, broad and bright—a sort of Rubicon to the poor winged fugitives, who, when once across that, might feel themselves free and safe; and above was the blue sky, clouded as it were by a storm of birds, sweeping on in great compact masses, too often broken by the shots of their enemies below, and adding by the flutter of their wings to the strange medley of sounds which was filling the air.

Mr. Vyvian, even in this mêlée, thought of Franzje, and on meeting young Jan Ryckman, who was re-loading at the moment, and so had leisure for speech, asked him why his sister was not there.

'Oh, I don't know,' said Jan rather surlily, 'she is getting quite a stay-at-home; and besides, she never did care for the shooting much, she is so fond of birds and creatures of all sorts.'

'No marvel then this wholesale murder is not much to her taste. I

wonder your Dominie does not deliver a discourse on cruelty to the brute creation.'

'Cruelty! where's the cruelty?' said Jan astonished; 'we do it every year.'

'Does that make it any better?' asked the adjutant drily, as he took another of his deliberate and invariably successful aims.

He was inclined always to do at Rome as the Romans did, and yet to reserve to himself the right of criticising the Romans' customs.

A little later in the day, when the hubbub had subsided, Franzje and Maria, each with a small basket on the arm, were walking up the street past the Dutch church and the Dominie's house, when the Dominie himself came out and stopped them.

'Franzje, I want you just to look with what a prodigality of good nature my wants have been anticipated this morning,' he said, with a pleasant inflection of amusement in his usual grave tones. 'I can live upon salted wild duck for the whole winter if I choose, and yet have plenty to give away if I can find anyone that wants them.'

He led the way through the hall, not into the accustomed sitting-room, where any of his flock who wished to speak with him could always find audience, but into the kitchen, where—piled on the table, on the chairs, even on the dresser with its grand array of Dutch crockery, and hung from hooks upon the wall—were wild ducks innumerable, poor pretty dead things! whose travels had been stopped prematurely.

'You come look at larder, Ma'mselle Ryckman; dat cram full of pigeon,' said the Dominie's black cook, shewing all her white teeth in a grin of delight; 'people love Massa well, me tell him; don't let him want for anyting to eat—eh? Your broder brought some, dat dey did—see, dem by de fire-place; dey been well brought down, not riddled wid shot like some of de poor tings.'

Franzje shuddered, and the Dominie looked grave and rather disgusted; he had accepted this annual sport as one of the customs of the place, and though of course he had never himself joined in it, had always been rather amused and pleased by the eagerness of his people to share its results with him; but old Dinah's words associated a thought of suffering with the poor feathered victims, and his appetite for wild ducks seemed to desert him on the spot. Like Franzje, he was sensitive to the pain of all dumb creatures, though he never sentimentalized over it as people sometimes do now-a-days.

'It is rather as if I had brought you to look at a battle-field,' he said half apologetically to his young visitor. 'But I wanted to ask you if you are any of you likely to be driving out this afternoon. Everyone in Albany is sure to be well supplied; but I thought the Bleckers and some of the other wood settlers might be glad of some of these birds.'

'Mother did talk of our taking some to the Renselaers—not that they want for anything, but rather as a compliment, you know; we could

drive on to the woods afterwards if you want some of these taken there, or'—rather timidly—'would you like to come with us, Sir?'

The Dominie began to consider of his engagements. 'The Elders are to come to me at two, and consult about the repairs of the church roof; and then I was thinking of going to read to old Vrow Dorkman—she will be expecting me; but still I do want to see the Padroon, and pay a pastoral visit to the Wendels and the Bleckers, so perhaps, my child, it might be as well to accept your offer.'

'Ma'mselle Franzje,' whispered Maria, pulling her young mistress's sleeve, 'if Dominie liked, you might take tea out and have it in the woods, and then you need not start too early.'—*Too* being used by the negroes in the sense of *very*.

Franzje rather shyly repeated the suggestion aloud, adding, 'And we are just going to Vrow Dorkman's with some preserves, so we could take her a message from you if you liked, Sir.'

'You are smoothing all my difficulties,' he said pleasantly. 'Yes, you shall tell her my plan for this afternoon, and that I will visit her to-morrow instead. If you have time, you might stay and read to her a little yourself.'

It was not a task which Franzje much enjoyed, as the old woman was very deaf, and it required the utmost exertion to make her hear reading at all; but still she assented very readily. She was always willing to do a kindness to anybody, and moreover the Dominie's suggestions were equivalent to commands.

They had come out into the hall as they talked, and glancing through the open door of the study, the Dominie asked Franzje if she wanted any more books.

'No, thank you; I am reading Uncle Jan's big commentary now.'

'Can you follow it at all?'

'Not when it quotes Latin and Greek,' she said, looking up at him with a bright smile, afraid of the presumption of affirming that she could pretty fairly in other respects; 'but I like it very much, only—'

'Only what?'

'The people don't seem so real in it as they do in the Bible itself; when I read it I don't feel so much as if they really lived.'

'That may be more your fault than the commentator's,' he said drily.

'Yes,' she said thoughtfully, with slow but not unwilling candour; and then they shook hands, and the two girls pursued their way.

'Oh, Ma'mselle Franzje,' said Maaike, who had felt the last little rebuff for Franzje more than she did for herself, 'me glad me not born in *dat* house. Dominie bery good man, bery; Dinah, she pretty good woman; but dull, bery dull, both—house dull altogeder.'

Franzje smiled, and looked back at the house—a tall, square, stiff, bit of masonry, its front a little redeemed from bareness by the tree overshadowing the porch; not an unapt type of the Dominie himself—grave and rigid, and uncompromising even to sternness, yet with a

redeeming touch of feeling and of kindliness which was as refreshing to the heart as his linden tree to the eye.

'I like the house, and I like Dinah,' she said. She did not add 'And I like the Dominie;' but after a pause she continued, 'Maaike, if I were in any trouble I think I should run straight there.'

(*To be continued.*)

ENGLISH LINKS OF FOREIGN FORGING;

OR,

'THE LADY WITH THE LONG NOSE.'

(A TALE OF CONTINENTAL TRAVEL.)

BY A. F. FRERE,

AUTHOR OF 'WONDER-CASTLE;' 'THE THREE SONS-IN-LAW,' ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

THE Nevilles' plan for spending a few days among the grand beauties of Grindelwald scenery, received, at the last, an agreeable addition. Mabel West, who had at first resisted all incitements to leaving Mrs. Fulham, becoming now convinced of her perfect comfort at the friendly Pension, at length yielded to the entreaties of her friends, and prepared to start, as Ida called it, 'on a carpet-bag,' and at two days notice, for the mountain region.

The idea was somewhat startling to some of the party—not on the ground of propriety, for Miss West was well known to be engaged to a Fellow of Trinity, and Hugh's escort was all that could be desired for both young ladies; but Tofts disapproved of such sudden proceedings, and the bugbear of the washing loomed larger than ever before her vision.

'I don't say but what it *might* be managed,' was her greatest stretch of complaisance; 'only if you'd please tell me, Miss Neville, *how* long you mean for to stay up o' them high-up places, so as I could get the washer-*in*, as they call her, to come up here such time as you return.'

'As long as the mountains want us, and Mrs. Fulham doesn't,' said Ida mischievously. 'Oh yes, Mabel, take things enough for a week, and we shall manage somehow.'

Tofts edged up to the two girls: she evidently had something on her mind. 'I beg pardon, Miss Neville, but I *do* hope you're not coming to be like them German ladies. Why, do you know, Mum, one of their maids says to me, "It's only you English," says she, "that vants alvays to be vashed: *we*, no, never!" Think of that, Mum!'

Ida burst out laughing. 'Oh, my good Toffy, you don't know that German and Swiss ladies have things by hundreds that *we* have by dozens or less: even a maid-servant would think herself shabby without twenty of everything. So they have a great wash only twice or thrice in the year.'

'Not a *nice* plan,' said Mabel.

'No, *I* should not like it, but it is one way of having clean linen, which I'm afraid Mrs. Tofts gave them no credit for.'

'Well, they must pay a pretty penny for their boxes, anyhow,' said Tofts, a little relieved; 'and anything like that Catshin's *coffer*, as she calls it, I never did see, not to go out to the colonies!'

It was a lovely morning when the travellers left Thun, and the fresh air on the steamer was exchanged for stifling heat as soon as they entered Interlaken. They dined at one of the hotels, and sat afterwards on its verandah, amused by the mixed crowd who passed by—smart promenaders sweeping the road like fan-tailed pigeons, contrasted with ardent half-burnt mountaineers in something like Bloomer costume, all over leather straps, tin boxes, sketch-books, and drinking-gourds; some of these last had rushed in to the table d'hôte, all jaded, dusty, and crumpled, much to the disgust of the German ladies, who, as usual, had 'dressed' scrupulously for the early dinner.

'Hurrah for Grindelwald!' exclaimed Hugh, as he handed his two companions into their carriage. 'There is a great deal too much humanity here—London come out for an airing, and leaving *us* no air to breathe!'

It was a relief to turn from the hot alleys of the fashionable watering place into a deep valley, where the rushing Lutschine torrent sent up a delicious breeze that told of its glacier origin. As they drove up higher, a strong but warm wind began to blow, and the atmosphere was filled with a kind of mist resembling spray.

'It is the *Föhn*, or south wind,' said the driver, 'and will change the weather.'

'The Föhn, I fear, has always a stormy character,' said Hugh. 'It was that which almost wrecked Gessler's boat on the Lake of Lucerne—if, indeed, there ever were a Gessler, or a William Tell.'

'Surely *that* story is not done away with in these hard rational days!' exclaimed Mabel. 'Mrs. Colvin said her guide lately shewed her the stream in which Tell lost his life to save a drowning child.'

'The Swiss are so terribly sagacious and money-making,' replied Hugh; 'no legend that has charms for the British tourist would ever be allowed to perish.'

Mabel still looked dissatisfied; while Ida said, 'Well, at any rate, they make their country delightfully comfortable for us cockneys. It's very well for a strong man, with a knapsack on his back, to go after primitive simplicity; *I* am humbly thankful for an organization that ensures one eatable dinners, and a certain amount of bedding, mules *à discretion* to go up everywhere, and guides who know the names of the peaks.'

'Or invent them,' suggested her brother. 'Ask a peasant who is *not* paid for picturesque lore, and you'll soon find, without a spur to topographical accuracy, he won't know the Schreekhorn from the Titlis.'

'One would think you utterly *blasé*, Mr. Neville,' retorted Mabel; 'but you *do* enjoy the Alps nevertheless.'

'We have our eyes left—thank Heaven!' said Hugh. 'They can't make us all stare through coloured spectacles at a franc a pair, though they do shew live chamois in huts at so much a head, and light up their waterfalls with theatrical green and red fires. Never was a country so ruinously *exploité!*'

'You are too provoking,' said Ida. 'It is time we were getting to the comforts of Grindelwald, which Mabel and I shall not despise, whatever *you* do.'

'Don't raise your expectations too high, Miss West,' rejoined Hugh. 'From the glimpse we had of the place two years ago, a couple of hard straw chairs and one *quasi*-easy, a chest-of-drawers and a looking-glass suspended over it, I take to be about Grindelwald mark.—And I've a notion,' he suddenly added, for they were just driving up to the hotel, 'that we shall only get the leavings anyhow: there is an ominous look of "*alles besetzt*" about those stolid faces at the door.'

'Lucky I wrote four days ago,' said Ida, as the carriage drew up, and the landlord civilly but dubiously asked if this was a part of the *grande famille Anglaise* who had telegraphed from Meyringen?

'No—the party who had written last week from Thun.'

There was evidently a confusion. No such letter had been received, only a *dépêche* yesterday ordering beds for two ladies. As this was a supplementary telegram on Mabel's behalf, Hugh's needs were altogether ignored, and the three fumed and fretted vehemently over the delinquencies of Swiss cross-posts, which had nothing of post but the 'cross,' —a bad specimen, as Mabel declared, of that admirable organization so recently descanted on by her friends!

However, there *was* a '*chambre à deux lits reservée pour ces dames*,' and much credit the host took to himself for having kept it in the whirl of 'unprecedented demand;' 'something too could be contrived for Monsieur, if, as was probable, the *grande famille* who had engaged ten beds should *not* all arrive to-day; to-morrow several rooms would be vacated, but to-night every place was full,' he asserted, as Hugh talked of trying another hotel; and the young ladies stood distracted between these prosaic difficulties and the magnificent view of the Wetterhorn backing the inn.

At this juncture a second travelling carriage, followed by a luggage car, was seen winding up the approach. This would settle the question, for presently from the former vehicle emerged four persons, of whom two were unmistakeably ladies' maids, with an English valet and a foreign courier; while the cart slowly disgorged a series of huge boxes, inscribed

in three-inch letters of white paint, with the name of 'Sir Charles Milman, Bart.'

'There, Mabel!' exclaimed her friend, 'at least we've brought you among proper people this time, who send up their style and title as well as their trunks before them. What a pity Mrs. Fulham isn't here!'

The courier had meanwhile explained that 'his family' were riding over the Scheideck, and would only arrive next day. Thus the way was cleared for Mr. Neville's temporary accommodation; while the two young ladies were conducted to the double room, which, although by no means what they preferred, must be thankfully accepted. On the stairs, however, Ida was called back to settle some question about horses for the morrow. Mounting again a few minutes after, she found Mabel sitting all in a heap, the picture of despair, on the bare boards of a chamber not too spacious or well-furnished for *one* occupant; the wide-mouthed Swiss maiden standing beside, much perplexed at the efforts the Fräulein was making, in broken but classical German, to express her sentiments.

'O Ida, here you are!' cried Mabel, greatly relieved to subside into her own language. 'How *are* we to do with such a cupboard of a room, and not a place to put anything in!'

Ida looked round. There were two small beds, and tripods of minute washing crockery; a few inches of looking-glass high up in a dark corner, one straw chair, one peg on the door; and that was all. 'It *is* bad,' she said, 'we really must make an appeal;' and she glanced round for the *Stubemädchen*, who, however, had seized the opportunity to escape from fruitless entreaties.

'Not a drawer!' exclaimed the fastidious Mabel; 'and how to unpack one's things it is beyond me to conceive. I suppose *you* are used to it!'

'Well, yes—on mountain tops: but Grindelwald has certain pretensions.'

'Where is one to sit?'

'On the chair by turns, I suppose, till that gets full; and then on our beds. Really I begin to regret I did not let you bring your box, Mabel; it would have been luxury for a table or a seat. Suppose we borrow one of those big Baronet-Milman chests just to set our brushes on.'

'So these,' said Mabel, 'are the luxuries of a highly-developed country!'

'You see,' said Ida cheerily, 'the theory here is, travellers arrive dead tired off a mountain, throw their macintosh over the peg, stick their alpenstock in one corner, their umbrella in another, and themselves into bed—to be half way up another mountain by sunrise next day. We, who can't rival their agility, must at least emulate their fortitude; so "*all' opra, orsù*," as they sing in Italian operas—and *don't* do anything!'

So saying, Ida began vigorously to unpack, guiding Mabel in the like process, and by dint of a certain experienced perception, making a 'best'

that could hardly have been imagined of their narrow circumstances. Just as all was done that could be done, came a tap at the door, and Hugh's voice asking if they would come for a walk.

'I think we'd better,' said Ida, 'as there is nowhere left to sit down. I mean to "strike" for a decent room to-morrow! Poor Mabel, deluded by us!'

But Miss West laughed, and declared she should soon get seasoned, and worse things might be endured among such mountain scenes; and so they strolled round, just tasting the almost terrific grandeur of that semi-circle of snow-topped, glacier-riven Alps, that stand round Grindelwald with mighty shoulders of rock, dwarfing human life to a strange consciousness of pettiness and fragility.

At supper they recollected to look round for the owner of the knife, but no lady present at all answered Mrs. Colvin's description. Noses decidedly ran *short* among the party, and no particularly attractive elements made up for the poverty of that feature; so the two girls retired early, to get through the problem of bestowing themselves and their clothes for the night.

The morning proved too cloudy for their contemplated excursion; but, luckily, some traveller departed. Hugh acquired a more permanent room, and Miss West was asked whether, in the bareness of the Adler's accommodation, a week's stay—on the prudent view of securing *pension* terms—was more than she could undertake with satisfaction.

'I'll answer for our finding plenty to see and do, if we have but fine weather,' said Ida.

Hugh looked dubiously at the sky. 'Fine weather; that is *the* thing all our comfort depends on. One may be perfectly happy here with *that*.'

'And—and a chest-of-drawers,' pleaded Mabel the fastidious. 'I don't think I can quite promise contentment till *that* is secured: then I am more than willing to stay.'

With good-humoured if somewhat amused sympathy for the friend less accustomed to roughing it in the ups and downs of travel, Ida went in search of the landlady, an Interlaken beauty in her maiden days, and still, for her nation, an unusually handsome woman. Madame deeply regretted she could not give the young ladies better accommodation; the *dépendance* in the garden, where *pension* guests were generally lodged, was quite full, the new *dépendance* would hardly be ready this season; it was impossible to *contenter tout le monde!* but the drawers they should have, if possible, that very day.

And an hour or two after, when the friends had come in from a walk, hopeful sounds were heard on the stairs—a bulky creaking article was being carried up by two servants: it *was* the desired piece of furniture! and Ida, opening the door wide to invite its entrance, smiled triumphantly at Mabel within.

'Are you,' asked one of the bearers, lifting up a dubious face, 'are you the *grosse Englische Familie?*'

Ida said 'No,' feeling that truth was sometimes dreadfully inconvenient.

'So!' responded the porter. 'This is for the great English family that arrived to-day.' And despite the imploring gestures of both young ladies, the precious chest-of-drawers was conveyed out of sight.

'Horrible people!' exclaimed Ida. 'But one can't wonder: a baronet—ten beds—pay hotel price, of course.'

'I *should* have liked the *quasi*-easy chair, too,' said Mabel ruefully; 'I confess I'm desperately tired after scrambling up the glacier.'

'Lie down, then, till dinner-time.'

'*Where*, my dear child? On my bed I can't see to do anything.'

Mabel's 'anything' meant, as her friend well knew, reading the somewhat cramped handwriting of the Rev. Ernest Wilton.

'Oh, where there is a *federbett*, and a wall to rest against, one need never want a couch,' said Ida, as she arranged one of the down quilts so common in German Switzerland on the floor, with a pillow raised at the head, and settled her friend upon it. 'That's one of my receipts for "comfort under difficulties," and a better use of a German bed than sleeping in it, *when* the floor is clean.'

So they chatted till the bell summoned them to the *salle-à-manger*, a long room with bare floor and wooden walls, and a peculiar capacity for noise. Most of the guests had assembled; but there remained, near the places assigned to the Neville party, a long line of vacant chairs, suggestive of the late distinguished arrivals. An impulse of general curiosity suspended spoons over soup-plates for an instant, as there entered an unmistakeable 'English family' of highly respectable type: a gentleman and a lady averaging some fifty years, and four younger ladies of a generation below—all neat and clean, though just off the mountains; all with smooth light-brown hair, wholesome fair complexions a little freckled, and all very much alike. As the meal proceeded, they shewed themselves reasonably sociable, talked the usual small-talk of the Oberland with their neighbours at table; and Ida, who sat nearest to them, was on the whole agreeably impressed by these formidable big-wigs.

'I think some of the daughters seem nice,' she began, after dinner was over, and she had got round to Hugh's side on the benches of the verandah.

'Speak generically,' said he; 'they are all cast in one mould; to individualize such a family is hopeless.'

'They are all dressed alike,' said Mabel.

'Unavoidably,' observed Hugh: 'they were cut out on one pattern, and what suits one suits all.'

'Now I hope you're not going to take a dislike to them,' cried his sister.

'By no means,' replied he drowsily; 'I should suppose them an utterly unobjectionable, unaffected, unobtrusive (can you think of any other *uns?*) family, and a perfectly safe acquaintance.'

'"Faultily faultless, icily perfect, splendidly null,"' quoted Mabel laughingly.

'Well, at any rate, Maud was *not* that after all!' exclaimed Ida, with some vehemence.

'Maud was *one*, my dear—an individual woman; I very much doubt whether even Maud, put in commission, or squared into eight sleeves and four petticoats, could have driven that unhappy young misanthrope mad.'

'I don't ask you to go mad about any of them, Hugh.'

'If I do, it will be collectively; *very* mad! What is the name of the family?'

'Milman, I believe; we saw it on their trunks.'

'Milmankind, that is the proper generic term,' said Hugh meditatively, as he sauntered into the house in quest of a newspaper.

Before he returned, a nearer view of the subjects of their conversation was afforded to Mabel and Ida; for out came all the Milman female corps, each with a work-box, and settled themselves round the other sides of the same large table. They certainly possessed one of those strong family physiognomies in which it requires much time and acquaintance to detect any individual variety. All had slight tall figures, with slender throats, well-formed shoulders, and short waists, small heads, and very small features packed tight in the middle of their faces. You could not say that any of them were pretty or ugly. Lady Milman was exactly like one of her daughters grown older; and they all wore a simple but expensive uniform of grey macintosh.

A little conversation had begun before Hugh re-appeared, and with one glance at the party, settled himself and his paper on a distant bench. To enter such a circle of petticoats was certainly somewhat alarming; but Ida could not long endure his banishment, and presently stole round to him, saying, 'Won't you come back? There is plenty of room.'

'Plenty of company, rather,' said he rather grimly. You have all Milmankind round your table.'

'Not all; the father is gone for a walk.'

'All Mil*woman*kind then. How does Mabel West get on with them?'

'Oh, very well; they are really pleasant in a quiet way.'

'Then stay with me a bit, little one,' said the brother; 'we'll enjoy our own dear two selves while we conscientiously may.'

Ida perched herself beside him, and read choice bits of Galignani, with familiar comments; but after a few minutes said, 'Now I must really go back; I promised to help the Miss Milmans in making out their panorama of the Oberland; and *you* know the mountains so much better than I do,' she added half reproachfully.

However crotchety in his likings, Hugh was a thorough gentleman, and he at once volunteered to go with his sister and expound the plan.

The ladies were grateful, civil, a little reserved, and by no means disposed to take too great advantage of Mr. Neville's good nature; and after a short desultory talk, the parties separated: our three friends strolling down the village in search of some picturesque châlets where Mabel might sketch and the others get a gossip with the peasants.

They had just found a charming group of bright-coloured wooden dwellings, surrounded by projecting galleries, from which hung festoons of various grasses and golden strings of Indian corn, when a procession of grey dresses came in sight, just rounding an angle of the village street, and Hugh suddenly perceived that some cottages in the opposite direction offered a far better picture. Mabel, however, was immoveable; she had got out her brushes, and measuring the proportions of the gables intently with her eye, was all unconscious of Hugh's 'superior attractions' or their cause, till she heard Ida exclaim, 'You are too ridiculous! If anyone had a right to be sulky, it was Mabel and I; for they took away our chest-of-drawers!'

'They have deprived *me* of a capital room,' murmured Hugh; 'my present quarters are nothing to it.'

'Now that *is* perversity and injustice! When you know quite well that it was only their goodness in sleeping up on the Faulhorn last night that gave you a bed at all!'

Hugh shrugged his shoulders. He was, in fact, out of sorts—vexed at the bad accommodation, and the ill-boding weather—and all far more on Miss West's and his sister's account than his own; but his spleen was apt to take circuitous ways of expression, and often vented itself in half-comic style upon some totally innocent object. Ida knew this, but she had a little love of teazing. However, she happily reminded herself that the best thing for the moment was to let 'Milwomankind' drop out of sight; as fortunately the grey gowns did in a literal sense, leaving the others to an undisturbed enjoyment of their châlets.

(To be continued.)

SEVEN PHASES OF AN AUTHOR.

IV.

A DINGY room, with dusty windows looking out into a narrow street in the smokiest part of the city of London. In this dreary apartment sat a gentleman, who seemed to be a publisher, judging by the piles of MSS. lying on his table, the heaped waste-paper basket at his side, and the acute harassed expression of his countenance. He was wading, or rather leaping, through a folio of closely written foolscap, now glancing over half a dozen pages with a half smile on his lips, now skipping

twenty more, then poring intently over some passage which struck him, and reading on more carefully. When he came to the end, he paused awhile in deliberative thought. Publication or rejection, ay or no, that was the question. 'The noes had it,' and after pencilling a few words on the cover, he was pushing aside the manuscript, when some one tapped at the door.

'A lady wishes to see you, Sir.—Can you see her?'

'Oh, show her in,' was the reply, with a look of annoyance; and muttering to himself, 'Some of the scribbling womankind, I suppose,' he assumed his most impenetrable business look. But this was quickly succeeded by a pleasant smile, as he arose and bowed to a lady-like interesting looking woman in deep mourning, who entered, and whose appearance and manner were totally different from what he had somehow expected. He offered her a seat, and after a short pause, inquired very courteously, 'To what am I indebted for the honour of this visit?'

'I came to enquire about a manuscript which I forwarded to you about a month ago.'

Re-appearance of the business face, as the publisher replied, 'May I ask under what name it was sent?'

'The *nom de plume* was Isolata, but it was accompanied by a note giving my name and address as Mrs. Temple, Dorset Terrace, Camden Town. Then, as there were reasons which made me anxious for as early an answer as possible, I thought it might expedite matters to call on you myself.'

A struggle between the business and courteous elements ensued, as the umpire thought within himself, 'I wish these women would not come in person, to drive one into a corner in this way; it isn't fair! How can I be such a brute as to bring a shade of disappointment on that touching face? But it must be done! I can't afford to undertake a bad bargain for the sake of a pretty widow.'

So he said, 'I have just been considering the manuscript, Mrs. Temple; and though there is much in it that is highly meritorious, I fear that it will not suit us to undertake its publication.'

The shade of disappointment did indeed cloud Helen's face, as she thought of her four children in a dreary lodging, with scarcely food enough to eat. The publisher actually felt a twinge, as she faltered, 'Am I to consider this verdict as final? Are there no circumstances under which you could be induced to accept my manuscript?'

Another conflict in Mr. Quille's mind. He bethought himself of a sleeping partner, who might be handsomely made to bear the onus of the refusal.

'I should be happy, I assure you, to oblige a lady; but I am responsible to my partner, who has desired me to decline all manuscripts that do not bear a well-known author's name.'

'Is it because my name is not well known in the literary world that you decline my story? Surely that is an unfair reason! No author

would have a chance of becoming known, if every publisher made that a condition.'

'That is indeed the reason. I grant you that it is hard, and this rule nips many an incipient genius in the bud; but then you see there is so much literary talent always springing up, that we can't afford to cultivate it. The market is already over-stocked, and people will not buy a new book unless it bears the guarantee of a favourite author's name.'

'I suppose that is the case,' answered Mrs. Temple, with a consciousness of having followed the same rule herself when she could afford to buy books. 'But I am not a young author, but have published a great deal of prose and poetry in leading magazines.'

'Indeed?' said Mr. Quille, with a look expressive of more interest. 'That alters the case. But I do not remember to have seen your name in print.'

'I first wrote under the signature of "Blummie;"—and my poems were signed "Eros,"' faltered Helen.

'Are you Eros, Ma'am?' said Mr. Quille, in great astonishment. 'I remember the poems perfectly; they made quite a stir at the time. But their style hardly accords with that of the present manuscript.'

'No, I fear not,' said Helen, blushing; 'but I have changed since then.'

'Almost a pity you have, as far as the pecuniary success of your writings is concerned.' Then, after a few moments thought, he continued: 'I should be happy to reconsider your tale, Mrs. Temple, if you would consent to have it published under your old *nom de plume*.'

A flush of hope, crossed by a look of pain, passed over the widow's face; then she answered, 'For many reasons, that would be most repugnant to my feelings. But I am in want of money—can you not name any other condition?'

The mention of want awoke different feelings in Mr. Quille's mind. His heart was touched by the appeal of this refined looking young woman, who looked born for luxury instead of poverty; he thought how the impetuous spirit of the poetess must have been tried before such a change was wrought, and he pitied her so that there came over his face the look that he wore in his own home—where, away from the struggles of business, his best nature had fair play. But now he was not at home—not the husband and father, but the man who had to make his way in the world. So, while his first impulse was of pity towards the poor young widow, his second was of concern for his own interests; and perceiving the little fact that Mrs. Temple was in want of money, it occurred to him that she might be willing to sell the manuscript at a price that would make its publication more than paying to the firm. He replied, 'Well, we will not insist on anything repugnant to your feelings, though of course it will be to our own disadvantage. And as it seems a matter of some consequence to you, I will consent to give five pounds for your story, if you will, while retaining your present *nom de plume*, allow me to add that you are the author of such and such poems and tales.'

'I suppose I must not object to the condition,' said the poor authoress, almost desperately. 'But the payment you mention is at a far lower rate than I have ever before received.'

'There was not so much competition a few years ago. We really could not, in justice to ourselves, give more for your manuscript. But should it succeed, we should be happy to give a higher price for any you might in future offer us.'

'Well then,' (thinking of the children once more,) 'circumstances make it worth my while to accept your offer, if—if—' She hesitated to say she was in immediate want of the money.

'If we could settle the matter at once,' finished Mr. Quille, catching her meaning. 'It is quite against our custom, but we will waive that to accommodate you, Mrs. Temple.'

With a shyness which shewed that her brother's prophecy had not been realized, Helen took the money, and bent her steps homewards. As she passed through the dreary streets, she thought over all the events which had brought her into this position of a poor author supplicating for money, and willing from dire necessity to accept any paltry sum that might be offered. Yet on looking back, the chain of events seemed wrought quite naturally.

When, after Captain Temple's death, her grief, tempered with soothing memories of the closing scene, had a little abated, she had begun to think of the future. The adjutant of the regiment kindly offered to help her look through the accounts, and was grieved to find that she had nothing but her pension to live on. This was not enough to maintain herself and family in India; but she thought that, once in England, she could make an independence by her pen. The children's health was beginning to be affected by the climate, but she had not the means of paying for the passage home. After a struggle with her horror of debt, she brought herself to ask the adjutant to lend the necessary funds, and allow her to repay him by degrees. This he readily agreed to; and ere long, she and her children were on their way to England, and reached London. Mrs. Temple found herself again in the scene of so much pleasure and misery, where, eight years before, she had been beloved and petted, and now had not a single friend. Her mother had been dead many years; her brother was in Australia, and she had an invincible repugnance to renewing her relations with her uncle, who had so disapproved of her marriage. Unaided, therefore, except by a friendly fellow-passenger, she procured cheap lodgings, and occupied them a month before her little Algie came into the world, to give her another object to love, and another mouth to feed.

However, Helen had written a story on the voyage, for which she hoped to receive a sum that would cover her immediate expenses. Her whole income was barely sufficient for the daily wants; but when each quarter, before spending a penny on family expenses, she sent off a large portion to India towards liquidating her debt, the remaining sum was

sadly inadequate. But she resolved to endure any privation, rather than fail in her agreement with the adjutant, who had lent her money he could ill spare.

Hitherto Helen's courage had been kept up by the hope of receiving a considerable sum for her story; but this day, as she walked home without her manuscript and with only five pounds for it in her pocket—only enough to pay the nurse and the rent—her heart failed her, and she put up an earnest prayer for help. Suddenly she bethought herself of the editor under whose auspices her first article had seen the light. She had not heard of him for eight years, and did not know whether the magazine still existed; but she went to his old address. Though not to be found there, she was directed to his private residence, and soon found herself face to face with Mr. Page, who seemed like an old friend, though she had never seen him before. His manner was urbane and encouraging; he entered into her history with much kindness, pitied the once bright girl whose articles had appeared in his magazine; and though he had withdrawn from editorship, offered her the only assistance in his power. The Literary Gatherer had long since been wound up, but he still possessed influence with the trade, and thought he might be able to procure the insertion of any papers written by his old contributor in her former vein. He proposed to give her two sovereigns each, for a series of short stories illustrative of Indian life. The sum was small, but the tales were not to exceed a few pages, and as he took all the risk of finding a market for them, the offer was generous and opportune. Helen accepted it gratefully, and returned home with a lightened heart, intending to begin that very night.

But in her absence, her eldest boy had had a severe fall; little Mary, who had been left in charge, had proved unequal to the emergency; the baby was screaming as if ready to break its heart, and Helen's domestic cares effectually banished all thoughts of authorship for that night.

Next morning, from the combined effect of her previous day's excitement and fatigue, poor Mrs. Temple felt quite worn out. The baby, completely upset, cried incessantly; Johnnie, suffering from the effects of his fall, was captious and quarrelsome with his sisters, so that the time and attention of the worried mother were constantly pre-occupied; in the evening, when the children were at last safely deposited in bed, she was so completely spent, that she fell asleep with her head on a sheet of foolscap, before even the idea of a title would come into her tired brain.

So it went on for a week, till a spur to her genius came in the shape of worn-out boots, a baker's bill, and a 'hint' from her landlady. To balance these was only an empty purse, and Helen had to draw out the solitary pound she had placed in the savings bank in case of emergency. So far all was straight, but what could be done next week, when no reserve fund could be drawn upon? She would not ask the butcher and baker to give credit, so starvation almost stared her in the face. 'I must—*must* begin my story to-night,' thought she, after having put the children to bed

earlier than usual, to secure a long quiet evening; 'but I have not an idea! cannot think of a plot, nor remember a scene worth describing! What has come to me, I wonder?'

She took out the still blank sheet of paper, and sat looking at it abstractedly—then dipped her pen in the ink. That was the first step, certainly; but unfortunately pens and ink do not produce a composition without some motive power.

'An Officer's Bungalow; or, Life on a Military Station. That will do for a title, I think.' So one step more was made; but a great deal of grass had time to grow before another was taken. Mossy memories sprang up on all sides, at that name—the ink dried in the pen while Helen's thoughts ran on the past, and scenes revived which had looked common-place enough at the time, but acquired a wondrous halo when viewed through the mist of distance, and contrasted with the present. When the author roused from her reverie, the time was far spent, the page was covered with white blisters instead of words, and her eyes felt sore and red. With much self-reproach, she again seized the quill, and wrote a very poor beginning—an account of their old home. However, bad or good, it must stand: and as no story would come, she continued the description, and gave an account of the bungalow's internal arrangements. Something—was it the wardrobe or boot-jack?—reminded her of poor little Mary's worn-out shoes, which were so bad that the child could not walk out in them. Then her thoughts naturally reverted to the Sunday dresses, and she began considering how two old frocks could by judicious contrivance be made into one new one; and how her winter cloak could be cut into a coat for Johnnie.

Nine o'clock struck, and recalled her to more literary work; and this time she set to it in real earnest, but still made no progress. Many and many a time in old days, the pen taken up for mere amusement could scarce run quickly enough to keep pace with the vivid thoughts that crowded into her brain. Now, alas, when ideas would have been bread, relief from care, almost riches, to her, they would not come. Ah, the hopelessness of striving to quicken imagination at the very point of starvation, and finding only barrenness within! of struggling to create an ideal sphere, and seeing naught but darkness and chaos! None know this anguish but the poor author, writing for daily bread, who when the over-wrought brain refuses to work, amid the distracting cares of human life, must look up from the white page, to the still whiter faces of hungry children, and feel that starvation, which, added to its present pang, will, in weakening the brain, dry up that mental well on which the poor writer's all depends. Oh, ye amateurs who write only when the inspiration comes to speed your lightly held pen, who fill up the intervals of a luxurious life with an art which will set you yet higher on the platform of social distinction—ye happy and ye sorrowful ones, who must talk to the world in print, just because the heart will speak out of its abundance to a wider sphere, and who need not the paltry

remuneration which is ofttimes life to your professional brother—ye know not these pangs! But Helen felt their touch as she sat in hopeless search for characters with which to people her bungalow, for incidents to awaken the reader's interest, and form the outline of the story. Impatiently, she muttered to herself, 'I will give up authorship, and gain my living by sewing. My hands are always fit for work, and could not fail me as utterly as my brain does. Any manual occupation would be preferable to this digging in a mine, not knowing whether there is gold in its depths or not—this striving to draw water from a well which is ever drying up. Were I a dress-maker or weaver, there would at least be tangible material to work with. But now I must strive to invent when no inventive power is in me, weave romances out of nothing, and comedies when my heart knows not even a smile. It is the most futile unsatisfactory drudgery of all! Had I a trade, I could work—work at all times; and if the produce of my craft brought in no bread for my children, at least I should have the satisfaction of feeling that I had filled up every interval of time with honest labour, instead of idly waiting for thoughts that will not come.'

It was the voice of the Israelite, because he had no straw wherewith to make his bricks. Helen understood the lesson of the sacred story now; then became suddenly conscious that she had neglected to ask the Lord for help. The worn boots, the bills, and her own inanity of mind, had once more caused her to forget that promise to her father; but now, with hands folded over that same sparsely covered page, she prayed humbly and sorrowfully for aid.

Was it only a coincidence, that, ere long, thoughts begun to arise and arrange themselves, a tender story of joy and sorrow flowed into her mind, and soon the sheet was filled with worthy words? She had just got into the full tide of power, and, in order to take full advantage of the moment, was determining to write on through the night, when a loud cry disturbed all her ideas and plans. Baby had awakened, and refused to remain quiet any longer unless nestled in the arms it knew so well. So the child of the brain had to be laid aside, while the mother cherished the babe of her heart.

But a real start had been made; and Helen could now work out the story in the few odd moments that could be spared from her more prosaic occupations. In another week, her first sketch of Indian life was finished and carried to kind Mr. Page. Different it was from the contributions received by him long ago from her hand; yet the same touch, the same feeling, might be traced, while an undertone of music breathed through the widow's sadder tale of life, scarcely found in the merry quips and novelettes of the girl author.

(To be continued.) AUSTRALIE.

A CONVERSATION ON SOME FAMILY TROUBLES.

IV.

'Come, girls,' said Alfred Mildmay, looking into the school-room one wet afternoon in September, 'don't sit moping here—come down into the hall and play bagatelle.'

'All right,' said Emily; and she and Maggie went down with their brother into the hall, where Fred was sitting over the comfortable wood-fire with a book.

'We are going to play bagatelle,' said Maggie; 'will you come, Fred?'

'No, thanks,' answered Fred; 'I have had exercise enough lately.'

'Oh, I did not know climbing mountains unfitted people for playing bagatelle,' said Maggie; 'but as you please: we had better play all against all as we are only three,' she added, helping her brother to set out the board.

'No Jane, of course,' said Alfred.

'No,' said Emily; 'really she gets worse and worse, shutting herself up and joining in nothing.'

'Yes,' said Alfred, 'and then expecting to be dragged to the front, as if one were going to take that trouble; I cannot think what is come to her, she never used to be like that.'

'I am sure she knows she is disagreeable,' said Emily; 'by the way she takes everything one says to herself; have not you noticed how touchy she is?'

'Yes,' said Maggie; 'and I know she thinks we are talking about her whenever she is out of the room, by the way she looks when she comes in again.'

'Suppose she should be indulging in such a flight of imagination now,' said Fred satirically.

'Well,' said Maggie, with some compunction, 'but we should not talk about her if she were pleasant, and like the rest of us; why does she keep so apart? I wonder if Papa and Mamma have noticed?'

'I am sure Mamma has,' said Emily; 'I dare say Papa has not, unless Mamma has told him.'

'Told him what?' said a voice behind her; and Mr. Mildmay laid his hand on her shoulder.

Emily started. 'O Papa, how did you come in?' she exclaimed.

'By the way I generally do, my dear,' answered her father. 'What were you talking about?'

Emily hesitated.

'About Jane, Papa,' said Maggie.

'About Jane! and what about Jane?'

'We were wondering what is the matter with her,' answered Emily.

'Why should anything be the matter?' said Mr. Mildmay; 'is she not well?'

'I don't know,' said Emily; 'she never does anything with us now.'

'And she is very cross,' continued Maggie.

'And very unhappy,' put in Fred.

Mr. Mildmay was silent. 'Where is she?' he said at length.

'Up-stairs, I suppose,' said Emily; 'but, Papa, please don't tell that we told you.'

Mr. Mildmay made no promises, and went up-stairs, leaving his auditors not a little alarmed at the effect of their words, and with a secret feeling that, after all, Jane might have something to say for herself, if the truth could be told.

Mr. Mildmay found his daughter in the school-room, reading. She looked up as he entered.

'O Papa, is it you?' she said. 'How wet it is!'

'Yes, very; why do not you go and play bagatelle with the others, instead of sitting in this hot room?'

'I can open the window, if you like,' said Jane, rising.

'Open the window, by all means,' said her father; 'but why do you sit here by yourself?'

'I was reading, Papa.'

'Yes—but they say you are always shutting yourself up.'

'Have they been complaining of me?' said Jane quickly, and getting very red.

'They say you never play with them; are you getting too old for such trifles, Jenny?' and Mr. Mildmay put his arm round his daughter's waist, and kissed her cheek.

Jane burst into tears. 'O Papa, I am going all wrong,' she said; 'I am sure they don't like it when I do join with them; they always seem to wish me away, so I have kept away, and now you say they complain of that; I do not know what to do, everything is so difficult and hard.'

'Poor child!' said her father tenderly; 'she is in the thick of the battle, and cannot see her way out again. Well, my girl, God help you! but keep a brave heart and a bright outside; I do not like to hear them say that my Jane is cross and unsociable.'

'Cross and unsociable!' so that was how they talked of her. Jane went to her room and cried—bitter, despairing tears. 'Oh,' she thought, 'if they only knew how desolate she felt; unsociable indeed! how could she be otherwise when they never seemed to want to have her with them? and as for being cross, she was too miserable to be cheerful. She was cheerful enough when with friends of her own who understood her, and she was sure they did not feel her company a restraint; but at home, somehow, she always felt unhappy. Was it always to be like this?' Jane saw no way of escape, yet she felt as if a continuance of her present life would be almost unbearable.

But by degrees her father's kindness and her father's words came into

her mind. She was fighting a battle indeed, but did she not rather suffer it to absorb her whole thoughts, than, as he said, 'keep a brave heart, and a bright outside?' Surely that would be the more noble plan, to fight her battle in silence and in secret, and give no token to the outward world. For a moment she felt quite inspirited; but as the details came before her, and she recollected in what the strife consisted, it seemed impossible: her struggles were caused by things without; how was she to hide them, and behave as if there were no struggle at all? She thought perhaps if she could talk to her father again he might help her; and she felt pretty sure that having once begun the subject he would not let it drop.

Two or three days, however, passed without an opportunity of renewing the conversation, during which there was a good deal of speculation among the children as to what might be the result of their disclosures; and it was no small relief to them, as the days went on, to find that no notice was to be taken. Mr. Mildmay was engaged all day at his office, and saw little of his children except on Sundays, and when they were all together in the evenings. On Sunday afternoon they generally took a family walk; but Mr. and Mrs. Mildmay were careful that there should be exceptions enough to this rule, to allow of its being deviated from at any time without exciting remarks, thinking that family habits of that kind were apt to become a burden if allowed to get too stereotyped. It was therefore no surprise to anyone, when Mr. Mildmay announced at dinner the next Sunday that he felt inclined for a quiet walk that afternoon, and asked Jane if she would go with him. She gladly consented, though not without some trepidation; but Mr. Mildmay never allowed time for suspense, and they had scarcely shut the house door when he drew her arm within his, and said, as if they had never dropped the subject, 'Now, my Jenny, let us talk over these troubles of yours, and see if we can find a reason and a remedy; what do they all come from?'

'My own fault, I know,' said Jane; 'and yet—'

'And yet you think other people must be a little in fault too, eh? and so I have no doubt they are; still, if it is true that they do not like having you with them, there must be some reason.'

'But you say they complain of my not being with them,' said Jane; 'you do not know how difficult it is, Papa.'

'Yes, I do, my love; and I think I can help you to a solution of the mystery. I do not wish to be harsh with you, but it is best to get to the bottom of things; and I think all your troubles arise from too much regard to self—from pride, in short.'

'O Papa, but I am always thinking whether what I do is what will please the others; I do not go on in this way to please myself,' said Jane hastily.

'No, my dear child, but you look upon everything with reference to yourself; and self always wears magnifying spectacles.'

'I don't think I understand,' said Jane.

'Well, suppose you are joining with the others in anything, is there not a lurking recollection that you are the eldest—do not you a little expect to be deferred to in that capacity? And if they refuse to see this, and treat you quite on an equality, can you bear it with perfect equanimity?'

Jane was silent.

'Or suppose they are sometimes cross, or find fault with your way of doing things; can you take it naturally and pleasantly? do not you rather resent it, and feel as if everything you do should be right?'

'Have they told you all this, Papa?' said Jane anxiously.

'No, my love,' answered her father, 'indeed they have not; twenty-one years observation of my Jane's character has told it me. But do not you see that all this would naturally, after some time, make an impression, and cause them to prefer being without you, which after the manner of brothers and sisters they allow you to see, though all the time it is simply your faults that they mind, not you?'

'But I did not feel that I had those faults,' said Jane.

'No; and so you, looking at it from a different point of view, think it is yourself they do not like; and you keep aloof, and fancy all they say and do has reference to yourself. If they ask you to join them, you think they do not really wish it, and refuse; if they go off without you, you think how much happier they seem in your absence.'

'So they are, I suppose,' said Jane.

'Yes; but you may be sure they feel it a loss, and are wishing all the time you could join them pleasantly, like one of themselves.'

'But do you call that pride, Papa?' said Jane, after a pause.

'I won't deny that there may be some grains of humility mixed with it,' answered her father; 'but I think pride is at the root—an overweening reference to self in everything. Don't think me unjust, my dear child,' he continued, seeing that Jane was greatly distressed; 'all this naturally belongs to people of your character, and I do not think you see it quite in the right light; you know, to put a patient in the way of being well, we must tell them what they have to guard against.'

'It makes me feel so ashamed,' said Jane; 'I always do when—' and she hesitated.

'When you are shewn to be in the wrong?' said Mr. Mildmay. 'But, my love, do not you see that there it is again? Why should you be so ashamed—why are you to be immaculate, more than other people?'

'It is not that,' said Jane in a hurt voice.

'Is it not?' said her father gravely; 'I rather think it is. If you examine candidly, does not your shame arise from the thought of how you have appeared to others?'

'I have noticed,' said Jane, after a long silence, 'that when Emmy is cross they think nothing of it—just laugh, or perhaps are cross themselves for a little while, and then she and they all go on again as if nothing had happened, and I have wondered why I could not do the same; but, Papa, it must be right to be ashamed when one has done wrong?'

'Yes, but let it be the shame which says, "I have done wrong once more, God help me to try again;" not the shame which says, "They have seen me fall again from my pedestal, I have lowered myself a second time, how shall I look them in the face?" and then keeps up attention to itself long after they would have forgotten all about it.'

Jane made no answer; and he presently continued, 'You do not quite go with me, Jenny?'

'I think one may be ashamed from a right motive,' she answered timidly.

'Yes, assuredly, and I would not talk like this to everybody; but there are some characters who especially need reminding to "forget those things which are behind," and yours is one of them. Your tendency, when you have done anything that produces any consequences, good or bad, my Jane, is to sit down and take out a microscope, and examine it in all its bearings, real and imaginary, till, by the time you are ready to start again, you are often quite blind.'

Jane laughed. 'Oh yes, Papa, that is quite true,' she said; 'and a great many troubles it brings me into.'

'Well, my love, for the present let this be your motto—"Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before." Make it your business to *go on;* I think you will find it help you through a good deal.'

'And how am I to manage about the others?' said Jane; 'I have got into such a habit now—' and she hesitated.

'Of keeping apart;' said Mr. Mildmay. 'Well, my dear, apply the same principles: begin bravely, and do not look back. I would not be too considerate of their feelings: never mind whether they want you or not, let them see that you are going to be with them. It must be an effort at first, but it will soon become natural; and you have the great advantage of knowing that they regret your keeping aloof. Besides, remember for your comfort, that in a large family the waves succeed one another so rapidly, that each one as it passes is soon forgotten. I will venture to say that if you were to be quite pleasant and cheerful now, in a week or so they would forget all that has passed, or, at any rate, think it was done with, and over for good.'

'Well, I hope there may be something in that,' said Jane; 'because directly Miss Hamilton came I got much better; she makes a kind of link; and besides, of course she knew nothing of all this, and took for granted that I should do what the others did when I was not out with Mamma, so that made it easy, and I nearly did forget all about it; but as soon as ever the holidays began, the troubles came back, partly because we are all thrown so much more together,' she said sadly.

'Yes,' said Mr. Mildmay; 'and also because the wound had only been seared over, not healed. But you will have the relief of Miss Hamilton's presence again soon, and will be able to make all the better use of it for having had this little glimpse that things are not yet quite sound within. But meantime, my dear child, begin at once; and when you fail, as fail

you will sometimes, simply ask God to help you, and try again. Don't trouble about the others thinking you cross, they must think you cross when you are cross; only remember that the remedy is not to withdraw from the scene of action, but to get up and fight again.'

'But, Papa, I don't think it is quite all my fault,' said Jane; 'really sometimes they are very unkind, and make it very difficult.'

'I am sure they do, my love,' said her father; 'we have quite been taking one side of the question: but still you are the eldest, and that involves some hardships as well as some privileges; and one is, that you must take the lead, in a reformation of yourself. They will not help you as you might help them; you must go on, at any rate for a time, unassisted. And you know the greatest boon you would ask is that they should forget your failings as soon as possible; do you try and do the same by them. Don't dwell upon anything, either on what you do yourself, or on what others do; that is my present advice.'

'But I am glad you allow that they are in the wrong sometimes,' said Jane. 'I do not want to be self-justifying, Papa, but I really think it is just.'

'Oh yes, my love, it is. I have no doubt they are often very thoughtless and selfish, and never attempt to look at things from any point of view but their own; still, it is chiefly from the jarring of other people's characters upon our own, that the discipline of life comes to us. But here we are at home. God bless you, my dear child, and help you through all your difficulties.'

L. J. W.

TRADITIONS OF TIROL.

XVII. *(continued.)*

WÄLSCH-TIROL.

THE VALLEYS OF WÄLSCH TIROL. 1. (*continued.*) THE MADONNA ALLE LASTE, VIEW OF TRENT—DOS TRENTO—S. INGENUIN'S GARDEN, S. ALBUIN'S APPLES—LAVIS—FRENCH SPOLIATION—RESTITUTION—WÄLSCH MICHEL. TRIBUTARY VALLEYS—VAL DI NON—ROCHETTO PASS—WÄLSCHMETZ—VISAUN—SPAUR MAGGIORE—DENNO—SCHLOSS BELASIS—THE SEIDENBAUM—TOBEL WILD-SEE—CLES; ROMAN REMAINS; THE SCHWARZEN FELDER—SS. SISINIUS, MARTYRIUS AND ALEXANDER—VAL DI SOLE—LIVO—MAGRAS, VAL DI RABBI, S. BERNARDO—MALÈ—CHARLES QUINT'S VISIT—PELLIZANO.

THE suburbs of Trent, among other excursions, offer the pleasing Pilgrimage of the *Madonna alle Laste*, which is reached through the

Porta dell' Aquila, on the east side of the city, by half an hour's climbing up a mountain path off the road to Bassano. On a spur of this declivity had stood from time immemorial a marble *Maria-Bild*, honoured by the veneration of the people. Somewhere about the year 1630, a Jew wantonly disfigured and damaged the sacred token, to the indignation of the whole neighbourhood; Christopher Detscher, a German artist, devoted himself to restoring it; but it was impossible altogether to obliterate the traces of the injury. By some means or other, however, the people said by miraculous intervention, it was altogether renewed in one night; and this prodigy so enhanced its fame, that there was no case so desperate but they believed it must obtain relief when pleaded for at such a shrine. A poor cowherd named Antonia, who had been deaf all her life, was said to have received the power of hearing after praying there; and a child who had died before there was time to baptize it, to have been granted there a reprieve of existence long enough to receive the holy Sacrament. The grateful people now immediately set themselves to raise a stone chapel over it, and by their ready alms maintained a hermit on the spot to guard the sacred precincts. Twelve years later, by the bounty of Field-marshal Gallas, a community of Carmelites was established on the spot, which continued to flourish down to the Secularization of Joseph II. The Convent buildings, however, yet serve the beneficent purpose of a Refuge for foundlings and orphans. The prospect from the precincts of the institution is very fine; between the distant ranges of mountains and the foreground slopes covered with peach trees, lies the grand old city of Trent, shaped, as is the country of Tirol itself, in the form of a heart.* Very effective in accentuating the outline are the two old castles of the Buon' Consiglio and the Palazzo degli Alberi, both formerly fortress-residences of the Prince-Bishops of Trent, the former vieing with the castle of the Prince-Bishop of Salzburg in extent and grandeur. The curious isolated rock of Dos Trento is another centre of a splendid view. The Romans called it Verruca, a wart. It was strongly fortified by Augustus, and remains of inscriptions and bas-reliefs are built into the wall of the ancient church of S. Apollinaria, occupying the site of a Temple of Saturn. The vantage ground it afforded in repelling the entry of the French in 1703, obtained for it the name of the *Franzosenbuhel*. It has lately been newly fortified. A charming but somewhat adventurous excursion may be made on foot, by a path starting from the fort of the Dos Trento rock, to the cascade of Sardagna. Somewhere about this path, in the neighbourhood of Cadine, it is said, S. Ingenuin,† one of the early evangelizers of the country, planted a

* Hence Kaiser Max was wont to call Tirol 'the heart' and 'the shield' of his empire.

† S. Ingenuin was Bishop of Säben or Seben, A. D. 585. The See, founded by S. Cassian, had been long vacant, and great errors and abuses had taken root among the people, who in some places had relapsed towards heathen customs. His success

beautiful garden, which was a living model of the Garden of Eden, but so divinely beautiful was it, that to no mortal was it given to find it. Only the holy Albuin obtained by his prayers permission once to find entrance to it; entranced with the delights of the place, he determined at least to bring back some sample of its choice produce. So he gathered some of its golden fruits, to shew the children of earth. To this day a choice yellow apple, something like our golden pippin, grown in the neighbourhood, goes by the name of S. Albuin's apple.

The only remaining towns of any note in the line of the Wälschtirolische Etschthal, are Lavis and S. Michel. Lavis is a pretty little well-built town, situated at the point where the torrents of the Cembra, Fleims, and Fassa valleys, under the name of the Avisio, are poured into the Etsch, remarkable for a red stone viaduct, nearly three thousand feet long, near the railway station, over the Avisio. Lavis fell into possession of the French in 1796, when the church was burnt and the houses plundered; in 1841—forty-five years after—a French soldier sent a sum of one hundred gulden to the church, in reparation for having carried off a silver sanct lamp for his share of the booty.

Lavis has on many another occasion stood the early brunt of the attacks of Tirol's foes, and its people have testified their full share of loyalty. There is a tradition, that the French having on one occasion gained possession of it with a band two hundred strong, the people posted themselves on the neighbouring heights and harassed them in flank; but a cobbler of Lavis, indignant at the havoc the French were making, left this vantage ground, and running down into the town, shouting 'Follow me, boys, follow me!' dispersed the whole French troops before one of his fellows had time to come up with him.

S. Michel, or Wälsch Michel, is the boundary town against the Circle of South Tirol, was once reckoned the first town on Venetian territory. There are imposing remains here of a fine Augustinian priory, which originated in a castle given up to this object by Ulrich Count of Eppan in 1143; the building has of late years been sadly neglected and misused; it has lately been proposed to convert it into a school of agriculture. A little way before reaching Wälsch Michel, the railway crosses, for the first time since leaving Verona, to the left bank of the Adige, by a handsome bridge called by the people—I could not learn why—'the *sechsmillionen Brücke*.' And here we leave the Etschthal for a time, to renew acquaintance with its northern stretch when we come to visit South Tirol.

The tributary valleys of the Etschthal on the west are the Val di Non and Val di Sole; among the Germans, they go by the names of Nonsberg and Sulzberg, as if they considered the hills in their case

in reforming the manners of his flock was most extraordinary. He built a Cathedral at Seben, where he is honoured on the 5th February, the anniversary of his death. S. Albuin, one of his successors, was a scion of one of the noblest families of Tirol; he removed the See to Brixen, A. D. 1004.

more striking than the valleys. The Val di Non, out of which the Val di Sole runs, is entered at Wälschmetz by the strangely wild and gloomy Rochettapass. Wälschmetz is a flourishing Italian-looking town, whence a stellwagen meets every train stopping at S. Michel. The Rochetta is guarded by a ruined fort fantastically perched on an isolated spur of rock, called Visiaun or il Visione, said to have formed part of a system of telegraphic communication established by the Romans.

In the Church of Spaur Maggiore, so called because the principal place in the neighbourhood, which at one time all belonged to the Counts of Spaur, is a *Wunderbild* of the Blessed Virgin, which has for centuries attracted pilgrims from the whole country round. The church of the next place of any importance, Denno, is remarkably handsome and rich in marbles, for its situation; a new handsome altar and a new presbytery were inaugurated here in August 1869. Flavone or Pflaun, the next village, is particularly proud of a rich silver gilt cross, twenty-five pounds in weight, and set with pearls—a gift of a bishop of Trient. At the time of the French invasion it was taken to Vicenza, but as soon as peace and security was re-established the people would not rest till it was restored to them. The hamlet is adorned with a rather handsome municipal palazzo, built in the sixteenth century, when the ancient Schloss, which overhangs the Trisenega torrent, was pronounced to have been rendered unsafe after several earth-slips. This valley is, if possible, richer in such remains than any other: every mountain spur bristles with them; one of the most important and picturesque is the Schloss Belasis, near Denno, claiming to be the cradle of the family of that name, which has established itself with honour in several countries of Europe, including our own. Behind Pflaun are large forests, which constitute the riches of the higher, as the *Seidenbaum* * is of the lower level of the valley. In its midst lies the *Wild-see* of Tobel, which, when frozen in winter, serves for the transport of the timber grown on the further side; the safety of its condition for the purpose is ascertained by observing the time when the trace of the sagacious fox shews that he has trusted himself across.

Cles, situated nearly at the northernmost reach of the valley, is a centre of the silk trade, and the factory girls are remarkable for their tastefully arranged hair, though they all go barefooted. The site of a temple of Saturn of considerable dimensions, has been found connecting it with traditions of his worship having been popular here; and ancient Roman remains are continually dug up; there is a wild looking plain outside the town, still called the *Schwarzen Felder* or black fields, because tradition declares it to be the place where the Roman inhabitants burnt their dead. Here SS. Sisinius, Martyrius, and Alexander, are believed to have suffered death by fire on the 29th May, 397, because these zealous supporters and

* The white mulberry, whose leaves feed the silkworm, rearing which forms one great industry of Wälsch Tirol, is called the *Seidenbaum*, the silk tree.

missionaries of S. Vigilius refused to take part in a heathen festival. S. Vigilius no sooner heard of their steadfast witnessing to the truth, than he repaired to the spot, and after zealously collecting and venerating their remains, preached so powerfully on their holy example, that great numbers were converted by his word. A church was shortly after built here, and being the first in the neighbourhood was called *Ecclesia*, whence the name of Cles. The devout spirit of these saintly guides does not seem wanting to the present inhabitants; when the jubilee was held on occasion of the Vatican Council, more than two thousand persons went to Communion. At the not far distant village of Livo, on the same occasion, it was found necessary to erect a temporary building to supplement the large parish church, for the numbers who flocked in from the outlying parishes. The same thing occurred when the faithful were invited to join in intercession for the Holy Fathers after the invasion of Rome, on 20th September, 1869.

Livo is the first village of the Val di Sole, which runs in a westerly direction, forming nearly a right-angle with the Val di Non, than which it is wilder and colder and less inhabited. At Magras the Val di Rabbi strikes off to the north, the baths of which are much frequented; and S. Bernardo is hence provided with four or five capacious hotels. A new church has just been built there, circular in form, with three altars, one of which is dedicated in honour of S. Charles Borromeo, who visited the place in 1583, and preached with so much fervour as effectually to arrest the Zuinglian heresy, which had lately been imported.

Malè is the chief place of Val di Sole, and contains about fifteen hundred inhabitants; at a retreat held here last Christmas by the Dean of Cles, so many of them as well as of the circumjacent hamlets were attracted, that not less than three thousand came to Communion. Further along the valley is Mezzana, the birth-place of Antonio Maturi, who, after serving in the campaigns of Prince Eugene entered a Franciscan convent at Trent, whence he was sent as a missionary to Constantinople, and was made Bishop of Syra, and afterwards was employed as nuncio by Benedict XIV. It was almost entirely destroyed by fire a few years ago, but is being rapidly rebuilt. After this place the country becomes more smiling, and cheerful cottages are seen by the way-side, with an occasional edifice, whose solid stone-built walls suggest that it is the residence of some substantial proprietor; the valley widens out to a plain at Pellizano, round which lofty mountains rise on every side. The church here has a most singular fresco on the exterior wall, which is intended to record the circumstance that Charles Quint passed through in 1515. Some restoration or addition was made to the church at his expense, and a quaint inscription hints that he did it somewhat grudgingly.

(To be continued.) R. H. B.

THE MISSION OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD, PORTSEA.

PORTSEA—the maritime district of Portsmouth—is, or ought to be, a place of interest to every Englishman. In some sense the town belongs to the whole nation, for here stand the great dock-yard and arsenal, with all the works that cluster round them. Here are barracks for soldiers, and a vast convict establishment, furnishing employment for a large staff of warders—the wives, children, and belongings of whom are resident in the town. Here is the famous 'Hard,' the landing-place for sailors from every country under heaven. Here is the quay where the Indian troop-ships discharge their invalids. Here there are hundreds of boatmen and water-side loungers, who form a population by themselves. Here there are swarms of discharged sailors and pensioners; and, at this moment, a multitude of labourers out of work as well. Here are whole streets given up to depravity in its most hideous shapes. Competent judges say that Portsea alleys may rival anything that can be found in Wapping or Ratcliffe Highway. Here are thoroughfares where public-houses and gin-palaces—varied by an occasional pawn-broker's shop—outnumber all other places of trade put together. Not a regiment marches out of garrison, not a ship sails from port, but they leave their marks behind; deserted women and children, and a host of destitute and disappointed followers.

In a part of the town where the atmosphere of sin is thickest, and where until lately, a respectably dressed foot-passenger might have found it difficult to walk without molestation, stands the *Mission of the Good Shepherd.* There is a church, open and free to all comers, which very much needs enlarging. There are Ragged Schools, Sunday Schools, Night Schools, a Shoe-black Society, Mothers' Meetings, Clothing Club, and other agencies for obtaining a hold upon the composite and shifting population. The work has now been in progress for more than four years; and if those who are engaged in it have had their trials and disappointments, they have also (thanks be to God!) had9no small share of blessing.

Contributions of money, clothing, or anything that is useful amongst the poor, will be received by Captain Harrison, R. N., Clarence Cottages, Southsea; or they may be addressed to the Lady Superintendant of the Mission Woman's Work, 20, Ordana Row, Portsea.

REGINALD N. SHUTTE,

PRIEST IN CHARGE OF THE MISSION.

HINTS ON READING.

THOUGHTS ON A RECENTLY PUBLISHED BOOK.

'CULTURE AND RELIGION, IN SOME OF THEIR RELATIONS;' OR, FIVE LECTURES BY PROFESSOR J. C. SHAIRP, OF ST. ANDREW'S.

LET me, before the year is older, be permitted to speak to youthful readers, of a book of small size, but which to me appears of exceeding great value. It is so beautifully adapted to the times we live in, it is so rich in fine thoughts, and so plainly comes from the depth of a good man's heart, that I might welcome it, even if it were less peculiar in its claims on attention than it is; but I have felt all along, in reading it, that it is really a very rare thing to be able to write a book so fitted for its purpose—and that no one, in fact, *could* have done so who did not possess the *kind* of mental and moral power which it is its main object to analyze. For instance: none but a highly cultivated man could define Culture as Mr. Shairp has defined it. He thoroughly knows what he is about: when he has to point out the exaggerations of a system, or of any particular argument, you see at once that he has no onesidedness. He can afford to blame, because he perfectly well knows what and how to admire. It may be that some of the readers of The Monthly Packet already know Professor Shairp's charming volume, 'Studies in Poetry and Philosophy.' If they do, they will be much better prepared for the present work—a shorter, but even more important one. If they do not, my experience of the fascination exercised over some very intelligent young people by this previous volume warrants me in strongly recommending it. The general view which it takes of the rise and progress of the higher standard of poetry and philosophy which has arisen during the present century in England, mainly through the influences of Wordsworth and Coleridge—then the singularly vivid portraits of the main leaders of the Oxford movement in passing on to an exquisite criticism on 'John Keble, and the Christian Year'—will not fail to give great interest to the book, even if the final essay should be, as perhaps it is, rather difficult reading. But in the five lectures delivered to students at St. Andrew's we have no fault of obscurity to complain of. They are constructed with a rare clearness—the interest never flags. Happy the students of St. Andrew's, who receive instruction so carefully guarded from exaggeration—so luminous, yet so sound.

Culture and Religion—of which a few words may perhaps be offered here by way of shewing what was the end proposed by the Principal—is (he says) a set of five lectures, printed very nearly as written for the purpose of being delivered; in this form the lectures bearing each a separate title, but pursuing throughout the same subjects.

It appeared to Professor Shairp that the subject of mental cultivation, and of what relation Culture bears to Religion, is of peculiar fitness to be brought before students of an university.

Believing, as he does, in something beyond the mere training for special crafts or trades, he on the contrary clings to the belief that 'the *man* is higher than his trade,' that 'the spirit that is in each man craves other nourishment than the bread he wins.' He fully allows that a special business, whether commercial, agricultural, or professional, is of great importance in a man's life. Very, very few men can bear the weight of 'chance desires,' of desultory habits: the unfixed irresolution of idle gentlemen is a thing that rarely issues in any good; but if over and above the daily claims of a profession or a business a man has early found the blessing of belonging to a wider world, the world of the past, present, or future, he may be a perfectly good worker, either as lawyer, doctor, or clergyman, and at the same time be a higher and better specimen of humanity. Mr. Shairp therefore starts as the decided advocate of Culture.

But this very word requires to be analyzed. You who may chance to read these pages, what is your idea of Culture? You, young man or woman of college or collegiate academy, when you speak of Culture, permit me to ask whether you simply think of *books*, be they modern or ancient? If you do, you are not of Mr. Shairp's sort. This is one of his strongest points: and, believe me, he is right—that

is, if you do not pervert his meaning; for I think I have seen too often that, wearied of the loads of books constantly pressed upon them, there are not a few young people who catch at the warning against *mere* studentship, and desert the scholar's path for pleasant easy cultivations before the time—for that sort of Culture, in short, which sets at naught all solitary work, and is good for nothing but for agreeable fellowship for the hour. Against *this* you will find Mr. Shairp strong. Though he wishes yours to be a living progress, and though you must go to living hearts as well as to dead books, you *must* look, and closely too, to your own self-discipline. The best of human sympathies, the noblest of human characters, must be your perpetual study, if Culture, true Culture, is your aim—only there is something higher still.

It is our delightful privilege to know that in every possible high and noble result which this Culture can bring, we may be perfectly assured that Religion is at no enmity with it. All the capacities of man's or woman's nature are gifts from God, and all, we may be sure, are meant to be cultivated for Him; but it is just at this point that the most important of all questions comes in, and woe to us if it be not honestly answered! Which then, we have to ask, stands first—Culture or Religion? Can we get at the noblest part of Culture even, unless our views are patiently directed in the first instance to the deep realities of our being and of our ultimate destiny? Culture and Religion are not identical. Whoever will take the trouble to read and inquire, will soon see what sad mistakes were made on this point in Germany, when Schleiermacher began his discourses on Religion. He, who knew the world he lived in, could say to his audience, 'You have succeeded in filling this life with charms so rich and various, that you no longer need the thoughts of eternity; and having created a world for yourselves, you are quite above thinking of Him Who created you.'—'I know,' he continues, 'that you do not worship the Godhead in private, any more than you visit the forsaken temple; I know that no other household gods are to be found in your elegant abodes, than the sayings of our wise men, and the glorious creations of our artists; that human affairs, social life, art and science, however much your taste for them may be to your credit, have so entirely taken possession of your minds, that you have no room left for the eternal and holy existence beyond this life—you ignore it altogether.'

If this could be said with sorrowful conviction in both Protestant Berlin and also in Mayence by a teacher of a different—a Catholic fold, surely they afford a powerful proof that Culture may by degrees exercise an influence concealing or superseding that of real religion.

It is impossible to close our eyes to such facts: we must look them in the face. Knowing, as we do, that Religion may sanctify Culture, we must allow that in following the great Leader, Christ, we must do it, not for the sake of a mere finish to our course, but as the practical beginning of a true life, as the root-truth, on which other truths are founded.

You may say, and not untruly, that some unquestionably religious minds—minds which have taken their early tone from pious parents and friends—do not proceed to high culture at all, but remain half educated, and are by no means engaging companions. Yet if, by an unfortunate *substitution* of this agreeable Culture for Religion, they were to leave their first principle behind, and omit prayer and constant spiritual communion, can you conceive that anything they could gain would really compensate for their loss?

Impossible! They have parted with *that* which lies at the root of all spiritual life. They have cut themselves off from Him in Whom they live and move and have their being. They will perhaps find out their great mistake in time—God grant they may! but whether it was through a deficient beginning, or a declension from a course at first right, let them be assured that they will never find the ennobling, the purifying stream of *Culture* sufficient to cleanse the whole being, unless it first comes from the living Rock. I am not sure that even Mr. Shairp says all that might be said on this subject. I do not think his analysis of human character quite strong enough. It seems to me doubtful whether there may not be a still greater defectiveness in the character formed by laborious cultivation of tastes and some valuable sorts of knowledge than he has made room for; but certainly we have to thank him for throwing light on one important point—namely, that when the object we set before us is our own cultivation and self-improvement chiefly, (even though we admit that charity and love to our brethren have a considerable share in that object,) we cannot throw ourselves into the highest attitude of dwelling on the beings who are walking along with us in the light which Christianity would

inculcate and gradually evolve. If our course is ordered for our own culture, how apt is fastidiousness to creep in! Such Culture, as Mr. Shairp well says, is too apt to be 'a dainty and divisive quality, and cannot reach to the depths of humanity.' So beautifully has he expressed this, that I must find space for the whole passage.

'Take any of the highest examples of our race, those who have made all future generations their debtors. Can we imagine any of these being content to set before themselves, merely as the end of their endeavours, such an aim as "the harmonious development of human nature"? A Goethe perhaps might; and if we take him as the highest, we will take his theory also. Hardly, I think, Shakespeare, if we can conceive of him as ever having set before himself consciously any formal aim. But could we imagine St. Paul doing so, or Augustine, or Luther, or such men as Pascal or Archbishop Leighton? Would such a theory truly represent the ends they lived for, the powers that actuated them, the ideal whence they drew their strength? These men changed the moral orbit of the world, but by what lever did they change it? Not by seeking their own perfection, nor even by making the progress of the race their only aim. They found a higher, a more permanent world, on which to plant the lever which was to move this one. They sought first the advancement of the Kingdom of God and truth for its own sake, and they knew that this embraced the true good of man and every other good thing.'—pp. 66, 67.

I hope I have said enough of this beautiful book to lead my readers to a wish to read it for themselves: the excellent remarks of Mr. Shairp, on both Professor Huxley and Mr. Matthew Arnold, add great life to the whole. But every young person to whom sound thought is precious will, I think, acknowledge that few wiser, better, and more agreeable books have come before them than 'Culture and Religion.'

A CONSTANT READER.

The Animal World (Partridge and Co.) is a very interesting and useful periodical. The pictures make it attractive to all ages. It comes out in monthly numbers, at twopence each, and pleads the cause of our dumb slaves in a practical and not sentimental manner. Ignorance is often as cruel to animals as is the indifference of many well-intentioned people of both sexes.

Little Tija. (S.P.C.K.) A capital little book to help Mission feeling in village schools—being the story of a small Hindoo convert.

There is a very good little book of children's devotions by E. C. P., entitled *Prayers for the Little Ones*—so cheap, as to be within the reach of all.

Rhymes and Reasons (Masters) is an excellent miscellaneous collection of essays, tales, and poems, well worth anyone's reading.

When I was a Little Girl, is a very pleasant clever story; but we beg to dissent from the author's general observation that no child ever liked crusts. To ourselves, crust was, and still is, the poetry of bread. 'Nice crustises' was the dainty held out to us, but then—don't waste pity on us, modern children—we grew up upon unbuttered unjammed bread, and we boldly declare it was no unkindness, rather the reverse. For not only have we to this day neither fear nor distaste to bread unembellished, but the plainness of our daily fare was no grievance, while a treat was easily given and greatly appreciated.

To such of our readers as are glad to know of safe and innocent novels, we would mention *My Little Lady*, and Mrs. Oliphant's *John*. Also that Miss Wilford's *Nigel Bartram's Ideal*, slightly added to, and illustrated, is now in Mr. Warne's Shilling Series. We have also to welcome another volume of Mrs. Gatty's *Parables of Nature*.

Two pleasant little American books deserve notice. *Little Women* are a nice cosy family of daughters, with one original among them. *We Girls* is a sort of conclusion to *A Summer in Leslie Goldthwayte's Life*, but without so much plot or interest. It is in effect a sort of dramatic account of domestic economy in America, and how to make cookery and the laundry dainty and palatable work to ladies when exhausted by the incapacities of Irish helps. It is very entertaining, and full of clever and wise sayings. There is a most commendable description of Leslie Goldthwayte's dress—never in the 'rampant mode,' though adapted to it, because she had some other purpose for her money, and for that reason always in good taste and original. By-the-by, one serving damsel bears the funniest Yankee name we ever met with—Arctura Fish! Both books give the notion of intellectual taste and refinement being far more widely spread in a lower stratum than with us.

Journal of Lady Beatrix Graham (Bell and Daldy) is a charming picture of the life of the great Marquis of Montrose and his loving admiring young sister, during the interval between his loyal exploits in Scotland and his death. We like it the best of all the imaginary diaries that have been so numerous.

The Giant, edited by E. M. Sewell, (Longman,) is, as all readers will feel, great

fun, and some will perceive that it is much more than fun. But we think it is hard on missions. As a matter of fact, do not home missions thrive in proportion to foreign ones?

My New Suit, and Other Tales. (Wells Gardner.) A capital little book, full of sport and earnest combined. This, with *Stories for Darlings*, will be prized wherever children call insatiably for a story.

So, too, will Mr. Warne's last *Victoria Packet*, where *Silvertongue* and several more are full of interest, and *Mrs. Filby's Maria* rises far above the general order of such little books.

Groombridge's *Rainbow Stories* are likewise promising. *Paul Thorndyke's Adventures* are excellent; but Mrs. S. C. Hall must make very sure of her fame to put forth so silly and improbable a tale as *The Rift in the Rock.*

And Mr. Kingston's *Burgomaster's Daughter'* makes us draw the moral, 'Never make an allusion without understanding it.' A gentleman is made in 1574 to compliment a bridegroom on having become 'a Knight of St. Benedict.' Now, the jest of calling a married man a Benedik arose from Shakespeare's Benedik denouncing matrimony, and desiring his friends, if he ever fell into it, to mark him—

'Here hangs Benekik the married man.'

Hence people who do not know their Shakespeare, fancy St. Benedict the Abbot, of all people in the world, to be the patron of the married!

Stories About—, by Lady Barker. (Macmillan.) Very delightful in their reality, brightness, and fun, all but one or two, which seem to us too horrid for a child's book.

How Mrs. Pallerby Kept Good Friday, by Mrs. Mercier, printed by The Church Printing Company, is an admirable leaflet, not for the poor and pleasuring, but the respectable and complacent.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Mr. Editor, Clifton, Bristol, January, 1871.

I am anxious to enlist your sympathy on behalf of an institution which has been lately commenced at Clifton, and which we wish to make more widely known, in order that those who need its benefits may apply for admission.

Those who visit much amongst the sick, have found many sad cases of ladies, in wretched lodgings, unable from their poverty to procure the comforts which their ill-health required, and compelled to submit to neglect and even tyranny in the only lodgings which their straitened means would allow them to occupy.

The medical men often found such cases, in which all their skill could avail nothing, whilst the circumstances which surrounded their patients were so adverse.

It was therefore proposed to open a Home for six or eight ladies, who by a moderate payment might enjoy the comforts they required.

The plan, which has succeeded at Hastings and Torquay, has been followed at Clifton, where the climate is peculiarly adapted for different descriptions of invalids at almost every season of the year. The payment of £1 1*s.* a week from each inmate includes a separate bed-room, board, medical advice, and medicines; whilst the patients are cared for by a lady superintendant, whose duty it is to devote herself to their comfort.

This Home was opened in October; and the ladies who have been received into it have borne their testimony to the relief and blessing it has been to them.

As such an institution can never be self-supporting, subscriptions are earnestly solicited to carry it on and increase its usefulness.

Full particulars may be obtained by applying to Miss Applin, 25, Richmond Terrace, Clifton, Bristol; or to the Right Rev. Bishop Anderson, or Miss Anderson, Clifton Parsonage; or any member of the Committee.

Believe me, Dear Madam,

Very truly yours,

Lucilla Powell,

One of the Committee.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

Accepted.—C. N.

We are very *anxious for the address of the Author of* Ireland's Sorrow in the *Christmas Number.*

The Treasurer of St. Swithin's Home, Winchester, *begs to acknowledge, with many thanks, the receipt of Two Parcels of Clothing.*

K. *thinks that perhaps the Correspondent who asks for the lines beginning,* 'They were eight in number, those old old bells,' may *mean some which, in spite of their many and obvious imperfections, possess, in* K.'s *opinion, no small attraction. They were composed in* 1858 *by a young girl, and are taken from a tract, published by* The English Monthly Tract Society, 27, Red Lion Square, W.C., *and called* 'The Midnight Bells.'

Agneta *wishes to know whether any of the readers of* The Monthly Packet *would purchase clothes made by the poor in a London parish. They are well made, and are sold* nearly *at cost price; they consist of under-linen of all kinds, shirts, frocks, &c. They would be found very useful for giving to schools or charitable institutions, or they might be re-sold to the poor in country or manufacturing districts, where the women are not able to work.* Agneta *will be happy to send list of prices to any lady.*

G. E. B.—*There are many good industrial schools; among which may be mentioned that superintended by* Miss L. Twining, 21, New Ormond Street; *and one called* Trewint, Mare Street, Hackney, *respecting which* Mrs. Agg, Stamford Hill, *should be written to.*

H. E.—*The fifth chapter of Tobit was probably omitted because, as there is no certainty of the inspiration of the book, it was felt to be a dealing with the sacred things of Heaven beyond what was safe.*

Lilian.—

'Monday's child is fair of face;
Tuesday's child is full of grace;
Wednesday's child is full of woe;
Thursday's child will have far to go;
Friday's child will be free of giving;
Saturday's child must work hard for his living;
But he that is born upon a Sunday,
Is happy and wise and loving and gay.'

We believe popular tradition alone can be called the author.

Manmer.—*A* budgerigar *is an Australian grass-paraquit.*——'Under Wood, Under Rood,'—If under a burthen, under the Cross, *is the import of the motto.*

A Daughter of the English Church *would feel obliged by the Editor or any of the readers of* The Monthly Packet *informing her of the meaning of the Blessed Virgin being represented with a child on either knee. One, of course, must be our* LORD; *but whom is the other meant for?*

For The Daisy Chain Cot, *thankfully acknowledged,* Miss K. M. Hutchinson, 1*s.*; Mount Calpe, 5*s.*; Pussie, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Eadgyth, 5*s.*; Anon., 2*s.* 6*d.*; Daisy *and* Arthur, 4*s.*; Minnie *and* Nellie, 4*s.*; A. B. M., 5*s.*; M. B., 1*s.*; S. P. B., £1.

St. Peter's Home, Kilburn, *thankfully acknowledges from* L. O., 5*s.*

The Deaconesses of the London Diocesan Deaconess Institution, 50, Burton Crescent, W. C., *return their sincere thanks to* Collette *and* Minette *for their gift of* 6*s.*, *in stamps, towards their* Winter Relief Fund *for sick poor. Such acts of kind remembrance on the part of friends enable them to relieve some of the many cases of extreme destitution, which are constantly being brought to their notice in the poor and crowded districts in which they work.*

Mr. Allnutt acknowledges with thanks the following donations to The Nursery of the Good Shepherd, Portsea:—Valentine, 3*s.*; L. S., 5*s.*; Mrs. Allen, 10*s.*

I am about to fit up a box to lend out to the poor of my district in time of sickness. I want to get blankets, sheets, pillow-cases, night-dresses, shirts and caps, Nightingale flannel jackets, waterproof, sheeting, a foot-warmer, etna, &c.; and should feel very grateful to any of your subscribers who would send any of these, or other articles contributing comfort to the sick-room, to E. A. W. Parcels' Delivery Office, New Kent Road, London. *Any old clothes fitted for the poor will be also most acceptable.*—E. A. W.

Can anyone tell who is the author of the lines—'Not lost, but gone before.'—E. S.

Can you or any of your Correspondents tell me of a suitable tune for the hymn by A. L. Waring, beginning, 'Father, I know that all my life,' *to be sung in a National School? Also, can you kindly recommend me some simple religious books to lend to grown people as well as children—such as Mr. Oxenden's* Fervent Prayer, *and* Labouring Man's Book, *which I find are great favourites, and which are the only two of the kind I have in my little library for the villagers. They must be inexpensive, as my funds are small; and having commenced a year or two ago by lending the books gratis, (being, in fact, only too pleased to induce some of the very ignorant to read at any cost,) I feel rather shy of making them pay for their books, lest they should cease to care to have them. At present, fresh people are constantly asking me to lend them 'something to read;' and as I see in* The Monthly Packet *you often help young people in their difficulties, I think perhaps you will kindly give me a little advice. I have about fifty regular members, and almost all my books are only suitable for children. Is there any place where I could get a supply (about 30s. or 40s. worth) second-hand, at a reduced price? I could repair them if they were a little worn.*—K.

Having seen a paragraph among the Answers to Correspondents with reference to the nine of diamonds as the so-called Curse of Scotland, I wish to explain that, in the opinion of our sounder antiquaries, the whole thing is a misapprehension—the word curse, *used for* crruss, *being a corruption of 'cross.' The nine of diamonds is sometimes figured as a* saltire—*the well-known* X*-shaped cross of St. Andrew, the patron-saint of Scotland. All attempts therefore to explain it as of ill-omen to Scotland are mere fancies—fictitious stories, invented to explain the inexplicable. There are many words in provincial and old English, as well as in the lowland dialect of Scotland, in which the* r *becomes thus transposed; as, for instance, in* bird *for* bride, burnt *for* brunt; *each form being really the same word, though differently applied.*—A. H.

Katharine *will feel obliged to any reader of* The Monthly Packet *who could kindly direct her where to find the original of a hymn, of which only the following lines are recollected by her. She heard it quoted in a sermon on the history of Elijah some few years ago, but she has been unable to find any clue to the hymn, though she has searched many collections with that object in view.*

'I ask not Enoch's rapt'rous flight,
* * * * *
Nor ask Elijah's fiery steeds
To bear my soul to God.'

In answer to the inquiry by O. *as to description of trees in winter,* Katharine *would suggest (in addition to Cowper and Thomson)* Walks in a Forest, *by the Rev. Thomas Gisborne.*

Will any of the readers of The Monthly Packet *kindly inform* K. C. F. how *Oliver Cromwell was descended from the Stuarts. Also, who is the author of the following lines—*

'As the tree falls, so must it lie;
As the man lives, so will he die;
As the man dies, such must he be
All through the days of eternity.'

Ella *would be glad if the Editor or any of the Correspondents of* The Monthly Packet *could kindly tell her where the well-known line,* 'Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread,' *may be found. Also, who are the authors of Hymns* 229, 248, 252, 266, 269, 272, *of* Hymns Ancient and Modern.——229, *Rev. J. E. Millard;* 248, *from* Hymns for the Festivals of the Church of England; 252, *founded on Santolius Victorianus;* 266, *from Roman Breviary, translated by Rev. R. M. Benson;* 269, *from* Sylvius; 272, *a translation.*

Joan P. *will be grateful to any Correspondent of* The Monthly Packet *who can inform her whether, in the Norman period of architecture, billet or dog-tooth mouldings were first brought in; also, whether the former style of ornamentation prevails in any of the great churches on the Continent.*

A respectable widow wishes to place her daughter, aged twelve, in an institution where, upon payment of a small sum, the child would be instructed and trained for service in her mother's absence from home as a nurse. Will anyone kindly inform H. T. *where a suitable school can be found?*——Sandwell, near Birmingham. *Apply to* Miss Selwyn, *or* Miss Beckinsale, St. Anne's Street, Salisbury.

Anne *asks if any more scrap-books would be acceptable for* St. Peter's Home, Kilburn; *or would any other Home like one?*

A lady would gladly send E. *some pictures for scrap-books if she would name* where *she might send them either in* The Monthly Packet *for next month, or to* M. C., 24, Apsley Road, Redland, Bristol.

Marian, *being desirous of helping a Sisterhood in a very poor district, would be glad to be informed through* The Monthly Packet *of any way of disposing of work, (point-lace, &c.)*

In answer to A.'s *request,* K. *would suggest any of these poems*:—'Death of the New-Baptized,' *in Keble's* Lyra Innocentium. 'Isobel's Child,' *by Mrs. Barrett Browning.* 'Only a Curl,' *by Mrs. B. Browning.* (N. B.—*This last is full of* strong *pure comfort.*) 'Our Dead,' *by Miss Procter.* (*Second Volume of* Legends and Lyrics.) 'The Lent Jewels,' *in* Elegiac Poems, *by Trench. And several poems in* His Presence, not his Memory, *also by R. C. Trench.*

'Happy thou so soon ascended
With thy shining raiment on;
Happy thou whose race is ended
With a crown so quickly won.'

'The baby wept.
The mother took it from the nurse's arms,
And gently hushed and soothed its vain alarms,
And baby slept.

The baby weeps.
And God has taken it from the mother's arm,
And keeps it for her safe from fear and harm;
So baby sleeps.'

(N. B.—*These verses are only scraps with which* K.'s *memory furnishes her.*)

OUR HOLY DEAD.

'Thou God of love, beneath Thy sheltering wings
We leave our holy dead
To rest in hope. From this world's sufferings
Their souls have fled.

Oh, when our souls are burdened with the weight
Of life and all its woes,
Let us remember them, and calmly wait
For our life's close.'

From '*The Dove on the Cross.*'

Also, 'The Reaper and the Flowers,' *by H. W. Longfellow, in his* Voices of the Night; *and* Hymn 358 *in* Hymns Ancient and Modern.—*Should* A. *not have any of these poems at hand,* K. *will willingly copy out for her any she will mention.*

I. H. *recommends* 'The Child and the Angel,' *by the author of* 'The Daily Life of a Christian Child.'—E. S. *and* A Subscriber, 'Our Little Ones in Heaven,' *by the Rev. H. Robbin. The latter encloses a poem called* 'Links with Heaven,' *which shall be sent to* A. *on the receipt of her address.*—A. N. A. *recommends* 'Baby May, and Other Poems,' *by W. C. Bennett.*

Acknowledged, with many thanks, 5s. from L. S., *for* The Sisters of the Poor.

John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.

THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

MAY, 1871.

KING ROBERT'S PENTECOST HYMN.

(Tenth Century.)

FOR WHITSUNDAY.

Come, Holy Spirit, come,
And from Thy heavenly home
A ray of gladness pour.

Come, Father of the poor,
Come, Giver free and sure,
Come, Lamp at sorrow's door;

Consoler of the sad,
Guest of the good and glad,
Brook on a barren shore;

In labour Thou art rest,
Shade for the weary breast,
And hope when we deplore.

Light, blessed and divine,
Deep in our spirits shine,
Until we love Thee more.

Without Thy guiding thought
Man knows that he is naught,
A sinner as of yore.

Cleanse every stain and blot,
Water each arid spot,
Heal what is sad and sore;

Bend every stubborn will,
Warm what is cold and chill,
Rule, govern, and restore.

Give to Thy faithful ones
The confidence of sons,
And all Thy sevenfold store;

Give valour in the strife,
Give them eternal life,
And joy for evermore.

M. C.

SONGS OF OTHER CHURCHES.

BY LOUIS COUTIER BIGGS, M.A.

V.

THE LATIN CHURCH. *(continued.)*

THE transition from the ancient to the mediæval period of Latin hymns is like leaving the rocks of Portland for the pebbles of the Chesil Beach. Quitting the grand old rugged cliffs, we are called upon to look down on thousands of comparatively insignificant compositions, rounded and polished perhaps, yet mostly of little value, alike and yet not alike, with a few treasures of real value buried among them, dwindling regularly in size, until they are lost in those muddy 'sands of time' which mark the lapse of the fifteenth century. Some few have plodded their weary way along the whole extent of the ridge:—I can only claim to have visited it here and there. And, as to the sample pebbles submitted, readers must judge for themselves of their merits.

The mediæval hymns of the Latin Church fall naturally into two divisions. First, there are the hymns more properly so called; then there are the sequences, at first called proses, from their having been written, as Dr. Neale says, 'rather in rhythmical prose than with any attention to metre.' These will be best considered separately.

Even in the fourth century of the Christian era we find writers beginning to disregard the strict rules of classical metre. At first it is only an occasional false quantity or neglected rule of prosody; then the structure of the verse is left palpably imperfect; then new rules spring up, chiefly regulating the number of syllables in a line; then assonance appears, and finally rhyme. When once rhyme made its appearance in Latin verse, it was almost inevitable that it should be pushed to excess.

The language offers many facilities for multiplying rhyme, in the inflexions of its nouns and verbs, which follow so few different patterns; in the conciseness of expression, which enables each line to contain a sentence; and in the freedom from restraint in the order of words, which enables almost any word in the sentence to bear the burden of the rhyme. There is no modern language, not even Italian, which can be tortured into an adequate representation of these hymns in their original metre; and, though doubtless some may persuade themselves otherwise, an exact English translation, in the metre of the original, of such a hymn as the Eucharistic '*Pange lingua*,' may deserve a place in a museum of the curiosities of literature, but not in a hymn-book intended for common use.

Returning to Venantius Fortunatus as our starting-point, the lines of his which were given in our last article might, so far as style is concerned, have been written in the purest classical age. The same might be almost as truly said of another hymn in elegiac verse, by the same author, '*Crux benedicta nitet*, DOMINUS *quâ carne pependit*,' of which the best stanzas run somewhat as follows. Daniel believes that the hymn has been in several Churches appointed for use in Lent:—

ON THE HOLY CROSS.

The Cross of blessing shines,
Where hung in flesh our LORD,
And washed our wounds with healing Grace
By His own Blood outpoured.

There, in kind pitying Love
For us a Victim slain,
From the wolf's jaws the holy LAMB
Hath drawn the sheep again:

There, with His pierced Hands,
The world from death did save;
And by His dying closed for aye
The pathway to the grave.

* * * *

How richly decked thy boughs,
O sweet and noble tree!
Since thou dost bear the new fruit there
Of Immortality.

Lo! at thy fragrance fresh,
Dead bodies rise again,
And they return to life once more,
Who have in darkness lain.

Beneath thy spreading leaves
Is felt no scorching ray;

Nor moonbeams bright can burn by night,
Nor noon-tide sun by day.

Thou by the water-side
Art set, and springest there;
And strew'st around o'er all the ground
Thy leaves and blossoms fair.

Between thine outstretched arms,
Hangs the true living Vine,
From which distils in plenteous rills
The sweet and ruddy wine.

The occasional rhymes in the third line are intended to represent the occasional rhymes in the original between the middle and end of the pentameter. There is a peculiar richness of Scriptural reference in this and several of the other hymns of Fortunatus. His hymn, '*Pange lingua gloriosi prælium certaminis*,' on the Passion of our Blessed LORD, is without rhyme, and must not be confounded with the Eucharistic hymn mentioned above. Both are given in Dr. Neale's Mediæval Hymns, or may be seen in Hymns 289 and 203 of Hymns Ancient and Modern.

There are some stages in the decay of Latinity exhibited by hymn-writers, on which it is not worth while to dwell. Ennodius, with his more than doubtful decency of expression, Isidore of Seville, and Cyxilla, with their bald prosaic doggrel, may well be left in the obscurity of the Mozarabic Breviary.

Eleven hymns, first printed in Cassander's 'Hymni Ecclesiastici,' (Paris, 1556,) are attributed to Venerable Bede; but Dr. Giles strongly doubts the fact of his being their author. Archbishop Trench is inclined to assign them a high position, though he is unable to establish clearly their authorship. They are all in the same monotonous Iambics which answer to our 'Long Metre,' irregularly interspersed with assonant terminations and with rhymes. They can hardly, in the first instance, have been intended to be sung in church in the form in which we find them—*e. g.* the hymn for the Ascension of our LORD consists of thirty-two stanzas. Mrs. Charles has translated a portion in her 'Voice of Christian Life in Song.' It is the same with that adapted as a hymn in the Sarum Breviary.

One of the causes which led to the introduction of sequences in the Church was the difficulty of finding a place for hymns after the ordinary services had been fully supplied with them. Many of the hymns given by collectors and translators were intended only for meditation or private use; some were, as in the following instance, merely carols. I have thought it enough to give one stanza, with the burden or chorus, which in the original is repeated after every alternate verse. It was composed about the year 1188, by one Bertier or Bertere.

CAROL OF THE CRUSADERS.[1]

'See fulfilled on Sion's nation
Jeremy's sad lamentation;
Mourn her ways in desolation:
On each holy day unsought
Is the Sepulchre, and nought
Works her restoration.

* * *

Jesus' Vanguard
Sees His Standard,
By His Cross is led to fight:
Never fearing,
Ever daring
In the Holy Spirit's Might.'

The following meditative hymn is so very beautiful, that it seems worth while to quote at length the almost unknown version of it, given by Robert Campbell in the S. Andrew's Hymnal, now out of print, and never very widely known in 'South Britain.' A few lines of Dr. Kynaston's translation, which retains the original metre, were given in 'The Monthly Packet' for April, 1868, p. 332.

'Lend[2] Thy wings, O Holy Dove,
Let us to the Mountain flee,
There, before the Lord of Love,
Faint and dying, bend the knee.

Gazing on the pierced side,
See the Fount of Love laid bare;
In Thy heart, O Saviour, hide,
Shield us from the tempest there.

To Thy Cross in spirit bound,
We from chains of sin are freed;

---

[1] 'Juxta threnos Jeremiæ
Vere Syon lugent viæ,
Quod solemni non sit die
Qui Sepulchrum visitet,
Vel casum resuscitet
Hujus prophetiæ.

* * *

Lignum Crucis
Signum Ducis
Sequitur exercitus,
Quod non cessit,
Sed præcessit
In Vi Sancti Spiritus.'

[2] 'Ecquis binas columbinas
Alas dabit animæ?
Ut in almam Crucis palmam
Evolet citissime.

Healing in Thy sorrows found,
Wounded spirits cease to bleed.

'Twas by Love from dust we came,
Love our forfeit life restored;
O our souls, return the flame;
Wondrous Love, be Thou adored.

While we linger here below,
Give us, LORD, Thy Cross to bear;
Here Thy Cross alone to know,
And on high Thy Crown to share.

Unto Him Who bare our woe,
To the FATHER, and to Thee,
HOLY GHOST, while ages flow,
Endless praise and glory be.'

In some of the later specimens of mediæval sacred poetry there is scarcely any adherence to metre. Thus in the following, from Thomas à Kempis,[1] no two stanzas are alike, except the concluding ones, which, as almost impossible to translate without changing their metre and rhymes, I omit.

ON CHRISTIAN PATIENCE.

Learn thou the world's adversity
For CHRIST's dear Name to bear;
Soft breezes of prosperity
Learn thou much more to fear.

Nought, when many troubles pain thee,
Dost thou lose, but much dost gain thee;
Winning life by calm enduring,
To thy soul much good assuring.

For thus shall GOD be glorified,
Angels with joy be satisfied,
Thus shall thy crown be amplified,
And all thy neighbours edified.

Labour is but short—life swiftly hasting;
Great the offered prize—rest for everlasting;
Thou thyself so oft GOD's martyr showest,
As for His sake pain thou undergoest.

This is rugged and prosaic enough, yet the original has in it a spirit of devotion which reminds one of the verses of George Herbert. I wish that it had been possible to preserve this more thoroughly in the translation.

The next hymn has been kindly placed at my disposal by its translator, Dr. Kynaston, whose version has been hitherto only circulated privately.

[1] 'Adversa mundi tolera.' A German version of a part of it is given in Knapp's *Evangelische Liederschatz.*

It is from the Latin of Peter Mauritius, surnamed the Venerable, who was Abbot of Cluny in the middle of the twelfth century.

THE LORD APPEARING TO MARY MAGDALENE.[1]

Weep no more this holy morning,
Mary, put away thy fears;
In this feast there is no scorning,
No repentance for thy tears:
Joy, O joy, a thousand pleasures,
All thy soul's recovered treasures—
Alleluia! CHRIST appears.

Smile again, thou watcher weary,
Wreathe thy lucid brow with bloom;
Death has fled, thou art not dreary,
Angels shine athwart the gloom;
CHRIST has freed the world from paining,
Lo! He comes, His life regaining—
Alleluia!—from the tomb.

Joy to thee, He soars ascending,
He Who all thy sins forgave;
All thy sorrows now are ending,
Magdalene, He comes to save;
Whom thou soughtest lost and dying,
Welcome now with Angels crying
Alleluia! o'er His grave.

Mary, lift those brows declining,
Turn to see Who stands behind,
See His face with glory shining,
See the pearly wounds enshrined,
Porches five, for all thy healing,
Life eternal each unsealing—
Alleluia!—to mankind.

Live in all His life's resuming,
Mary, all thy light restore,
All thy heart with joy illuming,—
Death is driven from the door:
Night has had his night of sorrow,
Joy returneth with the morrow—
Alleluia!—evermore.

The daring of the mystical interpretations of Holy Scripture found in many of these mediæval hymns would render them quite unsuitable to our tastes. Some instances in Dr. Neale's versions of the Victorine sequences could not be tolerated in an English hymn for church use. And when we remember that most of our translators have been cramped by an adherence to the metre of the Latin, we need not wonder that some of their translations are hardly intelligible, unless we are guided to their interpretation by seeing the original. When the 'too outspoken' mystic

[1] Pone luctum, Magdalena.

poet's words can only be half represented, in spite of the translator's using the utmost amount of compression of which the English language is capable, it is no great marvel that every verse needs an elaborate commentary. One of these mystical stanzas begins thus in Dr. Neale's translation:—

'Letter held by, spirit scanted,
Saw the Synagogue supplanted,
Wandering wide, by Jacob's hand.'

in the Latin—

'Synagoga supplantatur
A Jacob, dum divagatur,
Nimis freta literæ.'

On which Dr. Neale observes, 'Esau going away to hunt, here represents the Jew, who while wandering in seeking for the letter of the Scriptures, and careless about the spirit, lost the blessing which Jacob obtained.'

Might we not rather suggest that the mystical interpreters should have read in this Scripture a lesson to themselves?[1] Surely the mystical meanings are, rather than literal interpretations, the far-fetched flesh of the wild deer; and they may be more in the way of the Blessing who seek the lessons that lie nearer at hand, within the reasonable limits typified by the fold wherein the kids were enclosed.

But we are trenching on the ground which is occupied by the Proses or Sequences, the consideration of which may best be reserved for our next article, especially as there are still some points to be noticed concerning the hymns proper. We find their *authorship* often almost impossible to ascertain. Daniel has avowedly followed the tradition of the Church for the most part; hence we find Charlemagne, Robert II., S. Augustine, and S. Bernard, among his list of hymn-writers. The origin of these traditions in the case of royal authors may be that the hymns were adopted by them as their special favourites; and in the latter two cases it may be that commentators have added the hymns in the first place as illustrating the text of the writers. We have one sacred poem[2]—for it can hardly be called a hymn—founded upon S. Augustine's saying, '*Malo mori quam fœdari*,' which runs somewhat as follows. I have not attempted to retain the metre of the original.

S. AUGUSTINE'S ANTIDOTE TO THE TYRANNY OF SIN.

Tyrant, dost thou threaten me?
Whatsoe'er thy pain may be,
What for me thou dost design
Cannot quench this love of mine.

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[1] Somewhat thus comments John Fletcher:—'The taste of many is perverted, . . . they must have "savoury meat, such as their soul loveth;" and we "hunt for venison," we minister to their spiritual luxury, and feast them on our own doctrinal efinements.'

[2] Quid, tyranne, quid minaris?

Suffering 'tis sweet to face,
Small its tortures are;
Death I choose before disgrace,
Love is stronger far.

Make thy fiery furnace glow;
All thy rage on me bestow;
Never sword nor cross of thine
Shall subdue this love of mine:
Death through these 'tis sweet to face;
Small its tortures are;
Death I choose before disgrace,
Love is stronger far.

Sweet to me is earthly grief,
Death's worst agonies, how brief!
Thousand tortures I can love,
Worst of pains no burden prove:
All these wounds 'tis sweet to face;
Weak their torments are:
Death I choose before disgrace,
Love is stronger far.

Passing over numberless hymns in honour of the saints of the Roman calendar, we need only remark of them, that where the hymns on our LORD are poor, these are mostly ten times worse. Puns, for they are nothing more, upon the name of the saint; disgusting details of his martyrdom; traditional miracles, sometimes forming an almost ludicrous parody of those recorded in Holy Scripture—make up the greater part of these so-called hymns. One of them could scarcely, by any amount of ingenuity, be made the basis of an English hymn suitable for church use. Even where their narrative rests on some historical foundation, they often present such a burlesque of facts and events, as is only equalled elsewhere by the mysteries and miracle-plays, which treat the Scriptural record in somewhat the same fashion.

We must make room for one more illustration in conclusion, a little carol[1] on the Nativity, of which the too tripping metre will, we hope, be excused by the beauty of its ideas.

'The lily has bloomed in the meadows so fair,
And the stream from Mount Lebanon waters it there,
And the zephyrs are wafting its scent through the air.

Joy! Joy! Joy!
Pastures rich are they,
Where the happy flock now play:
'Midst the lilies blossoming
They the LAMB are following,
Who, for them a Shepherd made,
In the cloak of flesh arrayed,
Through the Cross's mystery
Crushed the devil's tyranny,
Crushed the devil's tyranny,
Brought the lost a remedy.

[1] Lilium floruit arvis vernantibus. (See Daniel, iv. 209.)

See the Bridegroom His presence to His chamber restore,
Who did above angels with wondrous might soar,
And who knoweth our secrets and thoughts long before.
Joy! Joy! Joy! &c.

The brass now as amber in the furnace doth glow,
And the sea like to crystal from Sion doth flow,
And the foul serpent's torture no respite shall know.
Joy! Joy! Joy! &c.

(To be continued.)

THE SMALL-POX IN THE EAST.

FOUR SONNETS BY REV. S. J. STONE.

I.

THE SISTERS OF MERCY.*

THOU through this city-world late roaming wide—
Thy presence ever ruin, often death—
Who here i' the East now choosing to abide,
Would'st poison all the breezes with thy breath:
Not all unchallenged dost thou work thy will:
There have gone forth against thee many a hand
And many a heart, that in this hour of ill,
When most men fly or falter, still withstand:
The Healer here, the soul's Physician there,
And others, rank and file: and, if it be
That more for duty's sake these do and dare,
Yet are there who most meekly, mightily,
Work but in love. Angels of this sad city,
Ye Sisters of St. Saviour's tender pity!

II.

A PRIVATE BAPTISM.

ONE room and small, and yet the home of four;
Of these, three stricken: there the young wife dead,
The babe, which but a week ago she bore,
Here dying by its father; on the bed
Now and again weakly he strives to raise
His marred frame and bleared eyes that he may see

* With special reference to the Sisterhood of St. Saviour's Priory, Great Cambridge Street, Haggerston.

His motherless boy, and hear the words of praise,
'We thank Thee for this child new-born to Thee,'
Said by the kneeling priest. The chrismal dew
Shines, as the tears shine on the father's face,
Diamond-like 'mid dark disease. O true
And precious tokens of the streams of grace!
As 'JESUS wept,' he weeps for child and wife:
And from His Side sees flow their second life.

III.

(*Continued.*)

HE 'groans in spirit,' for his wife and son—
Sore troubled, like his Lord: he weeps and cries,
'I have lost her: yet, O Lord, Thy Will be done!
And he—oh now within Thine Arms he lies,
Our Father, and I thank Thee; yet, I pray,
Oh spare him! for my sight is sore and dim,
I scarce have seen my son.—What do I say?
It may be, Lord, that Thou hast need of him,
That Thou wouldst have him for his mother's joy;
Thou knowest, Lord, and doest always best;
She is with Thee; and if she wants her boy,
Lord, take him! I will think of them at rest
Together: is he not more hers than mine,
Now that her home is this no more, but Thine?'

IV.

CHURCH MINISTRATIONS.

THE powers of evil work unwittingly,
Unwillingly, for good; that word's control,
'Thus far, no further,' holds them, like the sea.
How often are they made to bless the soul,
While they beset the body with the woes
Of some disease that warns the world away,
And opens doors and hearts long sealed to those
Who watch for all whom earthly hopes betray,
The heavy-laden and forlorn, to aid
And lead them, pointing upward. Many a home
Brought by these powers into the darkest shade,
Has seen a new and better sunshine come,
And learnt ere long this word of heavenly cheer,
'The world forsakes us, but the Church is here.'

BITS FROM A NOTE BOOK.

AARON.

'Come, people! Aaron's drest.'

Numbers, xx. 25–29.—'TAKE Aaron and Eleazar his son, and bring them up unto Mount Hor: and strip Aaron of his garments, and put them upon Eleazar his son: and Aaron shall be gathered unto his people, and shall die there. And Moses did as the Lord commanded: and they went up into mount Hor in the sight of all the congregation. And Moses stripped Aaron of his garments, and put them upon Eleazar his son; and Aaron died there in the top of the mount: and Moses and Eleazar came down from the mount. And when all the congregation saw that Aaron was dead, they mourned for Aaron thirty days, even all the house of Israel.'

No word-painting could add one touch of fresh beauty or pathos to this picture; but in its quiet study we may discern features which would escape a careless glance.

It is simply to look at it, remembering who the people were, Moses and Aaron and Eleazar his son; Aaron, the Priest of the Lord, of whom we first hear as the eloquent man through whom his brother was to utter the revealed will of God; that brother, the noblest warrior and the grandest statesman that ever won or ruled a kingdom; and the son, the survivor of Aaron's children, who stood by him when the others perished by God's judgement on their sin.

'Aaron, thy brother, cometh to meet thee; and he will be glad in his heart;' with these words God strengthened the heart of the law-giver; and the Lord said unto Aaron, 'Go into the wilderness to meet Moses; and he went and met him in the Mount of God, and kissed him;' this was probably their first meeting since the Hebrew boy had seen his baby-brother carried away in his cradle of bulrushes and laid beside the river Nile; they met at God's bidding, each to be the complement of his brother's life: together to stand as God's messengers before Pharaoh; the one learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians; the other gifted with that power of eloquence which no education can bestow—'Aaron thy brother shall speak unto Pharaoh;' and to Aaron also was first entrusted the gift of miracles; not, as it were, as his own possession, but in order to bear witness to Moses: these brothers, so united in life, were now come together for their parting; He who had ordered their meeting in the Mount of God, now commanded their separation, with all its attendant circumstances.

The office of the High Priesthood was 'put upon him,' for 'no man taketh this honour upon himself, but he that is called of God, as was

Aaron;' and in the brightness of that typical and representative office, the man as it were disappears. Never did mortal man bear so high a dignity; and it is very significant that the few glimpses we are given of the individual, represent him in lowliness and painfulness, in submission, in inferiority, in self-denial, and twice in error. It was after Aaron had been admitted 'to see the God of Israel,' and while Moses was in the Mount of God receiving directions for the typical 'clothing for glory and for beauty,' that he, who was to wear that clothing, to whom was destined the breast-plate, and the ephod, and the holy crown, as shadows of things to come, yielded to the popular clamour, failed in his belief in the Unseen, consented to the idol worship of the people, and made the coward's excuse by casting blame on those he ought to have controlled, and attributing a miraculous intervention to the result of his own deliberate act. He was afterwards, too, partaker with Miriam in that 'chiding of Moses' which was in her case so severely rebuked; it seemed as if the spirit of the elder brother and sister rose against the appointed superiority and rule of the younger; as if for the moment Miriam felt authorized to judge and to chide him whom she had watched in the perilous hour of his infancy, and to whom her quick tenderness had restored the fountain of the mother's love: it is often thus; we are often ready to rise against the power which is ordained of God, if it does not commend itself to our natural judgement; and this inclination God rebukes. Aaron seems only or chiefly to have suffered through sympathy with his sister; 'Aaron looked upon Miriam, and behold she was leprous; and Aaron said unto Moses, Alas, my lord! I beseech Thee lay not the sin upon *us*, wherein we have done foolishly, and wherein *we* have sinned; let *her* not be as one dead;' thus by sympathy, by the unity of brotherhood, identifying himself with her in her fault and in her punishment.

But there was a sorrow deeper, more intimate, more humbling, than this; at the moment when his typical office had reached its culminating point, when Aaron, as God's High Priest, 'lifted up his hand toward the people and blessed them'—'blessed the people' as God's representative; and the glory of the Lord appeared unto all the people, and there came a fire from the Lord and consumed his burnt offering; and the people when they saw it shouted and fell on their faces; then it was that the heart of the father, beating beneath those robes of beauty and glory, was wrung with the deepest woe of which the human heart is capable, the conviction of his children's guilt; 'Nadab and Abihu offered strange fire before the Lord, which He commanded them not;' a miserable attempt by human power to imitate what they had just seen done by God's own hand; 'and there went out a fire from the Lord, and devoured them;' and they, the sons who had with him beheld the vision of the Most High, and who were associated with him in his privileges, they 'died before the Lord,' the victims of their own presumptuous sin.

Moses comforted his brother with no earth-born comfort; he reminded him that thus the authority of the Almighty must be vindicated; 'This

is it that the Lord hath spoken, I will be sanctified in them that come nigh Me, and before all the people I will be glorified; *and Aaron held his peace.*' He could not be glad that it was through the punishment of his dear ones God's glory was to be shewn; but that glory was more to him than child or love or life, and he held his peace' in silent submission; as Jeremiah said, 'Let us be silent there, for the Lord our God hath put us to silence, and hath given us the water of gall to drink, because we have sinned against Him.' 'He held his peace,' even while his kindred came to carry the young men out of the camp, robed for burial as he had seen them robed as his companions in the priesthood; as Jeremiah said again, 'Truly this is a grief, and I must bear it.' He must not weep or make the usual mourning for his children, lest any should doubt his acquiescence in the act of Divine justice; but his heart was full of nature's submissive woe; and when he was asked to join in the public service, he said, 'Behold this day *they* (did he mean the beloved sinners against their own souls who were gone?) *they* offered their burnt offering before the Lord, and *such things have befallen me;* and if I had eaten the sin offering to-day, could it have been accepted in the sight of the Lord?' Submission was there, but it were false to talk of gladness when such things had befallen him; 'and Moses, when he heard that, was content.'

And this meek, crushed, heart-broken man, was the same who officially represented the people in the presence of God, and through whom God drew near to them; he stood as the ambassador of God, and the intercessor for the people, representing the One Mediator; he was the sacrificing priest through whom the blood of atonement was offered; and in this typical character, as the shadow or reflection of the Great High Priest, every honour was his, every failure in the recognition of his official dignity was visited as a sin against God. 'See, people! Aaron's drest!' See the garments for glory and for beauty, fashioned by Divine direction; see the robe, the breast-plate, the crowned mitre, figuring to the eye of faith the glory of the Son of God; and see him now, in those robes of state, led up at God's command by his brother and his son, to be unclothed and left to die in his raiment of humiliation; to see, while yet he lived, those garments of praise transferred to another, in token that with them also should be transmitted his office, and then to die. The glory departed, indeed! but can we doubt that the reality of which it was but a shadow opened before his calm faith? or can we doubt that the tender love of Moses still made 'glad the heart of Aaron his brother,' and that the son who succeeded him in the noblest position ever held by man, sustained him to the last by his filial love and duty? This gentle yielding spirit was not left, like the bolder one of the heroic warrior, to meet death alone upon the mountain-top; when Aaron laid aside all earthly glory, power, and dignity, his dying hour was comforted by the presence of son and brother.

These things are written for our learning; and in the two-fold

character of Aaron—the official or typical, and the personal—we learn from the splendour of the one, and the lowliness of the other, lessons which continue in our sight the contrasting union of exaltation and humiliation.

Typically he represented the highest glory, even the redeeming work of our Great High Priest, who is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God; in this type we see as in a map the greatest truths of Christianity, which we should otherwise fail to discern because of their magnitude; through this type chiefly we learn the present position of the Church—waiting, while He is withdrawn within the veil, waiting till He shall come forth to bless the people.

Personally he represents the low estate of our humanity, against which pride and self-assertion struggle in vain, and which Christian humility lovingly accepts; for human life is all an 'undressing,' not only in the last putting off of the body, but at each step of our progress from the cradle to the grave—

> 'A calm undressing, all so silently,
> For stillness of the grave—unrepining.'

So it is from the moment the heart wakes to the consciousness of a regretted past, even though the present be brighter and better. The child sees his place occupied by the new baby; and he may either rejoice that he has gained a brother, or fret that he is no longer the only object: the boy leaves his home, puts away childish things, and manfully goes forth to learn how to labour; but is there not here a putting off of the past, which swells his heart and fills his eye? the maiden forsakes father and mother and brothers and sisters, to fulfil the ordinance of marriage; but is there not a deep and tender sorrow mingled with her joy? one life is gone, though a brighter may be coming: the parent rears his little ones to send them out from the nest that remains lonely and dull—he would not have it otherwise; but is he not putting off his crown of rejoicing, his olive wreath, as they depart? and then youth itself departs, and the strength of maturity departs, and each year takes away some power, some faculty, some part of his very self, that will never come back; and nothing but a perfect acquiescence in God's Will, and a clear hope beyond the grave, can enable him to welcome the advancing years, when 'his strength is labour and sorrow:' then there is the disposing of all that is his own; the arrangement and division for the use of others of all that represented his own heritage, his own industry, his own tastes, his own intentions, his own interests; all must inevitably pass from his grasp: blessed is the soul to whom all this, all and each separate part of it, comes as

> 'A calm undressing, all so silently,
> For stillness of the grave—unrepining;'

no repining, no longing lingering looks after a dead past, or towards

the plain with all its busy multitude; but a calm and steady ascent of the mountain side, for the purpose of there laying down all that has been, and waiting to enter upon that not seen as yet. It is a great act of faith to contemplate death calmly, if there is a true perception of the past, the present, and the future; a great triumph of faith to die rejoicing in hope of the glory of God; it is the crowning point of that 'victory which overcometh the world, even our faith.'

Even Aaron's burial place seems to carry on the contrast between the lowly and the lofty which his life presents. It cannot be said of him as of his noble brother, 'no man knoweth his sepulchre;' nor as of David, 'his sepulchre is with us;' for it stands in its wondrous solitude—desolate, most desolate, as it regards the lower world, yet elevated on the point that reaches nearest to the heavens.

A SAINT'S PAST.

'So groaned Sir Lancelot in remorseful pain,
Not knowing he should die a holy man.'
Idylls of the King.

And *had* he known—yea, had he known, say I,
Would he have sorrowed less?
Nay, higher would have swelled, and yet more high,
The tide of his distress.

'Oh Thou, before whose sight my sin is done!'
Heart-struck he might have said,
'Hast thou for *me* the "best robe" of a son,
A nimbus for *my* head?

In the far future waits indeed a time
When men shall call me saint?
Me! who to devil, world, and flesh, my prime
Have given without restraint.

Oh, Mercy, terrible because so great!
Oh, Love beyond belief!
Oh, Sacred Heart, which I shall love too late!
This—this indeed is grief,

To know that I shall *once* day serve Thee true,
Yet have this past of mine—
This bitter past, which I can ne'er undo,
Betwixt Thy Face and mine;

That when pure pitying Angels tell of me—
"Behold, he doth repent,"
And Heaven's courts are stirred to ecstasy,
And justice doth relent,

I shall look inward, and see nought but shame,
Nothing but guilt and sin;
No one pure deed wrought in my Saviour's name,
No one thought with Him kin!

That when I come to love Him—*love* Him, mark—
And yearn to give Him all,
My empty hands shall wander in the dark,
And prone and helpless fall,

Because there shall be nothing, *nothing* there,
Not *one* thing fit to give;
—A ruined soul, a mind of wisdom bare,
A heart which scarce doth live,—

All wasted, all degraded, all defiled,
Spent upon earth and shame;
No voice to answer when He calls "My child,"
No breath to name His Name.

And say, "He asks for nought," and say, "He gave
His life without return,"—
Shall *that*, then, think you, make me cease to crave,
Mine anguish cease to burn?

Nay, is not that the very crowning grief,
That He *did* love us so,
That His pierced hands did bring to us relief,
The while we brought Him woe?

O Love! forgotten unrequited Love!
Thou who giv'st all for nought!
O Love! who vainly seek'st to win and move
The souls by dying bought—

This is my woe, and shall be evermore,
Till death shall set me free,
That Thou didst lavish for me all Thy store,
While I rejected Thee!'

FLORENCE WILFORD.

THOUGHTS ON MR. TENNYSON'S POEM OF THE HOLY GRAIL.

'The true ideal is not opposed to the real, nor is it in any artificial heightening thereof, but lies in it. Blessed are the eyes that find it.'—*J. R. Lowell.*

'Le mysticisme considère les phenomènes religieux simplement comme des faits résultant du contact immédiat de la Divinité avec l'individu humain.'—*Reuss' Theologie Chretienne.*

The oftener this Poem is read, and the longer it is pondered over, the more I think its students will perceive that one, at all events, of its author's meanings is, that the Holy Grail should be understood as an outward visible sign of what Saints of old were wont to call the 'Beatific Vision,' and that the whole Poem is a commentary on the words, 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.'

An eloquent modern writer,* speaking of the Beatific Vision, says, 'It is but a faint notion, no doubt, that the best man can have of God's goodness, so dull has sin made our hearts and brains; but the more we learn to love what is good, the more we shall be able to see the goodness of God—and to see that, even for a moment, is worth all sights in earth or in Heaven; no wonder the Saints of old called it the Beatific Vision: that is, the sight which makes a man utterly blessed—namely, to see, if but for a moment with his mind's eye, what God is like; and behold! He is utterly good. No wonder that they said that while that thought was before them, this world was as nothing to them—that they were as men in a dream, or dead, not caring to eat or move, for fear of losing that glorious thought, but felt as if they were (as they were most really and truly) caught up into Heaven, and taken utterly out of themselves by the beauty and glory of God's perfect goodness.'

If the Holy Grail is looked upon as the outward sign of this inward grace, then the Quest of the Knights is a parable, shewing us the effect which visible and material rites and symbols, and the invisible spiritual realities of which they are the witness and manifestation, have upon the nature, character, and conduct, of different men under different circumstances of life.

Sir Galahad.

An utter obliteration and annihilation of self was ever held to be necessary, if any hope dare be cherished of being blessed with a glimpse of the Beatific Vision. Of all the Knights, Sir Galahad only seems to have perceived and comprehended this: it is true that Sir Bors acted upon it; but then with him it was, as it were, attained unconsciously.

* Professor Kingsley.

In Merlin's Magic Chair

> 'No man could sit but he should lose himself.'

It was Galahad who grasped the meaning, and cried, 'If I lose myself, I save myself.' Only he seems to have remembered those words of his Master's, 'He that loseth his life for My sake, shall find it.'

To lose self in God! The greatest of the ancient Eastern Mythologies holds out absorption into the Deity as the grandest object of man's endeavours—the great end of his life: the Mystical Theology of the Middle Ages taught that the highest state man could reach on this side the grave, was what it termed the Unitive Stage of the religious life—when a man's will actually ceases to exist as a separate agent, because it has become so essentially one with the Will of God. And yet there is a higher lesson to be learned, and Galahad both perceived and acted upon it: this loss of self in God, this union of will with God, ought not to be regarded and rested in by man in this world as the end, the result of his life—it is but the means, not the end. In a sinning suffering world, the end and object of man's life must ever be to do God's work—to fight on His side in the battle with evil, to struggle against His enemies; and this is how Galahad understood it, as we shall see if we study what is told us of him.

When the Holy Grail first appeared in Arthur's Hall, it was on a summer's night, when Galahad had sat in Merlin's chair; he beheld It—the other Knights saw

> 'The faces of their fellows as in a glory;'

he alone heard the Voice say, 'Follow me;' in fact, only he was called, only he saw; the other Knights started off in quest of that which was freely vouchsafed to him. 'Man was sent into this world not merely to see but to do;' (I quote again from Mr. Kingsley;) 'and the clearer he sees, the more he is bound to go and do accordingly.' Galahad fully carried out this: no one saw so much as he did, for the Holy Thing, he says, 'moved with me day and night,'

> 'And in the strength of this I rode,
> Shattering all evil customs everywhere,
> And past thro' Pagan realms and made them mine,
> And clashed with Pagan hordes and bore them down,
> And broke thro' all—and in the strength of this,
> Come victor.'

The full completion can never be on this side the Veil: enough is given here for rest, refreshment, encouragement, in the battle of life; but even Galahad, from whom It was never parted after his call, even he saw it 'fainter by day,' in the glare of the world's distractions—even he must wait for the 'crowning,' or eternal realization, 'far in the spiritual city.' Galahad was called—he 'left all, and followed

Him.' We feel, with the King, that 'his chair desires him here in vain;' henceforth, he was gone to do the will of God; and the last we see and hear of him, after that life spent in 'shattering all evil customs everywhere,' is,

> 'Thrice above him the heavens
> Opened and blazed with thunder, such as seemed
> Shoutings of all the sons of God; and first
> At once I saw him far in the great sea,
> In silver shining armour, starry clear,
> And o'er his head the holy vessel hung,
> Clothed in white samite, or a luminous cloud,
> * * * * *
> And when the heavens opened and blazed again,
> Roaring, I saw him like a silver star,
> * * * * *
> And o'er his head the holy vessel hung,
> Redder than any rose.'

And beyond again,

> 'I saw the spiritual city, and all her spires
> And gateways in a glory, like one pearl,
> No larger, tho' the goal of all the Saints,
> Strike from the sea; and from the star there shot
> A rose-red sparkle to the city, and there
> Dwelt, and I knew it was the Holy Grail,
> Which never eyes on earth again shall see.'

And Galahad and the Holy Vision disappeared in those floods of Glory. 'In Thy Light shall we see Light:' only the 'pure in heart' can see God.

Sir Percival

started on the Quest thinking only of himself; at first he was 'lifted up in heart,' when he recollected 'his late shewn prowess in the lists;' and he was self-confident—he 'knew that he should light upon the Holy Grail.' Conscience, however, soon awakes, and the 'dark warning of the King came like a driving gloom across his mind,' and as he says,

> 'Every evil word I had spoken once,
> And every evil thought I had thought of old,
> And every evil deed I ever did,
> Awoke and cried, "This Quest is not for thee."'

As soon as conscience was roused, he finds himself (as all must, when it is for the first time thoroughly awakened, and the soul is full of thoughts and feelings utterly incommunicable to any other human being) 'alone,' and the world straightway appears to him but a land of 'sand and thorns;' how wonderfully full of meaning is this! the sand so dry, so blinding, and so choking—the thorns which wound and pierce.

He became 'thirsty even unto death,' thirsting for higher, better things—thirsting for God in a barren and dry land, where no water is: he gets discouraged, depressed, and cries again, 'The Quest is not for me.' His thirst increases, till it seems 'as if it would slay him;' and then he tries, what men have ever tried to do since the days of Adam, to slake that thirst which can only be quenched at the Fountain of Living Water, at the broken cisterns of the world; to satisfy the longings of the soul, the craving of the finite for the Infinite, with the perishable things of time and sense; and he failed, as man ever will fail: all, as he touched it, 'fell into dust,' and he 'was ever left alone thirsting in a land of sand and thorns.'

The world, the flesh, and the devil—the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, the pride of life—he tried them all, all with the same result. First, he was tempted by the 'goodly apples and the bright brook,' and said he would 'rest there,' he was 'not worthy of the Quest;' but even while he drank the brook and ate the apples, 'all these things at once fell into dust, and he was left alone thirsting in a land of sand and thorns:' he was worthy of better things—he could not be allowed to rest in mere material enjoyment. Then next came the passions: the house looked 'fair,' and the woman 'kind, gracious, and innocent,' and he was again tempted to 'rest there;' but no, it was not to be: all here too fell into dust when touched; the house that had looked so fair became but a 'broken shed;' the woman whom he had thought innocent had left 'a dead babe' in it, and he was left again 'alone:' then he rode on, and 'greater was his thirst.'

'There flashed a yellow gleam across the world.'

This was riches—money, and all fell down before it;

'Where it smote the plowshare in the field,
The plowman left his plowing, and fell down
Before it; where it glittered on her pail,
The milkmaid left her milking, and fell down
Before it.'

He became aware of one that 'on him moved in golden armour, with a crown of gold,' and his horse in golden armour. The splendour 'flashed him blind;' and it seemed huge, the lord of all the world, as if it would crush him; 'up I went, and touched him, and he too fell into dust.' Experience teaches there are some things money cannot buy, cannot do; and he was left 'alone, wearying in that land of sand and thorns.'

Ambition was next tried—the applause of men. He clomb the giddy height of Fame; but when he reached it, he found 'at top no man nor any voice:' it turned to ruin, and his very name was forgotten by the next generation, and he was once more left alone and in grief. The inevitable result followed—the world-old weary cry, all is vanity and

vexation of spirit; he loses faith in everything; saddest result of all, he loses faith even in holy things—'Lo! if I find the Holy Grail itself, and touch it, it will crumble into dust.' At last he begins to seek a better way, and goes to a holy man, who tells him that the reason he had failed was, that he had not 'true humility, the highest virtue—mother of them all;' and that he had been thinking only of himself all the time, first of his own prowess, then of his own sins; he had not 'lost himself to save himself, as Galahad.'

Galahad suddenly shines before him; they kneel in prayer, the holy hermit slakes his thirst at last, Galahad draws him 'with power to believe as he believed,' and thenceforth they go on together. Sir Percival finally sees the Grail, when he beholds Galahad in glory, and It 'hung o'er his head.' At dawn he found himself again at the chapel door, where he had knelt in prayer with Galahad; and then he returns to Arthur, but not to stay; 'he passes into the silent life of prayer, praise, fast, and alms,' and leaves the helmet for the cowl.

After all, he had only beheld It once 'afar off'—he was not like Galahad, whom It never left; yet he 'left human wrongs to right themselves.' Selfish still, he thought only of himself, and the safety of his own soul; he was one of those who leave all the duties God gives them, and say it is done for the sake of God. He forsook his duty as one of the Knights of the Round Table—duty which he had sworn to fulfil; and he refused the duties which came to him during his Quest; when pure and holy wedded love might have been his, with all the responsibilities it entails, and all the opportunities for serving God and man family life gives; and a people had drawn near, and with 'supplication, both of knee and tongue,' had besought him to rule over them, and become 'the Arthur of their land,' but instead, he rose and fled!

The Beatific Vision might, would, have been granted to him more fully, and have abided with him more constantly, had he looked upon it in its true light, as that which was to give him strength to fulfil his duties, and not have abandoned his duties in the hope that by so doing he should enjoy it more: self ever stood between him and the Vision of his God, as it ever must stand between man and the attainment of the highest excellence and blessing.

Sir Lancelot.

'He dash'd across me—mad,
And maddening what he rode.'

Torn by remorse, he could allow himself no time for thought—he was desperate; if he had not ridden on his Quest thus, he could not have borne to go at all; he knew 'there was a lion in the way,'—his sin, which had grown so strong and terrible. When he returns, and gives

the account of his adventures to the King, we see what his pangs of conscience had been, for he wished even to be rid of his conscience:

> 'Happier are those that welter in their sin,
> Swine in the mud, that cannot see for slime.'

So low had Lancelot sunk! lower than the poor prodigal of the parable, when he was in that 'far off land' of sin, and would fain have filled his belly with the husks the swine did eat; for he never said, or thought, or wished, that the food of animals could ever appease the cravings of man, or envied those who could glory in their shame, and wallow * in the same sty with beasts.

Then follows a most instructive important lesson: the man who had thus resisted and stifled the Voice of the Holy Spirit, thought and hoped that by touching or seeing the Holy Grail, his sin might at last be plucked asunder from what was still left in him of noble and knightly. Thus degrading the Holy Thing by a superstitious belief in the efficacy of its merely outward and visible sign. A holy man, however, shews him that, on the contrary, unless they were plucked asunder, unless his sin were conquered, his Quest would be in vain, he would not be in a state or condition to see. He goes forth again, and 'yearned and strove to tear the twain asunder in his heart,' but the madness of his sin was too strong for him, and 'whipt him into waste fields far away;' and it having been allowed by him to get the upper hand—

> 'There was I beaten down by little men,
> Mean knights, to whom the moving of my sword
> And shadow of my spear had been enow
> To scare them from me once.'

What an example of the truth that 'conscience doth make cowards of us all!' How it all shews the way sin had blinded Lancelot, had degraded his religion into superstition, and made him expect that after he had resisted God's own Voice and Presence within him, when It urged him to conquer his sin, any merely external symbol or rite, even the highest and holiest, could ever as if by magical charm do so.

At last he hears 'the blast so loud,' the trumpet voice that rouses him, as if it were the Archangel's trump of doom. He was on the shore, the shore of time; he sees a boat, and 'in his madness, to himself he said, I will embark, and I will lose myself, and in the great Sea wash away my sin,' the Ocean of Eternity. For seven days he 'drives along the dreary deep:' on the seventh night he sees the mystic castle, the enchanted towers; he enters, and hears a sweet voice singing far, far above him; he climbs upward and upward, still with pain; at last he reaches a door, he sees the Light through it, and hears the Song of the Blessed inside, 'Glory and joy and honour to our Lord, and to the Holy Vessel of the Grail!' In his madness he essays the

* Archbishop Trench.

door—madness it was indeed, with the sin still clinging to and blackening his soul; it gave! and to him, in consequence of that unforsaken sin, it was through 'stormy glare—through heat as from a seven times heated furnace, that he—blasted, burnt, blinded with such fierceness that he swooned away'—thought he saw the Grail! 'For every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood, but this shall be with burning and fuel of fire.'* This, the 'Wrath of the Lamb.' It is only they that 'do His Commandments that may enter in through the gates into the City.'† 'Without are all wicked doers, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie.'† And what a lie, what a black lie, was Lancelot acting towards his friend, his King! how could he dare to hope he could enter in with it still on his soul, unrepented, unforsaken?

He only 'thought' he saw the Holy Grail; and to him it was all palled in crimson, and surrounded by 'great angels, awful shapes, and wings and eyes,' and even what he thought he saw was veiled and covered—and the Quest was not for him! He had voluntarily chosen darkness; and the Light, the Light of that God who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, was not for him; still all had not been in vain, for we are told that in long after years Lancelot 'died a holy man.'

Sir Bors.

One of the most touching portions of the poem is, all that refers to 'good Sir Bors.' His character has a wonderful simplicity, honesty, and unselfishness about it. Though he was one of the Knights who started on the Quest, yet we are told

> 'He had been well content
> Not to have seen, so Lancelot might have seen,
> The Holy Cup of healing.'

All his thought was for his much-loved cousin Lancelot; he was 'so clouded with his grief and love' about him, that 'small heart was his after the holy Quest.' He forgot his own interest, his own reward, even in spiritual matters, for the sake of the friend whom he loved so well, and for whose sin he mourned so truly. Surely this was that 'losing self,' which was to meet with an exceeding great reward.

Sir Bors rose far above that narrow conception of religion, which would make it consist merely or chiefly in man's care and thought about himself, his own soul, his own spiritual interests and rewards. He seems to have caught in some degree St. Paul's spirit when he said he 'could wish himself accursed from Christ for his brethren, for whom he had great heaviness and continual sorrow of heart.'

One can almost see Sir Bors! the 'square-set man, and honest,' who

* Isaiah. † Revelation.

are 'mighty reverent at grace,' and 'whose eyes, an out-door sign of all the warmth within, smiled with his lips,'—the man who could say,

> 'If God would send the Vision—well;
> If not, the Quest and he were in the hand of Heaven.'

His trust was too deep and strong in his God to depend upon outward signs, and it was rewarded. To this simple, honest, practical nature, so humble-minded, so unconscious of self, the Vision of God was vouchsafed. It seems to have caused him surprise that he should be so favoured:

> '"And then to me, to me,
> Said good Sir Bors, "beyond all hopes of mine,
> Who scarce had prayed, or asked it for myself—
> Across the seven clear stars—O grace to me—
> . . . . . the sweet Grail
> Glided and past."'

Yes, God reveals Himself to those who simply do their duty faithfully amongst the ordinary events of every-day life, and leave themselves and those events, with full trust, in His Hands, 'Who doeth all things well.'

When the Knights return to the King, Sir Bors, though one of the very few favoured by a sight of the Holy Grail, still thinks only of Lancelot; he 'pushes athwart the throng to him, caught his hand, held it, and there half hidden by him stood,'—stood to be near him in that hour of humiliation when he had to confess his disappointment. But the King espies Sir Bors, and the King's religion having ever been of a practical kind, he had consequently understood and valued the plain, honest, manly piety of the good Knight. He immediately calls to him, and says,

> 'Hail, Bors! if ever loyal man and true
> Could see it, thou hast seen the Grail.'

Then comes the most exquisite touch of all. He who 'had been well content not to have seen,' provided the loved friend whom he thought needed it so much could see It—he who had thought so much and so anxiously about that friend, that he himself had 'small heart after the Quest'—he who was surprised the Vision should be vouchsafed to him at all—he, when he did see It, felt it so deeply, so reverent and modest about it, that all he could say on the subject to the King was, 'Ask me not, for I may not speak of It; I saw It, and the tears were in his eyes.'

His was just the character to act thus. When spiritual experiences, consolations, and rewards, are bestowed on a nature like his, they are felt and valued too deeply for words. They are unsought by such men, partly because they do not consider themselves worthy of them, partly because they think their simple duty is just to serve God and help their neighbour; and they do this unconsciously as it were, and therefore never think about rewards. When these come, they have too much

reverence, too much real deep feeling, to speak about them; but their gratitude is very great, their appreciation of the helps and consolations granted to them is truer than that of other men—as true and deep as even that of the Sir Galahads!

Sir Gawaine.

It is difficult to conceive the reason of a man of this kind ever caring to start on the Quest at all. His doing so, is probably intended to shew that characters like his have but one idea about religion—its outside; and that they appreciate to a certain degree, and wish to enjoy its externals, without its realities having any hold upon them, or producing any real change of heart and conduct: men, whose lives are light, frivolous, immoral even; whose nature are worldly, faithless, sensual, and yet who do not like to give up religion altogether, and therefore substitute a devotion to its outward visible forms, for an acceptance of its inward and spiritual realities.

The still small voice will be heard at times, in spite of all the fascinations of the service of the world, the flesh, and the devil; and they hope to quiet its demands by outward observances.

Gawaine no doubt thought that if he could but see this Holy Grail, it would serve him instead of a good life; and therefore he sware, and 'louder than the rest.' Of course his professions were very loud, because he knew that his practice was very low. He little dreamt of all this Holy Quest entailed. At the very first temptation he meets, he succumbs without any attempt at resistance, 'for he was already much a-wearied with this Quest.' The externals of religion in his opinion were all very well; but even they, if they entailed any real trouble or self-denial, might be pursued at too high a cost; and so he settles (having first quieted his conscience by receiving the assurance of a holy man, who 'made him sure the Quest was not for him') 'to be blind as any noonday owl, and deafer than the blue-eyed cat,' to anything of the kind henceforth; and the King truly tells him 'he is too blind to have desire even to see.'

We afterwards find in 'Pelleas and Ettarre' what he sinks into, and do not feel surprised. His end we learn in the 'Passing of Arthur;' it is awful and instructive. He had been killed in Lancelot's war, and his ghost was 'blown along a wandering wind,' and came on Arthur sleeping, and past his ear went shrilling, 'Hollow, hollow, hollow, all delight!' For the King, that true Knight who had fought the good fight, there was an Isle of rest from this world's weariness and woe; but for him, for Gawaine, 'as he had sown, so he had reaped;' he was ever to be blown along, never to have rest—ever to be borne along by a wandering wind, and to find 'all hollow.' 'Light was Gawaine in life, and light in death was he; for the ghost is as the man.'

Men have no right 'rashly to count on some sudden magical change happening to them as soon as they die, to make them fit for Heaven. There is not one word in the Bible which gives reason to suppose that persons will not be in the next world what they have made themselves in this.'*

On reading of Gawaine's fate, one cannot help recalling to mind almost with a smile that part of the allegory of the 'Water Babies,' where it says that, 'after all, the other end of Nowhere will be found to be very like this end of Somewhere.' There is an awful text in the last chapter of the Bible: 'He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; he which is filthy, let him be filthy still.' All had become vanity and vexation of spirit to the man who had lived only for the gratification of self; all must ever be found hollow by the Gawaines of the world. His punishment was, that he was left to be what he had allowed himself to drift into becoming. It was an awful fate; the more it is pondered over, the more we shall find lessons to be derived from it.

And how did Arthur greet his Knights on their return? He received them on his dais throne, in that wondrous Hall of Merlin, girt with the 'four great zones of sculpture.'

> 'And in the lowest beasts are slaying men,
> And in the second men are slaying beasts,
> And on the third are warriors, perfect men,
> And on the fourth are men with growing wings;
> And over all one statue in the mould
> Of Arthur, made by Merlin, with a crown.'

What a type of the gradual triumph of man's higher nature over his lower! first, the appetites and passions conquering all that is noble and pure, slaying all true manliness; then, men refusing to obey their lower instincts—fighting, conquering, slaying them—rise to be warriors, Christ's faithful soldiers and servants, perfect men, and consequently in a condition to permit of the further development of the spiritual within them, 'the growing wings.' The crown of all being a statue in the mould of Arthur.

If we take the grand idea of one reviewer of Mr. Tennyson's Poem,† that Arthur is intended to stand for the 'King within us,'—our highest nature, by whatsoever name it may be called, conscience, spirit, the moral soul, the religious sense—then we see the reason why he is placed 'over all,' and is represented as crowned, and with wings,

> 'And eastward fronts the statue, and the crown
> And both the wings are made of gold, and flame
> At sunrise, till the people in far fields,
> Wasted so often by the heathen hordes,
> Behold it, crying, "We have still a King."'

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* Professor Kingsley.

† The writer of the letter in the 'Spectator' of 1st January, 1870.

And surely higher still may we dare carry our thoughts on to Him, Who by taking in His own Person the Manhood into God, opened out boundless possibilities for the future of the race He had redeemed and restored.

Surrounded by such types as these, Arthur hailed his Knights on their return. He had a most accurate sense of duty, and a keen perception of that in which it really consists. He had never approved of the Quest. When he had first heard of it, 'his face darkened,' and he exclaimed, 'Woe is me! my Knights, had I been here, ye had not sworn the vow.' The sole exception he made was for Sir Galahad, when he tells the King that he 'had seen the Grail, and heard the cry, 'O Galahad! and O Galahad, follow me!' Arthur said, 'Ah Galahad, for such as thou art is the vision.' He never would have started on it himself; he never could have left positive practical duty, never forsaken the work which had to be done. They had told him that if he 'had seen the sight, he would have vowed the vow;' but he says,

> 'Not easily, seeing that the King must guard
> That which he rules, and is but as the hind,
> To whom a space of land is given to plough,
> Who may not wander from the allotted field
> Before his work be done.'

And then he nobly, grandly, adds,

> 'but being done,
> Let visions of the night, or of the day,
> Come as they will; and many a time they come,
> Until this earth he walks on seems not earth,
> This light that strikes his eyeball is not light,
> This air that smites his forehead is not air,
> But vision—yea, his very hand and foot,
> In moments when he feels he cannot die,
> And knows himself no vision to himself,
> Nor the high God a vision, nor that One
> Who rose again.'

Like Sir Bors, he strongly felt that truth—'Duties are ours, events are God's;' and to him, as to Sir Bors, the unsought reward was vouchsafed.

It is impossible not to remember, whilst reading this Poem, our Lord's words, that it is a faithless and adulterous generation that seeks a sign; it is ever so, wherever there is high profession and low practice; wherever belief and trust are lost, men crave to the outward, and cling desperately to its manifestation, as something tangible, that they can be sure of. Religion ever degenerates into superstition when immorality has sapped the conditions in which Faith is possible; when all seems drifting, 'a sign' is passionately longed for, and welcomed. An adulterous generation is always a faithless one.

It is remarkable that the King—who was the only person unacquainted

with the terrible sin which was gradually but certainly eating away all belief in goodness, which was slowly and surely undermining every object for which the Order of the Round Table had been founded—was also the only one who disapproved of the Quest, and had no wish but simply to do the duty which lay nearest him, and leave visions to come or go as God willed; he had never lost his faith, and so needed no visible confirmation of it.

The great lesson we can learn from the whole Poem, is one taught long ago on the Transfiguration Mount. When St. Peter beheld the Vision of his Lord in glory, he said, 'It is good for us to be here:' and so it was, but not for long; he was not to build, as he wished, tabernacles there, and remain wrapt in mute wonder and adoration, when there was still so much work to be done for his Master, down below, in the every-day events of life. 'He had to come down from the Mount, and preach the Gospel wearily for many a year, and die at last upon the cross. St. Augustine, in like wise—though he would gladly have lived and died doing nothing but fixing his soul's eye steadily on the glory of God's goodness—had to come down from the Mount likewise, and work and preach and teach, and wear himself out in daily drudgery, for that God Whom he learnt to serve, even when he could not adore Him in the press of business, and the bustle of a rotten and a dying world.' *

When the disciples descended from those ecstatic heights of adoration and contemplation, they were immediately confronted with the sin, the suffering, and the sorrow, of the world—the poor lunatic boy was brought to their Master to be cured. As long as sin and suffering exists in God's universe, so long must we feel that the Beatific Vision can only be granted at intervals in mercy, to give strength in the fight with evil, and encouragement to struggle against it to the end. When Christ's cause is finally and universally triumphant, when all His enemies are put under His feet for ever—then, and not till then, will 'the Beatific Vision' become the glorious heritage of all His faithful soldiers and servants. A heritage that 'fadeth not away,' that can never be taken from them, that will indeed cease to be a Vision, because it will have become a reality; for faith will be merged in sight, and that which they have more or less dimly apprehended here, according to the measure in which they have had grace to 'purify themselves even as He is pure,' will then be vouchsafed, after this Quest—this life—is over, for all eternity! the 'fruition of that glorious Godhead,' to which all returns, because all proceeds from it; that final restitution of all things; that consummation of the Divine purpose throughout the whole universe, when at last and for ever 'God shall be all in all.' †

B.

* Professor Kingsley. † 1 Corinthians.

THE PILLARS OF THE HOUSE;

OR,

UNDER WODE, UNDER RODE.

CHAPTER XVII.

MIDSUMMER SUN.

'For Phœbus' awful self encountered him
Amid the battle throng invisible,
In thickest darkness shrouded all his face;
He stood behind, and with extended palm
Dealt on Patroclus' neck and shoulder broad
A mighty buffet.'

Iliad, Book xvi. *(Earl of Derby.)*

WARMER weather came at last, and brought Mr. Froggatt back to his daily work, lifting a weight of responsibility from his young partner's shoulders.

The cough mended too, but did not entirely cease; and when June came in with an unusual access of summer heat, there were those who felt it as trying as the sharp wind had been. One evening, when the home party had been sitting in the garden, and the fall of the dew sent Cherry indoors, Felix as usual gave her his arm, and lifted her step by step up the stairs. She felt, all over her frame, that what used to be almost nothing to the boy was a severe exertion to the man.

'You should not do it!' she said, as they both stood resting at the top, he leaning back against the wall, and wiping his forehead, where the big blue V of the veins stood out prominently.

'Having so often carried the calf—I should be able to carry—the cow,' he said, the smile not disguising the panting of his voice.

'You are to be at the agricultural meeting at Dearport to-morrow. I wish you would just go and see Dr. Lee.'

'I think I shall.' And there they were interrupted.

Poor Geraldine! What worlds of apprehension were founded on that quiet assent, his first intimation that he believed himself unwell! She kept absolute silence. She could not have uttered her terrors for ten thousand worlds.

She was on her couch under the apple tree, in the late afternoon, trying to force her thoughts out of miserable possibilities, when she saw Felix come out of the house, flushed, heated, dusty, tired; but somehow she gathered hope from his air, as he threw himself down on the grass by her side, saying, 'Mr. Froggatt sent me out to cool.'

'Stella, dear,' to the little one, who had her story-book at hand, 'run and ask Sibby to bring Felix out a cup of tea.' Then she tried to guess at his face, but durst not look at him fully. 'Are you very tired?'

'Rather! That place was a mere oven of roaring! Well, Cherry,' pulling off his neck-tie, and settling himself, with an elbow on her couch, and his back against the tree, 'there's nothing amiss with my lungs.'

She shuddered all over, and almost bounded; then put her hand tenderly on his shoulder.

'Your doctor is a clever man, I can see,' he continued. 'He seemed to guess about me directly. He sounded my chest, and says it is all right now, but that there had been a little damage; he thought the long cough I had after the measles had left traces that this winter has told upon.'

'Ah!' A great gasp.

'But there's no active disease—none at all; nor likely, if I can shake off this remnant of cough, and get into condition before the winter.'

Cherry sighed again at the white hand, and the net-work of blue veins on both it and the temple that was propped against it. 'You must *indeed!*' she wistfully said.

'I *must*,' said Felix, sighing too, as with little mind for the struggle. 'I've brought home a detestable bottle of cod-liver oil on the spot, and am to take to all the good living I can swallow. Won't that delight Mr. Froggatt's good old soul? Then the worst of it is that I am to go away to some sea place for the hottest of the weather.'

'Oh, I'm so glad!'

'He taxed me with not taking food enough; and when I allowed that I had no turn for eating, insisted on this sea plan; but he laughed me to scorn when I asked whether I might not get a room at Dearport, and run backwards and forwards. "Ay," he said, "you have a good deal on your mind;" and I fell into the trap, and told him my partner had been ill, and we had a great deal to work up. And he went on to ask if I had not the charge of the family, and was not apt to get anxious about them; and then he turned round on me, and ordered me to get a thorough holiday, and turn my back on everybody and everything; for there's nothing the matter with me but overwork and harass—' Something that did not amount to *and* finished the sentence.

'O Felix, I know, I have felt,' she said, the tears standing in her eyes, and the colour rushing into her face at this first venture.

'Have you—little foolish thing?' he answered, but shifting hand and elbow so that nothing of his face could be seen but a bit of brow and temple, and that was crimson to the roots of his hair. 'Don't take it for more than it ever was,' he muttered.

'It was enough to hurt you grievously,' whispered the sister.

'It ought not,' he said. 'It was only the putting out of a vain foolish hope I had no right to indulge. Eh, Cherry!' as she made a little sound, 'tell me one thing; was it all imagination and folly that she—she could have—liked me?' He bent his head with almost as much suppressed emotion as if it had been a matter of present hope.

'Certainly not,' said Cherry. 'She liked your—your attentions; and I thought sometimes you were quite pulling her up to your level. If no one else—'

'I did not imagine it was visible,' he interrupted. 'I tried to be very guarded, but one does not know—'

'You were. Somehow one feels more than one sees.'

'And you thought she did? Then at least I was not quite a fool! I fancied that there was response enough to what seems to have shewn in spite of me to warrant the dream that if ever a time came—!'

'If she had had depth enough!'

'But, of course,' said Felix, in a tone of defence, 'she never really knew; he guessed still less.'

'No, I am sure he never guessed. There is that comfort,' said Cherry.

'It is the greatest I have had all along,' said Felix. 'For the rest, it was no wonder.'

'No,' said Cherry; 'but it all managed to fall in the very hardest way on you. No wonder it was too much for you!'

'It is odd,' mused Felix, 'how this one dream has seemed to take all the heart and soul out of one; there seemed no elasticity to meet other things. I must say all this doctor's advice has been seeming an amazing amount of trouble for what is not very well worth having in the end.'

'O Felix, Felix, you will—'

'My Chérie, you don't think I'd drop off the coach while you are in it if I can help it, to say nothing of the rest! I suppose everyone has something of the sort in his turn, and I'll take good care not to be let in for it again. Thank you, Cherry,' he added presently, and now looking at her, 'I am very glad to have had this out with you. I think I can make a fresh start now. What, silly little thing! crying, when I thought I had brought you good news?'

'You are quite sure you have told me all Dr. Lee said?' she demanded, holding his hands tight, and gazing into the face, which certainly, with the still heightened colour, looked both delicate and weary. 'You have been so much worse than you told!'

'No, indeed, I have felt very little but weariness and want of energy; but I am better now than I have felt for weeks. And what is more, Cherry, I don't feel like getting worse. I mean to set myself to live to get through the work my father left me.'

'Taking care of all of us! Is that all you care to live for, Felix?'

'All, just now. Don't look shocked, Cherry. You know it is all very fresh, ('Five months—poor Felix!' thought she,) and there is the continual pain of knowing how wretched those people make the poor child. When she is happier, perhaps the shade will lighten. Don't be afraid, you dear little thing, (he was answering her piteous eyes,) there's plenty of time to recover it. I suppose I am really very young still.'

'Not quite three-and-twenty! Oh, Felix! I am sure God will give

you back happiness, you are so good and patient! Where shall you go, and when?'

'How I wish you could go with me! Dr. Lee said he should like to send me to Switzerland; but as he might as well have said the moon, he said any sea place would do. Rest and good air are all that signifies; so I thought of Ewmouth, and then I might see Vale Leston again. I believe you want it as much as I. You are a little washed-out rag.'

'I shall be all right when I know you are better.' Then as Sibby brought out the tea, and Stella the toast she had insisted on making, he began to look at his short-hand notes. 'Never mind those. You are to rest, you know.—Stella, little one, run to the office, and if Mr. Froggatt is not busy, get him to come and have some tea.'

This was always a mission to Stella's taste; and Mr. Froggatt was soon installed in the only basket-chair that would hold him, and was professing his relief and satisfaction that Mr. Underwood had been wise enough to take advice at last. He had better go any day, the sooner the better; and even his desire to take the newspaper work with him would have been over-ruled, but for the simple fact that there was nobody else capable of it, in the present state of Mr. Froggatt's eyes.

Alda had been lying down in her own room. Her cup of tea—an institution that for anyone else Wilmet would have deemed sinful waste—had been rung for, when she saw from the window that Mr. Froggatt was one of the party in the garden; and whereas Sibby did not choose to hear or attend to her whims, she came down full of wrath and indignation, so soon as she saw that Cherry was left alone under her tree, and Wilmet coming out to her with the step of one who was glad her day's work was over.

'Really, Sibby's inattention was shameful! Not choosing to bring the tea up-stairs when it was rung for!'

'You forget how much Sibby has to do, Alda.'

'You have quite spoilt Sibby. I would not have such a servant on any account. I'm sure I don't know why the tea was so early, either. Cherry ordered it, I believe.'

'Yes,' said Cherry, 'because Felix came in so hot and tired.'

'He could have waited, I suppose,' began Alda; but Wilmet was asking anxiously, 'Is he so very tired? Where is he? I was afraid he would be knocked up, he looked so pale when he set off.'

'He is gone to write out his notes,' said Cherry; 'I think he is rested now. And, Mettie,' she added, knowing that he had rather not have to begin the subject again, 'I am glad to say he has been to see Dr. Lee. And he says that his lungs are all safe, only he must be careful, and go away for a change.'

'Just as I say,' exclaimed Alda; 'no one can be well, living in such a hole! When are we to go?'

'My dear Alda,' said Wilmet, 'you forget. No one can possibly go but Felix; and it will be hard enough to manage for him.'

'Then I do think it is very selfish in him,' said Alda, 'when every one of us wants change! I'm as languid as possible; and look at Cherry.'

Felix selfish! Even Wilmet could not stand that, and answered, with her most severely gentle manner, 'Nothing but necessity will induce Felix to do so. I beg you will say nothing of the sort again.'

Cherry was alarmed lest Wilmet might not be convinced of the necessity, and might think more of present pounds than future health; but in fact, Wilmet was as much relieved as Cherry herself by the medical opinion, for she had charged the failure of health entirely to the constitution instead of the heart, and moreover never was troubled with misgivings and heart-sinkings for the future. So, as for a needful and infallible cure, she set herself to arrange, writing again to Abednego Tripp, the Vale Leston clerk, whose possession of a market boat kept him conversant with Ewmouth, and who recommended rooms in the house of a former servant at the Rectory who had married a sailor.

Felix only waited to put his business in train, and make over Theodore to the care of Clement, who had just come home from Cambridge. The quantity of work and bustle had not been beneficial, and his sisters did not feel at all happy in sending him off by himself; while Alda was inclined to think the time a particularly cruel one, just as all the most unquiet spirits of the household would be coming home for the holidays, and his authority would be most wanted.

However, Wilmet was free first of all, and she was a more efficient guardian of the peace than ever Felix could be down-stairs. Lance was to come on the evening of the 26th of June, after the examination for the exhibition, which, as he had told everyone, he was quite sure not to gain. And then what was to be done with him, small and boyish as he still was?

The question was sighed over on that day by the three sisters, as they sat endeavouring to be cool, and looking out at the glowing street, where the few passengers seemed to be crawling like flies on a window pane.

Presently a rather hesitating knock at the door was followed by the entrance of Mr. Froggatt, ushering in no other than Mr. Harewood.

In the moment of shaking hands, Cherry had foreboded enough to set her pulses throbbing so violently as to deafen her ears. Lance had failed, had run away in despair, to go to Fulbert rather than be a burthen; Felix would go in search of him—break a blood-vessel—and—

Nay—what was it? Lance? It really was Lance! Was not Wilmet talking of going? Mr. Harewood saying something about trains? She made a great effort to clear her senses, and the first thing she really distinguished was Wilmet saying, 'Thank you, I will put a few things together.'

Then she hurried away, and Cherry found Mr. Froggatt standing over her, saying kindly, 'Dear Miss Geraldine, don't be alarmed. There is often no bad result.'

'How was it? I don't understand,' said Alda.

Mr. Harewood owned himself not perfectly informed, but he feared it had been in great part occasioned by his own poor boy William's carelessness. The two boys had strolled out the evening before, along the bank of the river, and had compared the copies of verses which were to be shewn up at the examination. Afterwards they had bathed, and Will had left his verses meantime in the hollow of a tree, never remembering them till he found himself in his place in the Cathedral on the very morning of the examination. When he came out, not only did his duties as senior chorister chain him to the spot, but he had put off to the last moment the fair copying of his algebraic exercises, and his chance of the exhibition was as good as lost, (the very loop-hole that Robina had predicted his carelessness would make,) had not Lance, whose preparations were all made, as soon as he understood the difficulty, dashed headlong off, bare-headed as he stood at the school door, without waiting to fetch his cap, and laid the verses on his rival's desk just in time for them to be shewn up. He had been absent about twenty minutes, and had scarcely been missed; but when his turn came, a few moments later, to bring his papers to the examiners, as soon as he stood up, he staggered, gazed round, cried out, and fell forward on his desk insensible. A doctor, who like Mr. Harewood himself had been present to hear a son's performance, had helped to raise him, and pronounced it to be a case of sun-stroke; nor when, half an hour later, the librarian set off to fetch his sister, had there been any sign of consciousness.

Mr. Harewood tried to be calm, but he was evidently in great distress; and Mr. Froggatt could not restrain large tears from dropping.

As to Cherry, she could only tremble, unable to speak or cry; and Mr. Froggatt called out to Alda to do something for her, when Alda said she would call Wilmet, which made Cherry burst out with 'Don't, don't!' and shudder the more with tearless sobs; but happily, Clement coming down, fetched her remedies, and did more by whispering a few kind words of hope and comfort.

He was going with Wilmet, who was as usual the self-possessed one; and while passively allowing Mr. Froggatt to give her biscuits and even wine, she left her few parting directions. 'Alda, take care of them all.—Stella, try to keep Tedo happy.—Cherry, don't give way and fancy things.—Above all, don't write to Felix! He must not be hurried home without necessity. I could telegraph if there was—' and there her steady voice faltered, she drew down her veil and turned to walk to the station, Clement carrying her bag, and Mr. Froggatt accompanying them to the train.

Very little was said on the way, before they reached the town whose last associations were so joyous. Mr. Harewood would have given Wilmet his arm, dreading the tidings that might meet her; but she

was walking straight on, with head erect, as though neither needing nor seeking support.

They reached the low wicket door of the Bailey, and as they entered the little court and passed the window, they saw that people were still standing about the bed in the corner. Everything was open, to admit such air as would stir that sultry heat. Someone came to the door, and said, 'No change.'

Then Wilmet and Clement advanced to the narrow old dark oak bed, and Mrs. Harewood made way for them, fresh tears starting at their presence. There he lay, their bright agile boy, with eyes half closed and fixed, and circled half way down his cheeks with livid purple, like bruises, the purple lips emitting a heavy breath, his crest of sunny hair hanging dank with the melting of the ice on his head.

Clement's lips trembled, and he dropped on his knees, hiding his face and stifling his sobs in his hands. Wilmet, after looking for permission to a gentleman at the foot of the bed, whom she took for the doctor, laid her hand on the helpless fingers, and bent to kiss the brow, saying softly and steadily, 'Lance, dear Lancey!'

The eyelids moved, the hand closed, there was a struggling stifled utterance: 'Wilmet, Wilmet, bring me back! Oh, bring me back!'

She looked up, and read in the watchers' faces that they were glad. 'Yes, dear Lance,' she said in her soft steady voice, 'I am here. You will soon be better.'

He clung to her, as if blindly struggling with some terrible oppression, and the effort ended in violent sickness, exhausting him into unconsciousness again; but just then the real doctor came in, having been summoned by a message at the first symptom of change from the state of stupor. At the same time the Cathedral bell began to ring for evening prayer, and Lance at once was roused to endeavour to obey it, and when he was gently held back, murmured on about finding the places, and seeing Bill was not late. Mr. Harewood had to go, but whispered that he would ask the prayers of the congregation. It was comfortable to remember that Lance was thought of there, when, as the deep roll of the organ vibrated round the building, psalm, chant, anthem, and response, came thronging thick and confusedly on those unconscious lips.

Dr. Manby, however, told Wilmet not to be too much alarmed at this delirium, for the most immediate danger had passed when the lethargy had given way, and that though fever was probably setting in, there was fair hope that so healthy a boy would be able to struggle through it without permanent harm. There was a gentleness and consideration in his manner quite new to her after her dealings with Mr. Rugg, and she felt at the same time that he was not concealing the truth from her. She told how it was with her eldest brother, asking whether he ought to be sent for; and it was a great lightening of present fear to be told that there was now no need for haste, and

that any change for the worse would give full time to bring him; moreover, that new faces were to be avoided. Should a nurse be sent from the hospital? Wilmet raised her steady sensible eyes, and said she could manage, she was well used to nursing.

'I see you are,' he answered, well satisfied, since there were besides, the Precentor's housekeeper, who was used to act as matron to the boarding choir-boys, and apparently an unlimited power of Harewoods.

As to the place, Lance had at first been carried to his own bed, and even if there had been a regular infirmary, he was in no state to bear being moved. The other boys' goods had been removed, and they all were going home that evening; so that it was as cool and as quiet a place as could be had, since there was no doubt that the sounds from the Cathedral would be hushed for so critical a case.

Indeed, just as Dr. Manby had said this, both the Dean and the Precentor were seen coming through the Bailey on the way out of church to ask after the patient; and the former promised Wilmet that the bells and organ should both be silenced, and that the daily service should be in the Lady Chapel.

It appeared there had been little but the instrumental music that evening, and strangers who had heard the praises of the Minsterham choir must have been disappointed; for the psalms so entirely overcame the senior chorister that he could do nothing but sob, and at last was fain to stuff half the sleeve of his surplice into his mouth to hinder a howl such as the least of the boys actually burst out with. Most of the other lads were far past singing, and even two or three of the men; and such voices as did uplift themselves were none of the best or clearest.

That poor senior chorister—he crept back after his father into the room. It was his first entrance, for he had been kept all day at the examination, with what power of attention may be guessed; and when some half recognition of him set the sufferer off into wanderings that shewed habitual vigilance over his carelessness, he was so much distressed that he rushed out, and was heard crying so piteously in the court, that his mother went out to hush and comfort him. Never strong, the shock, anxiety, and exertion, had so worn her out, that her family would not let her come back; but their attention to the nurses did not relax—they were viewed as guests both by Mr. Beccles and the Harewoods; and when it was found that neither would come away to another house to dine, a little table was prepared in the court, close to the door, and the sister and brother coaxed one by one, and made to eat and drink; while, as Clement could not bear to go home, a note was written, the delivery of which to the sisters Mr. Beccles undertook to secure. All the evening, Mr. Harewood or his eldest son, the engineer captain, the same whom Wilmet had taken for the doctor, sat at the other end of the room; while Lance lay, sometimes babbling school tasks mixed with anthems and hymns, sometimes in something between sleep and torpor, but always moaning and fevered.

This strange temporary infirmary, of which Wilmet was made free, consisted of two long narrow rooms, each with a row of quaint black oak beds and presses, between the double row of narrow lattice windows, looking into the court on one side, and the cloister on the other. There was a smaller room dividing these two chambers, and opening into both, which the under-master had vacated, and where the matron installed Miss Underwood's little bag.

Clement was a good deal impressed with the place, in the grand quiet shadow of the old Cathedral; and the room itself told much of his brother's daily life, in his own little section of it. The deep window-seat and old oak chest were loaded with piles of Punch, sheets of music, school books, and grotesque sketches; bat, hockey-stick, and fishing-rod, were in the corner; trencher cap and little black gown hung on their peg on the white-washed walls, and pinned beside them lists of the week's music, school-work, &c. In the corner by the press was a little rough deal table, covered with an old white shawl that Clement remembered as his mother's; and on it lay Lance's old brown Bible, the Prayer-book given him by the Bishop, Steps to the Altar, and Ken's Manual; over it hung the photograph of his father, and next above, an illumination of Cherry's, 'The joy of the LORD is your strength;' while above was a little print of the Good Shepherd. Nor was it a small testimony to the boy who had been senior in the room, that Clement found one or two other such little tables, evidently for private prayer. He had never believed such things could be out of St. Matthew's, nor where the books were not more of his own exclusive type than were Lance's; and perhaps there was some repentance for harsh judgement in his spirit as he knelt on by that little table long after Mr. Harewood, near midnight, had read a few prayers and gone to his house.

When Clement stood up, his sister made him lie down, as well as his long legs would permit, on one of the other beds, where he soon fell asleep; while she sat on, where she could see the spire rising aloft into the pale blue of the summer night's sky, while the perfect stillness was only broken by the quarterly chiming of the clock, re-echoed from its fellow in the town hall. Every window and door was open, but the air was heated and oppressive till the early dewy coolness before dawn crept in, making her bend over Lance to cover him less slightly. Then she met his eyes, heavy and blood-shot, but with himself in them.

'Wilmet, is that you?' he said in a wondering tone.

'Yes, here I am, dear Lance.'

'Is it night or morning?'

'Morning. There, it is striking three-quarters past two.'

'Oh!' a long sigh. 'I'm so thirsty!'

She brought some drink; but as he tried to raise his head, the distressing sickness returned in full force, and in the midst the gasping cry, 'My head, my head!'

'Some more ice, Clem,' said Wilmet; but Clement looked up from the ice-pail in despair, for all was melted; and she could only steep handkerchiefs in the water and in eau-de-cologne, and lay them on the head, while Clement wondered if he could find a shop; but where was the use at three in the morning? and poor Lance rolled round wearily, sighing, 'Oh, I did not know one's head could ache so!'

Just then a step crossed the court, and a low voice said, 'Is he awake? I have brought some more ice.'

'O Jack, thank you!' faintly breathed Lance.

'Thank you!' fervently added Wilmet; 'we did not know what to do for some more!'

'I thought you must want some by this time. I have a little ice-machine for Indian use,' he added, as Clement looked at him like a sort of wizard.

He was small, sandy, and freckled after the Harewood fashion, and was besides dried up by Eastern suns; but one who brought such succour could not fail to be half celestial in the sister's eyes; and as he said, 'You are getting better,' her response was fervent in its quietness, though poor Lance, conscious only of oppression and suffering, merely replied with a groan, and seemed to be dozing again into torpor in the relief the ice had given.

Clement and Captain Harewood besought Wilmet to rest—the latter declaring himself to be too much of an East Indian to sleep at dawn; and she consented to lie down in the little room, where she had enough of wakeful slumber to strengthen her for the heat of the day, when the fever ran high, and all the most trying symptoms returned.

The doctor continued to forbid despondency, building much on the lucid interval in the cool of the morning, and ascribing much of the excitement of brain to the excessive, almost despairing, study that Lance had been attempting in the last weeks before the examination. There had, too, been a concert given by one of the great ladies of the Close, for which there had been a good deal of practice, harassed by certain amateur humours; and the constant repetition of one poor little shallow song in the delirious murmur greatly pained the Precentor, and made him indulge in murmurs that boded ill to the ladies' chances with the choir-boys. The sultry weather was likewise a great enemy, and could hardly be mitigated by the continual fanning kept up chiefly by poor Bill Harewood, who seemed to have no comfort except in working the fan till he was ready to drop, and his brother or Clement took it from him.

Mrs. Harewood was quite knocked up, and her daughters were curiously inefficient people. Their father came and went all day; but the serviceable person was the engineer, with his experience of sun-strokes, his devices for coolness, and his cheerful words, stilling the torrent of rambling restlessness, so that Wilmet depended upon him as much as on the doctor himself.

On Saturday, the third day of the fever, which had rather increased than diminished, Wilmet begged Clement to go home for the night, to carry a report to the sisters, and fetch some things she wanted. He lingered, grieving and reluctant; while the heated atmosphere was like a solid weight on the sufferer, who lay, now and then murmuring some distressed phrase, as though labouring with some forgotten task; and Wilmet shunned touching the pulse again lest the reckoning should be higher than the last, and strove to construct a message conveying the hope that seemed to faint in the burthen of the day, insisting, above all, that guarded accounts should be sent to Felix, keeping carefully to Dr. Manby's report.

'I can be here before nine,' said Clement; 'I wish I could help going. I feel as if something must happen!'

'A thunder-storm,' said Captain Harewood in a reproving voice, as he plied the fan with heat-drops on his brow; 'a thunder-storm, which will prove the best doctor. Take care, you will miss the train.'

Clement stooped to kiss the unconscious face, as though he had never prized his little brother before; and as some association of the touch of the lips awoke the murmur, 'Mamma, Mamma!' he sped away with eyes full of tears.

Before he could have reached the station, the storm was coming—great rounded masses of cloud, with silver-foamed edges and red lurid caverns, began to climb slowly up the sky, distant grumbles of thunder came gradually nearer, a few fitful gusts of wind came like sirocco, adding to the stifling heat, and were followed by exceeding stillness, broken by the first few big drops of rain, the visible flashes, and the nearer peals of thunder, till a sudden glare and boom overhead startled Lance into a frightened bewildered state, that so occupied Wilmet that she hardly heard the roaring, pattering hail drops on the roofs and pavements; but when a sweet fresh wind blew away the hail, the weary head was more at rest, the slumber more tranquil, the breathing freer and softer than it had been since that Wednesday.

Some two hours later she saw him looking at her with a sort of perplexed smile; and the first words upon his tongue were, 'Is Bill first?'

'Nothing is settled till the Bishop comes home,' Captain Harewood answered.

'What time is it?' then asked Lance.

'Half-past eight.'

'It seems always half dark,' said the boy dreamily, 'and yet there's no curfew.'

'They have been so kind as not to ring the bells,' said Wilmet.

'Not ring the bells!' repeated Lance, in a feeble voice of amazement.

'No, nor play the organ,' said Wilmet; 'you have had to be so quiet, you know.'

'No organ! and for me!' repeated Lance, impressed almost as if the

'unchanging sun his daily course' had 'refused to run;' but it rather frightened him, for he added, 'Am I very ill, then?'

'Not now, I hope,' said Wilmet tenderly, and possessing herself of his wrist, 'you are so much better to-night.'

He looked wistfully into her face. 'What's the matter with me?' he said. What does make my head go on in this dreadful way?'

'Dear Lancey! It was that running in the hot sun.'

'Oh!' (a sort of sigh of discovery) 'I hope he had the verses.'

'Yes, indeed you gave them.'

'Then he must be first,' said Lance; and then, as his thankful nurses were preparing to give him some nourishment, he spoke again. 'Mettie, please come here;' and as she bent over him, 'is this being very ill?—like dying, I mean.'

'Not now, dearest,' said Wilmet, kissing him. 'You must be through with the worst, thank God.'

He asked no more, for his voice was low and faint, the pain and dizziness still considerable; and the being fed without raising himself occupied him till the doctor came for his evening visit, and confirmed the sister's comfort in his improvement. She sat gazing as he fell asleep again, till Captain Harewood reminded her that her letter to Ewmouth must be sent before the mail closed. She turned to the window, where still lay her anxiously worded bulletin, not yet closed; but as she took the pen, the blinding tears fell thick and soft as the summer rain outside.

'This will be a happy ending,' said John Harewood, as he saw her silently striving to clear her sight.

'Would you be so very kind as to write it for me?' she answered, pointing to the paper, with a lovely smile through her tears. 'He will believe it all the more.'

And as he took the pen, she retreated in quiet swiftness to her little room; but came back as he finished the few freshly hopeful lines; then, going to the door with him, looked up with the same sweet tremulous smile. 'Thank you! What thankfulness it is! What a merciful rain this is! If you knew the relief it is to send this report to Felix! You cannot guess what this dear little fellow is to him.'

'I think I can, a little,' said John Harewood, with his heart in his voice; and Wilmet smiled again, her stately but usually rather severe beauty wonderfully softened and sweetened by emotion.

The improvement continued when Clement arrived on the Sunday morning; and though fevered, confused, and beset by odd fancies, especially about the silence of the Cathedral, Lance knew his brother, smiled at him, and returned his greeting. Clement had a more cheerful task than usual in what seemed to be his day's work—answering inquiries at the door, and taking in presents of fruit. All the Chapter and half the town seemed to call, or send, at least once a day; and little boys used to hang about the court, too shy to come to the door, but

waiting to collect tidings from the attendants, and mutually using strong measures upon one another when either was betrayed into noise.

Clement called his sister aside to ask whether she could spare him, since she had the help of the matron and the Harewoods. 'I should be very glad to stay,' he averred, 'but somebody is really wanted at home.'

Wilmet had not been so much accustomed to consider Clement in the light of 'somebody,' as greatly to care whether he went or stayed, and only said, 'I can get on very well. No one is of so much use as Captain Harewood.'

'Just so,' said Clement; 'and I think I am doing more good at home. Imagine my finding all the windows open in that pouring rain, and Cherry sitting shivering.'

'Very foolish of Cherry,' said Wilmet.

'Poor Cherry! she could not help herself, and was only thankful when I had the courage to shut them in Alda's face. Then they don't know what to do with Theodore.'

'Poor Tedo—that's the worst of it!'

'You see he is used to a man's hand and voice. He is very good with me; but Sibby has had dreadful work with him every night till I came home. And Wilmet, couldn't you send a message who is to be mistress while you are away?'

'Alda, of course.'

'Alda doesn't seem to understand, and she will not let Cherry tell her.'

'Cherry always does bother Alda. I can't help it, Clem, they must rub on somehow; and if you can make Theodore happy, the rest does not so much signify.'

Not signify! Clement did not know whether he was standing on his head or his heels, and never guessed that not only was she too much absorbed in the present thoroughly to realize the absent, but that she would not venture to send orders based on his report, which in her secret soul she qualified by his love of importance and interference. However, he went away, and was not seen again all the ensuing week—the early part of which was very trying, for the fever recurred regularly about noon and midnight, and always brought rambling, which, since that conversation with Wilmet, had taken the turn of talking about being buried in a surplice, and of continually recurring to the 134th Psalm, which, it was now remembered, Lance had shortly before taken part in, over the grave of an old lay-vicar, who, boy and man, had served the Cathedral for nearly sixty years. Often, too, the poor little fellow seemed struggling with some sense of demerit—whether positive disgrace, or suspicion, or the general Christian feeling of unworthiness, Wilmet and John Harewood could never make out; and they did not choose to speak of these wanderings either to Will or to Mr. Beccles. In the intervals of consciousness, the thought of danger and death seemed to

be lost in the weakness of exhaustion, and the dread of whatever brought back the pain, from which there was no respite except in cool air and perfect quiet. The least movement intensified it, and brought on the sickness that shewed the brain to be still affected; and still worse was any endeavour to attend to the shortest and simplest devotions, when Mr. Harewood attempted them. Yet all the time there was amendment; the fever was every day less severe, the intervals longer, the sleep calmer, the doctor more securely hopeful; and by the end of a week from the time of the accident, recovery was beginning sensibly to set in.

Clement, meanwhile, did not appear; nor was he seen till the ensuing Monday, when he stood on the threshold of the open door at the Bailey, bewildered at the emptiness of the bed where he had last seen his brother—till a weak voice said, 'Here, Clem,' and he saw on another of the little old beds a small figure, in a loose soft white silk Indian *robe de chambre*, the face shrunken into nothing but overhanging brow and purple haloed eyes, but the eyes themselves smiling welcome in all their native blueness and clearness, and two thin white hands held out.

'Out of bed, Lance! That is getting on!'

'Yes. They thought I should be cooler, and sleep better for it.'

'And are you all alone?' said Clement, hanging over him.

'The maids are about somewhere. Wilmet is gone to the Cathedral, while Jack got me up.'

'Then you must be a great deal better.'

'Oh yes; I haven't had any of that horrid fever since Friday.'

'And the pain?'

'Better, if I lie quite still and it is not hot; but I couldn't stand a bit when I tried. I hardly know how Jack carried me here.'

'You are little and light enough,' said Clement; 'but I'll help carry you back. I am sorry not to have been here more, Lance, but I was so much wanted at home.'

'Thank you, I didn't want anyone. Jack is such a fellow; and Wilmet—somehow, Clem, I never seem to have cared enough about W. W.'

'Nor I, till I saw what home is like without her,' muttered Clement.

'And isn't she beautiful, too?' added Lance; 'it is quite nice to lie and look at her at work. Don't you think her much better looking than Alda?'

'If handsome is that handsome does,' said Clement. 'You wouldn't like me to stay with you instead of Mettie, old chap?'

The helplessly alarmed look of illness came into Lance's eyes. 'Oh no, no; I couldn't spare Wilmet yet. She doesn't want to go?'

'No; I have said nothing to her; but Cherry is not well, and everything is at sixes and sevens; but there, never mind,' as the tears started into the sick boy's eyes, 'we'll manage; I should not have said anything about it.'

'Please don't,' said Lance. 'If she ought to go, let her, and don't tell me. I can't help it, Clem; I'm afraid to think if it ought to be, or I should make my head rage, and I should begin to talk nonsense again, and that's worst of all.'

'Do you know when you are talking nonsense?' said Clement, surprised, and eager to lead off from the subject he felt he ought not to have broached.

'Oh yes, I know that it is not the right thing, and the right thing won't come; and the worst of it is,' lowering his already feeble voice, 'saying one's prayers is hardest of all; I can't remember what I know best. I couldn't so much as go through the Magnificat if you were to shoot me.'

'But holloa! They don't generally come out of the Cathedral this way, do they?'

'Who?'

'The Bishop! Ay, and the Dean! Speaking to Wilmet. I believe they are coming here. Lie still, Lance.'

'I must,' he acquiesced, after half raising himself and falling back. 'Oh, can it be about the prize? Some of that stuff on my forehead, please, Clem.'

Wilmet came in first, ascertained that all was ready, put an arranging touch to Lance's pillows, and ushered in the two dignitaries, who shook his languid hand, and asked after him kindly.

'You have put the Chapter into great difficulties by disabling yourself and Harewood,' said the Bishop. 'What! did you not know that the poor fellow entirely broke down?' as the eager eyes inquired.

'Nobody would tell me anything about it,' said Lance.

'It could not be helped,' continued the Bishop, 'but the examiners said they felt it a great cruelty when they saw how utterly astray distress rendered him. However, his papers and yours were both so good—his verses especially, and your arithmetic—that it was impossible to reject them, so the decision was put off till my return on Saturday.'

'We think,' said the Dean, who was very old, very gentle, and very slow of speech—'we think, my little fellow, that though there is no doubt Shapcote did best in the examination, and ought to have the exhibition, yet under the peculiar circumstances, you and Harewood can be retained as choir scholars for another year, so as to try again. You don't look sixteen, I'm sure, and we should be sorry to lose your voice.'

'I am only just turned sixteen,' said Lance, 'only on the 14th of June. Thank you, Sir;—thank you, my Lord;' and his face beamed joy, though his words faltered.

'Moreover,' proceeded the Bishop, 'I have the greatest pleasure in giving the good-conduct prize where, so far as I am able to judge, it has been well deserved.'

A perilous flush of joy overspread the pale face; he started up on his elbows, and his eyes danced rapture, as someone at the door handed in

the beautiful red morocco quarto of the Cathedral music; and the Bishop, with a fatherly hand making him lie down again, laid the book beside him, as he gasped out something like thanks.

'We are quite convinced that you have deserved it,' repeated the Dean, again shaking hands with him, and then taking leave; but the Bishop remained, talking kindly to Clement about Cambridge, and inquiring for Felix; while Wilmet helped Lance's feeble fingers to turn the thick creamy pages on which he durst not fix his eyes.

Presently the Bishop sat down again, and said, 'I have acted on my own judgement in giving you this, my boy. I have seen enough of our choir these six years to know that what caused so much displeasure was certainly not to be laid to your charge.'

Lance made an uneasy movement, became alarmingly red, and said in a choked voice, 'I don't know but what it might, my Lord.'

'You mean that you knew of this custom of getting out at night through the Cathedral?'

'Yes, my Lord; I found out the way.'

There was a silence.

Then the Bishop said, 'After this, I can only leave it to your own conscience whether you ought to keep this book; but I think you would do wisely to let me know, remembering that I have no authority in the school.'

Lance brightened, and he answered, 'My Lord, I did get out once, but only once, and I don't think I did wrong. It was a long time ago—in the autumn.'

'Last autumn! Was it not then that there was a report of a chorister in his shirt sleeves being seen at the Green Man at eleven o'clock at night?'

'That was me, my Lord.'

Clement was ready to start forward, under the impression that Lance was talking his 'nonsense;' but the Bishop said, 'You were named, but nobody believed it for a moment.'

'One of our little fellows was very ill, my Lord,' said Lance, excitement restoring something of his natural briskness. 'We thought he was going to have the cholera, and I went to get something for him. The chemists' shops were shut, so I went in there.'

'May I ask the question,' said the Bishop, rather as if taking a liberty, 'why you did not call up Mr. Stokes?'

'We couldn't, my Lord, for it was all Mr. Shapcote's swans' eggs. He caught them—three of our least fellows, I mean—jumping at the branches that hung over the river wall, and he blackguar—abused them so that they got into a ragé and vowed he shouldn't have a plum left on the tree. We seniors knew nothing about it; but they got over the wall at dark, and one ate eighty-five and the other eighty-one; but little Dick—one of them, I mean—could only get down nineteen, and brought the rest in his pockets. It was the first time such a thing had happened,

and it put me in a proper rage. The little one was the one I found out first; and I thought he was sulky, so I licked him till he howled so that I was afraid I'd done him some dreadful harm, like a regular brute; and when I found it was his inside instead of his outside, I was so glad, I could have done anything for him. But we couldn't call Stokes, or the poor little chap would have suffered for it three times over.'

'That would have been hard measure! And did your remedy succeed?'

'Yes; I think a good deal was fright. He went to sleep on the brandy, and was all right next day.'

'And the gentlemen with the eighty-five and eighty-one suffered no inconvenience, of course?' said his Lordship, much amused. 'May I hear how you got out?'

'With Mr. Harewood's key,' said Lance. 'He used to keep it on a nail inside the study door, which opens into the passage leading into this court, and is never locked.'

'That is the key of the Cathedral library.'

'Yes, my Lord; it unlocks the outer door, and the door into the north transept.'

'And after that—'

'You can shoot the bolt on the inside of the little side-door at the west front, and climb over the railing.'

'Boys are animals not to be kept in, that is certain! So you were pioneer! But you had nothing to do with those cards?'

'No, my Lord. But I ought not to have told how I got out, for there were some who would do it afterwards. However, those cards were none of ours.'

'Whose were they?'

'Walter Shapcote's, my Lord. He is gone now, so it does not signify.'

'That nephew Mr. Shapcote had in his office?'

'Yes, my Lord; he had got the command of poor Gus, because he had lent him money for some debt that Gus was afraid to let his father know of, and made him get the key, and let him out and in.'

'You all knew of this?'

'Yes, my Lord; but poor Gus was sure that his father would be so dreadful, that we durst not let out a word. Mr. Shapcote makes every soul afraid of him.'

'The young man is gone?'

'Yes, my Lord, to London.'

'And there is no danger of the like with Gus?'

'Oh no, my Lord. He's too like a sheep! and now his debt is paid —after the last concert—he's sure not to get into the same scrape again.'

'Thank you very sincerely,' said the Bishop. 'It is a great relief to me to know all this; and it is safe with me. I am only afraid I have made you talk more than is good for you.'

'And may I keep this, my Lord?' he wistfully asked.

'Indeed you may, my dear boy. If you have transgressed the letter of discipline, you have kept the spirit of charity. I am glad to keep *you*, as well as your voice. But I have tired you out.'

And laying a hand of blessing on his brow, the Bishop took leave, Wilmet going to the door with him, to answer his fears that the interview had been too much for her patient, with assurances that the relief and gratification must do good in the end.

He told her that the threat of the withholding of the prize had not been made by his authority, and that he had much regretted it. Just as the tidings of the sun-stroke and its cause had reached him, he had been with Mr. Nixon, the former precentor, who had spoken warmly of Lance, saying that the whole tone of the boys had improved since his coming, though he was too much of a pickle ever to get the credit. Wilmet's pleasure was great; but before she could get back, Lance was nervously calling for her. The excitement was still great, his head was aching violently, and yet he could not leave off eager talking, which, as feverishness came on, began to degenerate into such rambling as terribly frightened Clement lest a relapse should be coming on. He wanted to hurry off for the doctor at once; but Wilmet, well knowing he would not be at home, repressed him, and quietly said she had some draughts ready, and knew what to do. While she was out of sight, preparing them, a great alarm came over the patient lest she should have left him; and all the rest of those noonday hours were spent in a continual restless desire to keep her in view, hold her hand, and elicit her assurances that she was not going home, nor going to leave him—no, not on any account. The very presence of his brother seemed to increase the uneasiness; and in the deepest humiliation and despair, Clement allowed himself to be invited away by Captain Harewood to see the process of ice-making; and be so far comforted that the Bishop's visit was probably far more likely to have done the mischief than his own rash suggestion, and that there was no reason to fear it would last many hours. In fact, Lance was recovering favourably, and had had few drawbacks. 'So I tell everybody,' said John Harewood, 'especially poor Bill, who is still ready to break his heart every time Lance has a head-ache, and would chatter him to death when he is better. And that's the way with them all! There seems no one that can be tender and reasonable both at once, except your sister.'

Clement did full justice to that tenderness, when, out of sight himself, he had watched Wilmet's soothing firmness and patient reassuring softness, at last calming the feverish agitation into a sleep, which he was allowed to see for himself was gentle and wholesome. Only then—towards four o'clock—could Captain Harewood persuade her to let him keep guard, while she went to take the food that had been long waiting for her, and over which she could hear Clement's penitent explanation of his own unlucky proposal.

'I thought he seemed so well—able to get up and all; and they *do* think me a good nurse at St. Matthew's. I nursed Fred Somers almost entirely when we had the scarlet fever.' (Wilmet looked as if she pitied St. Matthew's.) 'But of course I see now that it is out of the question.'

'Entirely so,' said Wilmet, too kind to remind him of the qualifications he had evinced.

'And you cannot guess when he can come home?'

'Not in the least. Even if he could be moved, think of the noisiness of our house!'

Clement groaned. 'It was very wrong in me to speak to him before you, Wilmet,' he said; 'but I should be thankful if you could tell me what is to be done! Cherry was thoroughly chilled that evening of the thunder-storm, and has been very poorly ever since.'

'She always feels changes of weather.'

'That's what Alda tells you. She won't believe there is anything the matter; but poor Cherry has had rheumatic pain all over her, and her bad ancle seems to have a bit of bone coming out. Sibby thinks so. Now, ought she not to have her doctor?'

'Well! if—I wish I could be quite sure! It is such an unlucky thing that she has that dislike to Mr. Rugg.'

'Wilmet! You are as bad as Alda!'

'Clement,' she answered gently, 'you do not know what it is to have to reckon the expense. There is Felix's journey; and what this illness may cost, I cannot guess; and now Cherry! It is not that I grudge it; but I don't see what is to become of any of us if we spend unnecessarily—or necessarily either, for that matter.'

'I thought her doctor didn't charge.'

'He did not when she was at St. Faith's, but at home it is a different thing; but, of course, if it be really needful it cannot be helped.'

'And you couldn't come home and see—even for one hour?'

'Not yet, most certainly.'

'I think I had better write to Sister Constance!'

'If you really do find it impossible to get on, and Cherry is more than just ailing, and—and fractious; (the word came out at last;) I don't like always calling for help, it seems presuming on kindness, and Robina will be helpful when she comes home; but no doubt Alda does not know what to do,' she added, in a deliberating tone.

'Then you authorize me?'

'I don't know what you mean by authorizing.'

'Only that Alda will neither do anything herself, nor let anyone else do it.'

'Poor Alda! It is a hard time for her, and she is not used to it. I am afraid she is out of her element among you all. Don't be vexed, Clem; you all ought to make allowances for her.'

'I make allowances from morning to night,' said Clement. 'I wonder how many Travis will have to make!'

Wilmet had finished her hasty meal, and wanted to get back to her patient, so she only protested by a reproving look and shake of the head; while Clement stood disconcerted, but less surprised than if he had not been familiar with the part of the family Cassandra.

(To be continued.)

DOMINIE FREYLINGHAUSEN.

BY FLORENCE WILFORD.

CHAPTER V.

The Wendels and the Bleekers were two young married couples, with a host of little children, and very straitened means. They had both cleared for themselves a space in one of the charming little glens, which diversified the somewhat barren heights to the westward of Albany; and there, out of the reach of all town luxuries, and with scarcely any servants, they lived a frugal, hardy, independent life, cultivating maize and potatoes for home consumption, and sometimes selling their crops of wheat and hay to the citizens who had not farms of their own.

No one in Albany thought the worse of them for being poor; and they often received visits and presents from their town friends, who in the summer used occasionally to drive out to dine or drink tea with them, taking care to bring the materials of the repast—an arrangement so common, that it gave no offence—and merely troubling Madame Wendel or Madame Bleeker, as the case might be, to boil her kettle for their benefit.

After the visit at M. Renselaer's, which—'Padroon' though he were, and owner of large landed estates—was no affair of ceremony, but a pleasant meeting of friends young and old, Madame Ryckman and the Dominie, accompanied by Franzje and two of her little brothers, drove through the barren hill country, till they reached the small inhabited dell to which they were bound.

They stopped first at the Bleekers', and here only the Dominie and his offering of ducks went in; while Madame Ryckman drove on to the Wendels' to see about tea, after exacting a promise from the Dominie to join her there by the time that meal should be ready. The arrival of the carriage—a light open vehicle, something like a double gig—at the Wendels' house, was the signal for the sudden irruption of a flock of small children, clad in loose cotton garments, merely confined at the waist with a string; and their eager cries of, 'How do you do?' 'Are

you come to tea?' 'Our mother is in-doors, Madame Ryckman;'—'O Franzje, what have you brought me?' &c., were for the first minute or two perfectly deafening.

Albert and Dirk Ryckman had brought a splendid bow and arrows for the eldest boy of the party; and Franzje had a bag of cakes, of her own making, for all the children, greater and lesser, so these were immediately distributed. And then the hamper containing materials for the tea was taken out; and the horse was released from harness, and allowed to graze by the road side, while Madame Ryckman and her daughter went in-doors to find the mistress of the house. She was hard at work bread-making, and the fingers she extended in welcome were floury, and her face was flushed with her exertions; but the absence of all false shame or trace of discomposure in her manner was of the very essence of good breeding, and set her visitors at their ease at once. She was a comely young woman, with a fair fresh complexion, dark eyes and hair, and a figure too stout to be absolutely graceful, and yet not awkward. There was about both her and her house an air of plain practical good sense, as if all the necessaries of life were duly attended to, and indulgences not even thought of. The rooms were rather bare of furniture, but beautifully clean and neat; the open windows and doors admitted plenty of the sweet fresh air from the hills; and the grass-plot in front of the house, and the vegetable garden at the back, were well kept, and orderly, and bore witness to the labour expended upon this clearing, which a few years before was but a bit of woody glen, covered with luxuriant chestnut trees, like those which now partially hemmed it in on two sides.

The soft sighing of the wind among the chestnuts made a sort of under-song to the conversation—not very remarkable or interesting—which went on in the little kitchen between Madame Wendel and her guests. They had both thrown aside their out-door things, and set to work to help her roll out and trim the paste for the goodly supply of flat cakes, which she was bent upon making, and which her tribe of little boys would no doubt soon demolish.

'I shall get on bravely now you are come,' she said heartily; 'and I hope we may have them all finished before the Dominie arrives. I must go on with them now I have begun, for it does not do to heat the great oven for nothing.'

So they all worked away with a will; and Franzje's cheeks grew flushed with heat, as she helped Madame Wendel put in one set of cakes to bake and take out another. She liked it, though—there was something in the bright warmth of the oven, as she stood looking into it, which took her fancy; and the smell of the hot cakes was appetizing enough. She had not the faintest shadow of contempt for household employments, much as she liked intellectual pursuits.

Before they had quite 'cleared up,' as Madame Wendel expressed it, the Dominie's tall form came in sight; and then there was just the least

bit of a panic. To these settlers, who saw him but rarely, a visit from him was rather an affair of state.

'Franzje, do ask him to sit down in the porch, or the parlour, while I wash my hands, and put on my best apron,' said the rosy matron a little piteously.

'Oh, and I must stay and unpack the hamper,' said Madame Ryckman, in the same breath. 'There are the things for tea to be got out; and I have brought you a ham, and a few preserves for the boys.'

Franzje broke into Madame Wendel's 'Oh, how kind! but there's the Dominie coming up the steps!' with a reassuring, 'He will like to see the children, I think; I will ask him if I may take him in search of them;' and tying her cloak loosely round her, went to meet him at the door.

'She is a handsome girl,' said Madame Wendel, looking at her from the window, as she was seen conducting the Dominie towards the thicket, where the children had disappeared; 'and what is more, she is a sweet pleasant girl too. I almost wish I had a daughter, instead of such a handful of sons.'

'I have got the handful of sons as well,' said Madame Ryckman, with a smile; 'but Franzje does help me with them nicely. I only hope she will not be drawn off into any of the gaieties the Bankers and the Gronows are setting on foot to please these fine English officers. The Dominie tells me he has heard some talk of getting up a dance—a ball, I think they call it; but I have not said a word to Franzje about it.'

'She would not care for such things, I should think,' rejoined Madame Wendel placidly.

'I am not sure. Do you remember going with us, some years ago, to the Mohawk village, and the Indian children having a sort of queer dance of their own, and my Franzje and Jan joining with them? How angry the Dominie was, to be sure! And the worst of it was, Franzje never would own she was wrong. I can see her now, as she stood up to be scolded, looking down at her pinafore as modest as you please, but with such a naughty little questioning smile upon her lips. Jan gave in, put his knuckles in his eyes, and cried, and said he never would do it again; but Franzje would not say a word, and I had to punish her. It is almost the only time in her life that I ever did; and perhaps I should not have done it then, if the Dominie had not made me see that it was my duty. She cried when she saw how much in earnest I was—for it always does break her heart to vex me, dear child! and after a bit, she begged my pardon and the Dominie's for having displeased us; but she never said in so many words she had been naughty, and never promised not to do it again, as Jan did. It is my belief she did not see any harm in it, for all our talking.'

Madame Ryckman had hit the truth: this one severely visited fault of her childish life had never dwelt on Franzje's conscience as a fault at all. She had felt a vague sense of guilt in having made the Dominie and her mother angry, and had been unhappy till she received their forgiveness;

but for all that, the dance round the Indian camp-fire with the dusky graceful little Mohawks, all bedight in beads and coloured shells, had remained in her memory as something utterly innocent, which was never to be repeated perhaps, but which she could not wish undone.

She was not thinking of this, nor of herself in any way, as she strolled further into the glen with Mr. Freylinghausen, looking for the children, and every now and then waking the echoes by a shout of, 'Dirk, Marte, Peterkin! where have you hid yourselves? Come and speak to the Dominie!'

Her respect and liking for her pastor were not tempered with any uncomfortable amount of fear, though whatever exceptions there had been in the general indulgence shewn to her, had either come from him, or been due to his influence. She was very happy this afternoon, and had forgotten bygone troubles altogether.

The Dominie, however, looked grave, and seemed full of thought. 'Shall we rest a few minutes?' he said, when they had gone a little way, and a beautiful soft gloom of foliage was all round them, nearly shutting out the sky. 'This trunk will make you a nice seat; and as the children come back to their tea they will find us.'

'Oh yes,' said Franzje willingly; 'I called them because I thought you wanted to question them a little.'

'So I do; but I am weary,' he answered, with unusual listlessness in his tone. 'Those Bleekers are good honest people; but it is always the same story over again: they must get the corn in, or the children must gather the hickory nuts, or there are fresh crops to sow. No harm, you will say. True; but it is always earth—earth first, and chiefly; and Heaven only as an after-thought.'

'These settlers must have less time than we of the town,' said Franzje; 'with scarcely any servants, and their living to get by downright labour, they cannot have much leisure, I suppose, except now and then in the winter, perhaps.'

'No, I do not blame them; but there were fishers once upon the Lake of Galilee, poor hard-working men, as we should say, who plied their task with thoughts of the wonderful new Teacher, that "spake as never man spake," and who presently "left the ship and their father, and followed Him."'

'It seems so different now,' said Franzje, pondering. 'Do such calls ever come to ordinary Christians now-a-days, do you think, Sir? Mr. Stuart, the "Father of the Deserts," as people call him, *he* left, as it were, "the ship and his father," his home and all its comforts, didn't he?'

'Yes, and I honour him for it. When I see those Indians of his gathering into the town for their Easter Communion at the English church, when I hear them singing their hymns at good Colonel Schuyler's, I wish that one from among *us* would go forth in like manner, and bring some more of those scattered sheep to a knowledge of the truth.'

'I suppose Father Rallé did among the Iroquois something like what Mr. Stuart is doing for the Mohawks,' said Franzje, still in the same meditative way.

'He was a very devoted man, doubtless,' rejoined the Dominie drily.

He had not much admiration to spare for the French missionary, the zealous Jesuit priest, the determined enemy of the English and Dutch settlers, who had been martyred some said, righteously slain said others, among his band of faithful Indians, when Norridgwog was taken and burnt by the people of York.

'I sometimes wish Killian could be a missionary,' said Franzje; 'he has a good deal of influence with the Indians already—partly because he is like them, perhaps. When they are at the Flats, they always ask for him and for Cortlandt Schuyler.'

'Yes, he is one who would be fitted to embrace such a call; but I fear me he does not listen for it, and is setting his heart upon an earthly prize.'

Franzje's cheeks had been flushed when she came out of Madame Wendel's warm kitchen, and were so still in a degree, but the flush did not deepen in the least. The Dominie was looking straight at her; and her eyes, as they met his, seemed to him like deep clear wells, into which you could look down, and see truth: pure simple truth, without a shadow of artifice or equivocation.

'One who would be a real devoted missionary,' he went on, 'must forego many things besides the home of his boyhood: he must give up the hope of ever making to himself a home of his own; he must be content to live a solitary life, with "the Lord for his inheritance," in a fuller sense than even the Levites of old.'

'That makes it all the better,' said she, with her eyes kindling.

'My child,' he answered despondingly, 'not one in a thousand feels that.'

No shade came over the brightness of her eager face.

'*You* felt it, Dominie, didn't you,' she said, 'when you left your own people, and your father's house, and came out here to teach us?'

'I *thought* so,' he said bitterly.

She looked troubled now. She did not understand the bitter self-accusation that lurked beneath the brief reply; she thought perhaps he answered shortly because she had been presuming—had spoken amiss.

'I beg your pardon,' she stammered. 'Evert said something the other day, that made me think how much you must have given up in coming here, how stupid and ignorant we must seem to you, and I—'

She hesitated. And he said gravely, 'And you thought perhaps that this "made it all the better," as you said just now; that if there were a sacrifice—I do not say there was, mind—something made me glad to make it. What was it, child, do you think, that made me happy in coming here?'

'Was it not, Sir, that God said to you, as He did to Moses, "My

Presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest"?' she answered in a low voice.

He almost shrank from the tender reverence of her upward glance.

'Was it?' he said. 'Or was it that I thought I could do what never man had done before—that here was a field which Holland could not afford? Had I coveted the things of this world, I might have had them there, it is true: my ambition reached beyond that. But what if it were but ambition still?'

She could not follow the train of his thoughts; to her, as to most of his simple flock, he seemed an embodiment of severe perfection: she could not imagine for a moment that he had really anything wherewith to reproach himself. She saw that he was disheartened—that had been plain at the very beginning of the conversation—but she thought it was the result of his *people's* shortcomings, her own included; and she answered humbly and deprecatingly, 'I know we ought to be much better than we are. Aunt Schuyler says, with such teaching as we have, we ought to be very different from other people.'

'Well,' he said, 'Albany has hitherto been simple and primitive, free from the vices of larger cities. There has been little zeal amongst us; we have been dead and flat as the fields of my own Holland; but at least we have been kept from the evils that infest many other places. So far I have had cause to be thankful. But if even *that* fails—if the simplicity of the young people, the young people in whom I have placed my hope, whom I have myself helped to mould—if *that* should be tainted, where can I look for consolation then? of what use will my ministry have been?'

Franzje guessed to what he was alluding now, and was too true to pretend that she did not.

'Is everything that is new wrong, Dominie?' she asked, with a puzzled look.

'I do not say that; but when novelties are introduced, we should look to the character of those who introduce them. Have you remembered what I said about not going to the Bankers'?'

'Yes; I have been there once with Evert, never alone,' said Franzje, colouring at the remembrance of what Mr. Vyvian had said on this subject.

'Do you not begin to see a difference in Cornelia already? If you have any influence with her, and with the other girls of your Company, as I suppose you have, use it on the right side—be sure that you do. *You*, at least, child, must never give me cause for displeasure.'

There was a kind of appeal mingled with the authority of his tone, which was utterly strange.

She was silent from a sort of awe; and he did not press for any promise, but sat looking dreamily on into the dark recesses of the glen, as though he saw there a presage of evil—of evil which he could not avert.

It was a grand face in the mingled melancholy and fire of its glance; and the soul within was a grand soul, vast in its capacities for good, but rising too high in its hopes, sinking too low in its despair, to be well fitted for the wear and tear of common life. The fault of his character, the fault of his teaching, was, perhaps, that it was too self-conscious—there was too much 'I' in it; and the Calvinistic training he had received, had rather fostered than checked this. Taught to think of himself more as an individual than as the organ of a Church, to feel himself more like one of the olden prophets—a direct exponent of God's Will, than one of a divinely appointed band of interpreters of the Catholic faith, it seemed to him as if God's cause must stand or fall with him; as if he were the Elijah, whom not to follow was of necessity to follow the priests of Baal.

There was a pause, and then Franzje said gently, 'I wish Aunt Schuyler would come home.'

'I wish so too,' said the Dominie, rousing himself from his abstraction; 'I regret their absence now for the sake of others, as well as for my own. But these children, Franzje, they do not seem to be coming, and it is getting late.'

'I thought I heard their voices a minute ago—to the right there, among the trees. I will go and look for them.'

And Franzje plunged in among the branches, and presently emerged with a troop of little merry sun-burnt children hanging round her.

Their hands were full of nuts, which they had been gathering in honour of Albert and Dirk; their faces were not over clean; and a little dismay had fallen on them at the thought of being catechized by the Dominie then and there.

'We must go and wash our hands first, at any rate,' said the oldest boy. 'Just whisper me the first word of the answers that come to my turn,' said the second. 'Oh yes, Franzje, stay with us, and help us,' entreated one of the little ones, clinging tight to Franzje's skirts as he spoke. And so, all talking at once, they came into the presence of the Dominie, who was still sitting on the fallen trunk, and still looking weary.

Franzje agreed with them in the wish that they should be made clean and tidy before they came to him for their lesson. A particular amount of scrubbing and rubbing and vigorous hair-brushing, had always fallen to her share in childhood, before she was started off for the weekly catechising, and it did not seem respectful to the Dominie to omit this preparation.

Apparently, however, he did not very much care about it, but thought that these wild little children of the woods, having been caught, had better be attended to immediately. He greeted them all by name, patted some of the little rough heads, and then bade them stand in order before him, that he might hear how much they had learnt since he was there last.

There was a solemn pouring out of nuts from tumbled pinafores on to a soft patch of grass beneath the trees, a primming up of little laughing faces into a correct gravity of expression; and then the six small Wendels took their places in a straight row in front of the Dominie, their hands behind them, and the six pair of blue eyes fixed steadily upon him to begin with, though, by-and-by, glances wandered in desperation up to the trees, down upon the ground, and round to Franzje, in hopes of obtaining a clue to the words of those difficult answers, which somehow *would* always come to the turn of those who knew them least perfectly.

Franzje stood a little to one side, leaning against a tree, with Dirk and Albert standing close to her, and listening far more critically than she did to the mistakes made by their play-mates. She was obliged to catch at their small brown hands sometimes, or cover their rosy mouths with her fingers, so eager were they to display their superior knowledge, and set the little Wendels right. Perhaps it might have been better for them if she had let them do it; the setting down they would then have got from the Dominie, would have utterly quenched for the time the small men's conceit; but she was too tender a sister to wish to expose them to this, and anxious also to spare the supposed feelings of the little ignoramuses.

The Dominie was very patient with the mistakes, very clear in his explanations of the hard words, over which the children stumbled; years afterwards, when more important things had faded from her memory, this little scene would rise before Franzje's mind. Back her thoughts would fly to that woody glen, the dark soft masses of chestnut trees, with here and there a fiery gleam darted through them from the afternoon sun on the long grass at their feet; the little group of ruddy children, picturesque in their untidiness; the stately figure of the Dominie, and the intent face, turning now on one, now on another, of his little disciples—his eagerness to teach far outstripping their eagerness to learn;—back it would all come before her eyes, eyes which used to fill with tears then at the remembrance, because this scene belonged to the dear old time, which had slipped past, unprized perhaps, but was yearned after when it had gone by for ever.

'Franzje! Children! where have you hid yourselves? What have you done with the Dominie?'

It was a man's voice breaking in upon the children's sing-song; and the group was joined by the father of the six urchins, Marte Wendel, a broad-shouldered hearty Dutch-American, who had been called off from field-labours by his spouse, to meet the Dominie at tea.

'The wife and Madame Ryckman have got the tea all ready,' he said, as he shook hands with his pastor; 'and there is a rare feast of good things of your mother's providing, Franzje. Will you come and take some chocolate, Dominie? Catechism is but dry work.'

The Dominie's brow clouded a little; but the children, apparently

agreeing with their father's sentiments, broke into sudden smiles, made a series of awkward bows, as an intimation that they considered the lesson finished, and scuttled off to get their share of the good things.

'How is old Peter?' Franzje asked, alluding to an old crippled negro, whom the Wendels kept, and tenderly nursed, though they considered themselves too poor for the luxury of ordinary servants.

The man's somewhat coarse face softened into a kindly expression at once.

'He's but ailing, poor old fellow! He has not left his room this week past; though I tell him this fine autumn sun would warm him up, and drive away his aches and pains, if he could but sit out on the grass a bit. He'd like to see you, Dominie, after tea, I dare say, if you can spare time for him. His head-piece is not what it was, but he maunders out bits of texts and hymns that he picked up in his younger days, and they seem to comfort him.'

'I will gladly visit him, whenever you like to shew me the way to his room,' said the Dominie readily, registering a mental determination to address a few earnest words to the negro's rather ignorant master as they went.

Franzje, who knew every shade of his expression, could see how Marte's mode of talking jarred upon him; but in her young hopefulness felt a conviction that old Peter's texts and hymns, 'maundered out' though they might be, were making a deeper impression on Baas Wendel than he cared to show.

She even ventured to hint as much, when they came upon the grass-plot, and Marte hurried forward to get the Dominie a seat; and her hint was not taken amiss.

A smile came into the Dominie's sombre eyes. 'You may be right, child,' he said kindly. '"Charity hopeth all things."'

So it was in a hopeful happy mood that they sat down to tea; and never had cakes and cream, chocolate and preserves, tasted nicer than they did on this particular occasion, partaken of on the grass in the sweet country air, amid the cheerful talk of the seniors, and the light-hearted laughter of the children.

'I wish you came every day,' said the goodwife heartily to her guests.

'Nay, nay, Wife, that sounds rather greedy,' said her husband, looking at the provisions, which perhaps really were to *him* as well as to the little ones almost the most welcome part of the visit.

'I meant for their own sakes, not for what they brought,' she said, colouring, and glancing deprecatingly at them.

And one of her little sons looked up, and said quickly, 'Mother's never greedy; she gave old Peter the very last bit of the ham Madame Ryckman brought last time, though she had never so much as tasted it herself.'

'That's right, little Jan, speak up for Mother,' said the Dominie kindly; 'and tell me, are not these hot cakes that I am eating of

Mother's making? I do not think they came in the hamper; I am sure they could not have been kept hot all this time, unless Dirk had them in his pockets.'

Dirk, who had come forth that day in the glory of a new suit, with particularly capacious pockets, chuckled over this supposition; while Madame Wendel felt grateful to the Dominie for having singled out almost the only item of the feast which was really of her providing, and pressed more hot cakes upon him with such hospitable assiduity—seconded by Madame Ryckman, who was pleased to make the most of her friend's culinary feats—that he was obliged rather abruptly to announce his intention of going to see old Peter, to escape from the necessity of taking more than his usual frugal portion of food.

What a drive home it was on that September evening! What a cool soft splendour was upon everything! how the Hudson gleamed in the tranquil golden light! how the distant hills caught the last rosy tints, and grew like the wonderful glorified Mount Sinai in Uncle Jan's picture-Bible! And the Dominie was so kind and so gentle, with all the gloom passed away. If his ministrations had been wasted on the Bleekers and the Wendels, at least old Peter had welcomed them thankfully: and perhaps, too, they had *not* been wasted; perhaps, if he had met with stolidity and want of sympathy, a chance word here and there might still have sunk into the listeners' hearts; and at any rate, difficulty was but a call to persevere, and made his work, as Franzje would have said, 'all the better.'

(To be continued.)

ENGLISH LINKS OF FOREIGN FORGING;

OR,

'THE LADY WITH THE LONG NOSE.'

(A TALE OF CONTINENTAL TRAVEL.)

BY A. F. FRERE,

AUTHOR OF 'WONDER-CASTLE;' 'THE THREE SONS-IN-LAW,' ETC.

CHAPTER V.

CERTAINLY that week at Grindelwald proved a failure, as regards the sights and the doings for which people mostly betake themselves to such places. The rain came down in torrents, day after day, with brief intervals, when hardy and zealous tourists, thickly shod, and cased in macintosh, would start off on expeditions, to return crest-fallen, soppy, and shivering, to condole and grumble together. The Nevilles were

more prudent, but every evening applied to the landlord for his prognostics of the coming day; and Monsieur invariably exhibited a rise in his barometer, and predicted '*un temps magnifique pour demain*,' and so horses were bespoken conditionally, with orders to be called in due time if the morning was fair: and fair it never was; but the guests were awakened all the same at four or five a. m. by the thumping of heavy boots overhead, apparently of disappointed Alpinists taking mountain exercise indoors. Then, all day long, the clatter of the house was distracting: there was a *salon de lecture*, in the *dépendance*, but how get to it through that downpour? so the only refuge from a dismal bed-room was the *salle-d-manger*, at one end of which lay encamped a vendor of national curiosities, intent on the harvest to be reaped from helpless visitors on wet days; and where, between the oft-recurring regular and irregular meals of the establishment, a perpetual irritation of the nerves was kept up by the waiters banging wooden chairs about, for no conceivable object but the creation of noise.

It was a period somewhat trying to the spirits, if not the temper; but our friends, on the whole, bore it well. Miss West was naturally of a placid disposition, and met the remorseful condolences of her companions by disclaiming all *ennui;* in fact, she rather enjoyed her ample leisure for writing and reading the long letters that passed between her and her Cambridge *fiancé*, Mr. Wilton, who had this year been prevented taking one of those pleasant, liberal, photograph-buying excursions on the Continent, so agreeable to College Fellows and their friends at home —at least, so long as Fellows did not marry! Hugh and his sister had a stiff German book in reading; and they all took hasty and rather exhilarating rushes up the mountain paths in partially dry half-hours, till Mabel caught a cold which confined her to her room for a day or two, and the Nevilles were thrown somewhat more upon chance companionship. Ida got a little intimate with the Miss Milmans, who sat chiefly in their own fairly comfortable rooms, always occupied in some sensible manner, and at times asked her to join them, lent light books for Miss West, or shewed photographs and tatting patterns, and altogether were very kind, if not particularly agreeable. They had not much talk, or liveliness, though Ida suspected something of originality in the one she took to be the youngest; and she imparted this idea to her brother, desirous of breaking the dead level on which he had placed the whole family.

'The youngest!' exclaimed he. 'Do you mean to say that you have been able to discover any difference whatever among that mass of grey material?'

'Well, try: you never see them, to have a chance of knowing!'

'Don't I though? There isn't a lone and rocky cleft where I endeavour to smoke a cigar in privacy, but Mil-womankind looms in the distance.'

'You might allow them *that*, if they don't come near. I'm sure they are the reverse of pushing—so thoroughly lady-like and quiet!'

'No doubt,' returned Hugh. 'I always said they were perfectly unexceptionable.'

'They asked me to walk with them this afternoon, if it holds up,' said Ida.

'By all means; they are very kind.'

'And—and,' Sir Charles said, 'would not you come too? Now do, Hugh: it would be so much pleasanter for me!'

'It will rain, at any rate,' said he, making a wry face, but giving no absolute refusal. However, at dinner, which presently ensued, an unlucky discovery was made, which quenched any dawn of amiability in Mr. Neville. Something led Lady Milman to catalogue her daughters as follows: 'Martia had been reading such a book, Augusta painting such a flower, Junia writing letters,'—all addressed innocently enough to her husband; but Hugh sat petrified, and as soon as they had left table, exclaimed to his sister,

'Martia! Augusta! Junia! They are a walking Roman history. One must be toga'd to find the courage to address such a female cohort!'

'Those three names *are* rather portentous,' said Ida, laughing; 'but I have never heard the youngest's. I wonder what it is.'

'Portia, or Cornelia, doubtless: find one sufficiently tall, and draped *à l'antique*.'

'*She* is not quite so tall as her sisters,' said Ida, moving on with the plate of fruit for Mabel, which her brother took and carried up-stairs. 'Now if you would just be a little civil, and talk to her!'

'How shall I know the "youngest"? May I apply an inch-measure?'

'She wears coral ear-rings—the others have all crystal.'

'Always? Suppose I said tender things to the coral to-day, and behold! to-morrow it had changed sisters, and I didn't find it out!'

'O Mabel, can't you make him a little better behaved?' cried Ida, as her friend opened the door. 'He does so revile that unlucky family.'

'On the contrary,' said Hugh, standing in the passage, 'I acknowledge them to be highly estimable; and what do you want more?'

'Deeds, not words,' said Ida.

'You are chivalrous enough towards ladies generally, Mr. Neville,' observed Mabel.

'Never to these, I assure you,' rejoined Ida. 'He has stood by them and never offered to open an umbrella or put on a cloak.'

'How dream of thrusting one's services upon a mass of young ladyhood so doubly fenced about with guardians and attendants?' cried Hugh deprecatingly. 'Father, mother, valet, and courier, and something like a lady's-maid apiece—'

'Come,' said Mabel, 'you exaggerate there—two among five; that is no unreasonable proportion.'

'Here they come!' exclaimed Ida; 'we are too public to be discussing our neighbours in this way.'

'The virtuous Martia and her sister Vestals!' said Hugh, in a whisper, as they mounted the stairs. 'Isn't there some play of Addison's where that cold heroine figures?'

When the rain abated, an hour or two after, and Ida was summoned to join the Milmans' walk, Hugh found it necessary to stay at home and write letters. But later in the afternoon, towards sunset, there came one of those gorgeous outbursts of light and colour which often follow on a wet and gloomy day; and he strode off alone (Ida not liking again to leave her friend) to a spot whence the full glow of crimson radiance could be seen lighting up the sharp ridges of a glacier between the massive flanks of the Mettenberg and Eiger. The spectacle was grand and solemnizing, and Hugh, for once, was really alone: perhaps the effect on his cynical mood was all the greater for the absence of the dear but provoking little sister, and certainly he came home in a temper considerably more tolerant of the general world.

Mabel ventured down to the *salle* for supper, and engaged him and Ida in a pleasant chat, which steered clear of personalities. It was Saturday evening, and while the guests were still lingering about their various repasts, the chaplain, a quiet middle-aged man, with whom the Nevilles had made a little acquaintance, came and invited all, who were willing and able, to practise some music for to-morrow's services.

The night was fine, and most of the party of English readily moved across to the *dépendance*, where a pianoforte (daily hammered at in pleasing addition to the chronic noises of the Adler) existed, and some hymns and chants were said to be kept; but when it came to the point, nothing seemed available; a lady who had played on the previous Sunday, had, like many others, been driven away by the bad weather, and with her the 'Ancient and Modern' book on which so much depended! The Miss Milmans, however, possessed one, which they quickly caused their maid to extract from the depths of a trunk; but chants! could no one play a chant by heart?

'It is really unfortunate,' said the clergyman. 'I had quite hoped to see another lady back by this time, who left us to go over the Gemmi a fortnight ago, and seemed intending to return very soon. She was evidently a practised musician, and played everything without notes.'

'Was there,' asked Ida, struck by a sudden idea, 'anything peculiar about her appearance?'

'Well,' said the chaplain, with a little hesitation, 'she had—I should say—a rather remarkably—'

'Long nose?' suggested Ida, with the greatest difficulty keeping herself from laughing.

He acquiesced, somewhat surprised; and the youngest Miss Milman, who stood near, exclaimed, 'Oh! have you met her?'

'No,' replied Ida; 'have you? She is a sort of dream-personage to us: we are always hearing of, and never see, her.'

'We were only two days together at Vevey, and did not learn her name; Mamma liked her particularly.'

'And did you?'

'I think she is the most attractive person I ever met,' said the young lady, with a kind of shy fervour, which somehow pleased Hugh, for he came forward to listen for more; but the singers were now being marshalled behind Lady Milman—who had undertaken, to the best of her ability, the post of organist—and a grave steady practice commenced. Hugh stood in close proximity to the 'coral ear-rings,' and observed that a soft agreeable low voice emanated from between them; and afterwards, when the music was over, and Lady Milman gathered her brood about her for departure, that this youngest daughter was summoned by the simple unclassical name of 'Janet,' or 'Jenny.'

'I believe she *is* not quite such a may-pole as her sisters,' said he to Ida, as they walked through the garden; 'and at any rate, her name is off the stilts. I think I *might* venture to address Miss Jenny. She seems to have a becoming admiration for my ideal of the long nose—"may its shadow never be less!"'

'Who won't come here now, I'm afraid,' said Ida. 'I wonder how long that knife will be on my conscience!'

'Suppose we make an especial pilgrimage in search of her? *I*'m quite ready.'

'Only one can't look for her in the travellers' books as "the lady with the long nose;" and how trace her otherwise?'

'She seems to drop a good deed or a pleasant impression wherever she goes. I shall ask Miss Janet for a more minute description to-morrow; and depend on it, we shall find her out.'

Ida was altogether well satisfied with her brother's present mood; and rejoining Mabel, who had, of course, not ventured outside, they soon bade good-night, and retired.

Sun-day actually proved somewhat like its name; and the afternoon was so bright, that when the services were over, almost everybody 'took to the mountains.' Best clothes were exchanged for rough climbing gear, and after some diverse wandering, a large proportion of the party met at the upper glacier—a point somewhat too distant for the precarious scrambles of the last few days. Though all 'Milmankind' was there when the Nevilles arrived, Hugh bore the meeting with a degree of fortitude that extended even to handing the ladies, one by one, across a slippery plank, into one of those ice-tunnels which the Swiss cut yearly for the benefit of their visitors. When all had come out, with many exclamations of delight at the beautiful sight, he kept at the side of the damsel of the coral ear-rings, who, however, walked on silent and preoccupied, till the question, 'What she had thought of it,' roused her to speak.

'I could not have imagined anything so exquisite! That delicate unearthly blue, deepening as you wind further in; and then the day-

light shining through as you return—just the common daylight you left behind and thought so little of, and now all turned into such a rosy glory!'

Hugh began rather to like the 'youngest daughter,' and incited her to talk on by referring to the sunset of the day before. 'It was magnificent from where I stood,' he said, describing the place; to which she quietly replied, 'Yes; I was there.'

'Indeed! I did not see you.'

'Is that remarkable? I was behind you, and the mountains were before.'

'I am sorry, though. I might have helped you down that slippery slope.'

'Thank you, but I am used to such scrambling at home; and I had my alpenstock—one's best foot in these parts; and our courier, too, for escort—*not* help!'

'She is a nice modest girl,' thought Hugh, 'and has no idea of putting herself in the way; and her voice is soft in speaking too; it was lucky she did not get a Roman name!'

Before he could make the inquiries he intended, the widening path rendered their party and conversation more mixed, and presently all were startled by the somewhat singular apparition of a tall woman in full nun's dress, but handling an alpenstock with evident zest and agility as she climbed towards them, followed by two men of much less enterprising aspect. As the others approached, she halted, and in a sonorous voice and excellent (not Swiss) French, asked, '*Combien de temps faut-il pour aller au glacier supéricur?*'

The answer given seemed to daunt her companions—not unnaturally, for the sun was low, and gathering clouds foreboded an early twilight; but the stalwart nun strode on, saying, '*Il faut que j'y arrive, n'importe à quelle heure!*' and the dismayed Frenchmen had to follow.

'A new style of member for the alpine club,' said Hugh. 'One would not expect so much muscular energy to come out of a convent!'

'What a delicious whiff of freedom and fresh air she will bring back with her into the cloister!' said Ida. 'Only rather dangerous, I should think. I should want *more*.'

'I don't agree with you,' said Hugh. 'A wholesome holiday *must* send one back fitter for one's duty—supposing convent life *is* duty. I'm very glad it is not mine! What do you say, Miss Milman?'

'It is a question I can't judge of at all. There are so many things involved in it!'

'I suppose,' said Mabel, 'it would make a great difference whether the "duty" was a genuine one—real work, such as one would feel one was trying to do, not an unnatural condition one was condemned to endure.'

'That opens all the wide question of Sisterhoods,' said Hugh, drawing a long breath, 'and I don't think we have time to discuss it—there is a

shower coming on!—Miss West, you must be got safe home as quickly as possible.'

Large drops were indeed beginning to fall, and lucky were those whom the hot sun had not beguiled into bringing out a lined parasol instead of a large umbrella. Mabel and Ida were, unluckily, both of the latter class, and Hugh's umbrella could hardly protect both from the violent storm which was soon beating in their faces. Ida protested she did not mind; a wetting would do her no harm, it was rather fun! but her brother by no means agreed, and was greatly relieved when Sir Charles hurried to them with an umbrella which his party could perfectly spare—they had several large ones among them, and besides, were clad in complete waterproofs. There was really no time for complimenting, and Hugh hastened on with his two ladies, anxious to land them safely under the eagle's roof.

'That is Miss Jenny's umbrella,' said Ida, as they almost ran down the zigzags of the path. 'Please, Hugh, take it back to her—they won't be half-way down when we get home, at this railroad pace.'

'If that smart courier was in the way, I should certainly send him up with it. If not, I'll go.'

As smart couriers never *are* in the way, or wish to be made of use off journeys, Hugh waited only a moment to deposit his charge and take breath, and was off again, striding up the path, where, at some distance above, the grey phalanx were seen descending. Just as he reached them, hot and panting, the rain ceased, as suddenly as it had begun, and Hugh felt a little provoked. However, the whole family were properly shocked, and properly grateful, as he threaded through all their string of civil speeches to restore the umbrella to its owner, who walked last.

'This is yours, is it not? I think I was told it was Miss Janet Milman's.'

'My name,' said the soft voice, 'is Januaria.'

'Januaria!' exclaimed Hugh; adding to himself, 'horrible!'

'We were all called after the months in which we were born,' she continued. 'I don't think it's pretty; but Papa had a fancy for it. But I'm very much obliged to you, all the same as if my name *had* been Janet.'

There was a touch of sarcasm in her manner, which made Hugh ask inwardly, 'Is she quizzing me?' and to relieve his awkwardness, he took out of the pocket of his rough jacket a handful of wild flowers which had lain forgotten there for two days, and began to pick out and throw away the dead ones. A bunch of soft velvety white blossoms remained unspoilt, and he shewed them to his companion, asking if she had seen any of that kind. They only grew high up on the mountains.

'Oh! is that the plant they call *edelweiss?*' she said, with animation. 'I have heard it described so often, but never could find any. How curious! It is hardly like a living flower.'

'Let me give you some of it,' said Hugh, selecting a spray, and

feeling that he had wound up his accounts of politeness in a highly creditable manner. Somehow, he felt a little sore, injured, and puzzled, as well as wet and weary, so that it was a relief to arrive at the hotel, where the Milmáns immediately went up to their rooms, to be dried, and re-dressed for supper. Hugh lingered a few minutes to inquire some local fact from the landlady, who stood at the door, in the beautiful national dress she always wore on Sundays—a skirt of rich black silk, coloured silk apron, and black velvet bodice gay with delicate silver chains, and worn over a chemisette and sleeves of pure white cambric. Hugh still had the rest of the bunch of flowers in his hand, and Madame presently noticed them, remarking, 'That is a very fine specimen of our favourite edelweiss. Of course, Monsieur knows its signification?'

'No; he had never heard it had one.'

'It is a declaration of love,' she said, a little drooping her dark eyelashes. 'When a gentleman offers a young lady a piece of edelweiss, and she accepts it, *la chose est faite*.'

This little spark set Hugh's already irritated temper in a blaze, half serious and half comic. He rushed up-stairs, meeting Ida in the passage, whom he beckoned to follow him to his room, and with the amiable impulse that sometimes makes hoaxing a peculiar pleasure to brothers, he exclaimed, 'Come in, little one. Here's a pretty kettle of fish! See what you've made me put my foot into—literally and figuratively!'

'Why, what's the matter?'

'Here am I, all along of your errands,' said he, contemplating his miry boots as he leant back in theatrical exhaustion, 'draggled and drenched—'

'Drenched?' she interrupted. 'You, a well-seasoned Australian, who never cared for a wetting!'

'Draggled and drenched, dreary and depraved,' resumed Hugh, in a dolorous kind of chant.

'Depraved! what *do* you mean?'

'It's your look-out,' he said, with mock gravity. 'I've been and made an offer to the coral ear-rings of my hand and heart—without in the least intending it. And she has accepted me. And her name is *Januaria!* That's all!'

'Do talk sense, Hugh!' cried his sister, conscious, from the bombast of his manner, that he spoke at least half in jest, yet perceiving that some degree of vexation lay at the bottom of his mood. She was rather graver than usual, from the influences of the day; but a twinkle in Hugh's eyes presently reassured her, and they laughed together as he told the incident of the edelweiss. Still he could not overcome a sort of notion that he had done an ungentlemanlike thing by Miss Januaria; and exclaiming, 'There! I've done for the present with Quixotic umbrellas, and flowers of tender meanings!' he was about to fling out of window the bunch he still held in his hand, when Ida intercepted them.

'Please don't! It's a remarkably fine specimen, and I shall keep it to dry, as I dare say Miss Janet will hers. You can't *really* imagine,

Hugh, that she could suppose you were trifling?' said Ida, with a little wistful glance.

'Not a bit,' replied he, more soberly, and thinking the little sister had been frightened enough. 'Of course, no one but a silly girl would, and she isn't *that*. But, oh dear me, what a name! Ja-nu-a-ria! They are an animated Roman calendar, that estimable family. I wonder where February and the rest are left!'

'Now, behave properly,' said Ida; 'take off your wet stockings, and put on this dry pair I've got out for you. Here's your coat, and now I'm going to comb your hair, and make a decent figure of you again. You certainly would not have looked dangerously attractive to any of the young ladies here!'

He submitted to her beautifying operations with a tolerable grace; but said, facing round just as they were leaving the room, 'Do you know, little one, I think we've had about enough of Milmankind and the watery element here. Suppose we go to-morrow.'

'Not stay out our week? And give up the chance of the Wengern Alp?'

'Well! if you and Miss West wish to stay on, I'm agreeable. But you needn't always be packing me off with umbrellas up the steeps after young ladies with interminable names!'

Poor Ida was disappointed. She had thought her brother in such a fair way to overcome his prejudice that afternoon—and behold! matters were worse than before. Ruffled as he still seemed, any further remonstrance would have done harm: as it was, Mabel's opportune appearance in the passage diverted his thoughts to inquiries after her welfare. A hasty supper followed, at which Mr. Neville, to do him justice, met the Milmans with his usual cool civility, and the parties retired early to the quiet of their rooms: so far as any quiet could be found within the wooden walls of the *Adler!*

(*To be continued.*)

THE BLIND HERMIT AND THE TRINITY FLOWER.

A LEGEND.

BY JULIANA HORATIA EWING.

'My Master hath a garden which fair flowers adorn.'

Old Hymn.

In days of yore there was once a certain hermit, who dwelt in a cell, which he had fashioned for himself from a natural cave in the side of a hill.

Now this hermit had a great love for flowers, and was moreover

learned in the virtues of herbs, and in that great mystery of healing which lies hidden among the green things of GOD. And so it came to pass that the country-people from all parts came to him for the simples which grew in the little garden which he had made before his cell. And as his fame spread, and more people came to him, he added more and more to the plat which he had reclaimed from the waste land around.

But after many years there came a spring when the colours of the flowers seemed paler to the hermit than they used to be; and as summer drew on, their shapes became indistinct, and he mistook one plant for another; and when autumn came, he told them by their various scents, and by their form, rather than by sight; and when the flowers were gone, and winter had come, the hermit was quite blind.

Now in the hamlet below there lived a boy who had become known to the hermit on this manner. On the edge of the hermit's garden there grew two crab trees, from the fruit of which he made every year a certain confection, which was very grateful to the sick. One year many of these crab-apples were stolen, and the sick folk of the hamlet had very little conserve. So the following year, as the fruit was ripening, the hermit spoke every day to those who came to his cell, saying,

'I pray you, good people, to make it known that he who robs these crab trees, robs not me alone, which is dishonest, but the sick, which is inhuman.'

And yet once more the crab-apples were taken.

The following evening, as the hermit sat on the side of the hill, he overheard two boys disputing about the theft.

'It must either have been a very big man, or a small boy, to do it,' said one. 'So I say, and I have my reason.'

'And what is thy reason, Master Wiseacre?' asked the other.

'The fruit is too high to be plucked except by a very big man,' said the first boy. 'And the branches are not strong enough for any but a child to climb.'

'Canst thou think of no other way to rob an apple tree but by standing a-tip-toe, or climbing up to the apples, when they should come down to thee?' said the second boy. 'Truly thy head will never save thy heels; but here's a riddle for thee.

Riddle me riddle me re,
Four big brothers are we;
We gather the fruit, but climb never a tree.

Who are they?'

'Four tall robbers, I suppose,' said the other.

'Tush!' cried his comrade. 'They are the four winds; and when they whistle, down falls the ripest. But others can shake besides the winds, as I will shew thee if thou hast any doubts in the matter.'

And as he spoke he sprang to catch the other boy, who ran from him; and they chased each other down the hill, and the hermit heard no more.

But as he turned to go home he said, 'The thief was not far away when thou stoodst near. Nevertheless, I will have patience. It needs not that I should go to seek thee, for what saith the Scripture? *Thy sin* will find thee out.' And he made conserve of such apples as were left, and said nothing.

Now after a certain time a plague broke out in the hamlet; and it was so sore, and there were so few to nurse the many who were sick, that, though it was not the wont of the hermit ever to leave his place, yet in their need he came down and ministered to the people in the village. And one day, as he passed a certain house, he heard moans from within, and entering, he saw lying upon a bed a boy who tossed and moaned in fever, and cried out most miserably that his throat was parched and burning. And when the hermit looked upon his face, behold it was the boy who had given the riddle of the four winds upon the side of the hill.

Then the hermit fed him with some of the confection which he had with him, and it was so grateful to the boy's parched palate, that he thanked and blessed the hermit aloud, and prayed him to leave a morsel of it behind, to soothe his torments in the night.

Then said the hermit, 'My son, I would that I had more of this confection, for the sake of others as well as for thee. But indeed I have only two trees which bear the fruit whereof this is made; and in two successive years have the apples been stolen by some thief, thereby robbing not only me, which is dishonest, but the poor, which is inhuman.'

Then the boy's theft came back to his mind, and he burst into tears, and cried, 'My father, I took the crab-apples!'

And after awhile he recovered his health; the plague also abated in the hamlet, and the hermit went back to his cell. But the boy would thenceforth never leave him, always wishing to shew his penitence and gratitude. And though the hermit sent him away, he always returned, saying,

'Of what avail is it to drive me from thee, since I am resolved to serve thee, even as Samuel served Eli, and Timothy ministered unto St. Paul?'

But the hermit said, 'My rule is to live alone, and without companions; wherefore begone.'

And when the boy still came, he drove him from the garden.

Then the boy wandered far and wide, over moor and bog, and gathered rare plants and herbs, and laid them down near the hermit's cell. And when the hermit was inside, the boy came into the garden, and gathered the stones and swept the paths, and tied up such plants as were drooping, and did all neatly and well, for he was a quick and skilful lad. And when the hermit said,

'Thou hast done well, and I thank thee; but now begone,' he only answered,

'What avails it, when I am resolved to serve thee?'

So at last there came a day when the hermit said, 'It may be that it is ordained; wherefore abide, my son.'

And the boy answered, 'Even so, for I am resolved to serve thee.'

Thus he remained. And thenceforward the hermit's garden throve as it had never thriven before. For, though he had skill, the hermit was old and feeble; but the boy was young and active, and he worked hard, and it was to him a labour of love. And being a clever boy, he quickly knew the names and properties of the plants as well as the hermit himself. And when he was not working, he would go far afield to seek for new herbs. And he always returned to the village at night.

Now when the hermit's sight began to fail, the boy put him right if he mistook one plant for another; and when the hermit became quite blind, he relied completely upon the boy to gather for him the herbs that he wanted. And when anything new was planted, the boy led the old man to the spot, that he might know that it was so many paces in such a direction from the cell, and might feel the shape and texture of the leaves, and learn its scent. And through the skill and knowledge of the boy, the hermit was in no wise hindered from preparing his accustomed remedies, for he knew the names and virtues of the herbs, and where every plant grew. And when the sun shone, the boy would guide his master's steps into the garden, and would lead him up to certain flowers; but to those which had a perfume of their own the old man could go without help, being guided by the scent. And as he fingered their leaves and breathed their fragrance, he would say, 'Blessed be GOD for every herb of the field, but thrice blessed for those that smell.'

And at the end of the garden was set a bush of rosemary. 'For,' said the hermit, 'to this we must all come.' Because rosemary is the herb they scatter over the dead. And he knew where almost everything grew, and what he did not know the boy told him.

Yet for all this, and though he had embraced poverty and solitude with joy, in the service of GOD and man, yet so bitter was blindness to him, that he bewailed the loss of his sight, with a grief that never lessened.

'For,' said he, 'If it had pleased our Lord to send me any other affliction, such as continual pain or a consuming sickness, I would have borne it gladly, seeing it would have left me free to see these herbs, which I use for the benefit of the poor. But now the sick suffer through my blindness, and to this boy also I am a continual burden.'

And when the boy called him at the hours of prayer, saying, 'My Father, it is now time for the Nones office, for the Marygold is closing,' or, 'The Vespers bell will soon sound from the valley, for the bindweed bells are folded,' and the hermit recited the appointed prayers, he always added,

'I beseech Thee take away my blindness, as Thou didst heal Thy servant the son of Timæus.'

And as the boy and he sorted herbs, he cried,

'Is there no balm in Gilead?'

And the boy answered, 'The balm of Gilead grows six full paces from the gate, my Father.'

But the hermit said, 'I spoke in a figure, my son. I meant not that herb. But, alas! Is there no remedy to heal the physician? No cure for the curer?'

And the boy's heart grew heavier day by day, because of the hermit's grief. For he loved him.

Now one morning as the boy came up from the village, the hermit met him, groping painfully with his hands, but with joy in his countenance, and he said, 'Is that thy step, my son? Come in, for I have somewhat to tell thee.'

And he said, 'A vision has been vouchsafed to me, even a dream. Moreover, I believe that there shall be a cure for my blindness.'

Then the boy was glad, and begged of the hermit to relate his dream, which he did as follows:—

'I dreamed, and behold I stood in the garden—thou also with me—and many people were gathered at the gate, to whom, with thy help, I gave herbs of healing in such fashion as I have been able since this blindness came upon me. And when they were gone, I smote upon my forehead, and said, "Where is the herb that shall heal my affliction?" And a voice beside me said, "Here, my son." And I cried to thee, "Who spoke?" And thou saidst, "It is a man in pilgrim's weeds, and lo, he hath a strange flower in his hand." Then said the Pilgrim, "It is a Trinity Flower. Moreover, I suppose that when thou hast it, thou wilt see clearly." Then I thought that thou didst take the flower from the Pilgrim and put it in my hand. And lo, my eyes were opened, and I saw clearly. And I knew the Pilgrim's face, though where I have seen him I cannot yet recall. But I believed him to be Raphael the Archangel—he who led Tobias, and gave sight to his father. And even as it came to me to know him, he vanished; and I saw him no more.'

'And what was the Trinity Flower like, my Father?' asked the boy.

'It was about the size of Herb Paris, my son,' replied the hermit. 'But instead of being fourfold every way, it numbered the mystic Three. Every part was threefold. The leaves were three, the petals three, the sepals three. The flower was snow-white, but on each of the three parts it was stained with crimson stripes, like white garments dyed in blood.'*

Then the boy started up, saying, 'If there be such a plant on the earth I will find it for thee.'

But the hermit laid his hand on him, and said, 'Nay, my son, leave me not, for I have need of thee. And the flower will come yet, and then I shall see.'

And all day long the old man murmured to himself, 'Then I shall see.'

'And didst thou see me, and the garden, in thy dream, my Father?' asked the boy.

* *Trillium erythrocarpum.* North America.

'Ay, that I did, my son. And I meant to say to thee that it much pleaseth me that thou art grown so well, and of such a strangely fair countenance. Also the garden is such as I have never before beheld it, which must needs be due to thy care. But wherefore didst thou not tell me of those fair palms that have grown where the thorn hedge was wont to be? I was but just stretching out my hand for some, when I awoke.'

'There are no palms there, my Father,' said the boy.

'Now, indeed it is thy youth that makes thee so little observant,' said the hermit. 'However, I pardon thee, if it were only for that good thought which moved thee to plant a yew beyond the rosemary bush; seeing that the yew is the emblem of eternal life, which lies beyond the grave.'

But the boy said, 'There is no yew there, my Father.'

'Have I not seen it, even in a vision?' cried the hermit. 'Thou wilt say next that all the borders are not set with hearts-ease, which indeed must be through thy industry; and whence they come I know not, but they are most rare and beautiful, and my eyes long sore to see them again.'

'Alas, my Father!' cried the boy, 'the borders are set with rue, and there are but a few clumps of hearts-ease here and there.'

'Could I forget what I saw in an hour?' asked the old man angrily. 'And did not the holy Raphael himself point to them, saying, 'Blessed are the eyes that behold this garden, where the borders are set with hearts-ease, and the hedges crowned with palm! But thou wouldst know better than an archangel, forsooth.'

Then the boy wept; and when the hermit heard him weeping, he put his arm round him and said,

'Weep not, my dear son. And I pray thee, pardon me that I spoke harshly to thee. For indeed I am ill-tempered by reason of my infirmities; and as for thee, GOD will reward thee for thy goodness to me, as I never can. Moreover, I believe it is thy modesty, which is as great as thy goodness, that hath hindered thee from telling me of all that thou hast done for my garden, even to those fair and sweet everlasting flowers, the like of which I never saw before, which thou hast set in the east border, and where even now I hear the bees humming in the sun.'

Then the boy looked sadly out into the garden, and answered, 'I cannot lie to thee. There are no everlasting flowers. It is the flowers of the thyme in which the bees are rioting. And in the hedge bottom there creepeth the bitter-sweet.'

But the hermit heard him not. He had groped his way out into the sunshine, and wandered up and down the walks, murmuring to himself, 'Then I shall see.'

Now when the summer was past, one autumn morning there came to the garden gate a man in pilgrim's weeds; and when he saw the boy he beckoned to him, and giving him a small tuber root, he said,

'Give this to thy master. It is the root of the Trinity Flower.'

And he passed on down towards the valley.

Then the boy ran hastily to the hermit; and when he had told him, and given him the root, he said,

'The face of the pilgrim is known to me also, O my Father! For I remember when I lay sick of the plague, that ever it seemed to me as if a shadowy figure passed in and out, and went up and down the streets, and his face was as the face of this pilgrim. But—I cannot deceive thee—methought it was the Angel of Death.'

Then the hermit mused; and after a little space he answered,

'It was then also that I saw him. I remember now. Nevertheless, let us plant the root, and abide what GOD shall send.'

And thus they did.

And as the autumn and winter went by, the hermit became very feeble, but the boy constantly cheered him, saying, 'Patience, my Father. Thou shalt see yet!'

But the hermit replied, 'My son, I repent me that I have not been patient under affliction. Moreover, I have set thee an ill example, in that I have murmured at that which GOD—Who knoweth best—ordained for me.'

And when the boy ofttimes repeated, 'Thou shalt yet see,' the hermit answered, 'If GOD will. When GOD will. As GOD will.'

And when he said the prayers for the Hours, he no longer added what he had added beforetime, but evermore repeated, 'If Thou wilt. When Thou wilt. As Thou wilt!'

And so the winter passed; and when the snow lay on the ground the boy and the hermit talked of the garden; and the boy no longer contradicted the old man, though he spoke continually of the hearts-ease, and the everlasting flowers, and the palm. For he said, 'When spring comes I may be able to get these plants, and fit the garden to his vision.'

And at length the spring came. And with it rose the Trinity Flower. And when the leaves unfolded, they were three, as the hermit had said. Then the boy was wild with joy and with impatience. And when the sun shone for two days together, he would kneel by the flower, and say, 'I pray thee, Lord, send showers, that it may wax apace.' And when it rained, he said, 'I pray Thee, send sunshine, that it may blossom speedily.' For he knew not what to ask. And he danced about the hermit, and cried, 'Soon shalt thou see.'

But the hermit trembled, and said, 'Not as I will, but as Thou wilt!'

And so the bud formed. And at length one evening, before he went down to the hamlet, the boy came to the hermit and said, 'The bud is almost breaking, my Father. To-morrow thou shalt see.'

Then the hermit moved his hands till he laid them on the boy's head, and he said,

'The Lord repay thee sevenfold for all thou hast done for me, dear child. And now I pray thee, my son, give me thy pardon for all in

which I have sinned against thee by word or deed, for indeed my thoughts of thee have ever been tender.' And when the boy wept, the hermit still pressed him, till he said that he forgave him. And as they unwillingly parted, the hermit said, 'I pray thee, dear son, to remember that, though late, I conformed myself to the will of GOD.'

Saying which, the hermit went into his cell, and the boy returned to the village.

But so great was his anxiety, that he could not rest; and he returned to the garden ere it was light, and sat by the flower till the dawn.

And with the first dim light he saw that the Trinity Flower was in bloom. And as the hermit had said, it was white, and stained with crimson as with blood.

Then the boy shed tears of joy, and he plucked the flower and ran into the hermit's cell, where the hermit lay very still upon his couch. And the boy said, 'I will not disturb him. When he wakes he will find the flower.' And he went out and sat down outside the cell and waited. And being weary as he waited, he fell asleep.

Now before sunrise, whilst it was yet early, he was awakened by the voice of the hermit crying, 'My son, my dear son!' and he jumped up, saying, 'My Father!'

But as he spoke the hermit passed him. And as he passed he turned, and the boy saw that his eyes were open. And the hermit fixed them long and tenderly on him.

Then the boy cried, 'Ah, tell me, my Father, dost thou see?'

And he answered, '*I see now!*' and so passed on down the walk.

And as he went through the garden, in the still dawn, the boy trembled, for the hermit's footsteps gave no sound. And he passed beyond the rosemary bush, and came not again.

And when the day wore on, and the hermit did not return, the boy went into his cell.

Without, the sunshine dried the dew from paths on which the hermit's feet had left no prints, and cherished the spring flowers bursting into bloom. But within, the hermit's dead body lay stretched upon his pallet, and the Trinity Flower was in his hand.

SEVEN PHASES OF AN AUTHOR.

V.

IN the attic of a London lodging, a mother sat by the bed-side of a little boy, who every now and then started with convulsive gesture, and uttered moans that sent a sympathetic pain through the watcher's frame. It was cold—bitterly cold. In the street below, the half-thawed snow

was freezing, and making the road a perilous sheet of ice; the north-east wind whistled dismally among the roofs. In neighbouring houses, happy families were clustering round blazing fires; while the beggar outside, seeing a gleam of brightness reflected on the pavement, stood upon the fire-lit spot in the hope there might be some ray of warmth to thaw his half-frozen limbs.

It was scarcely less cold in the upper room, where Helen nursed her eldest boy, by the light of one dim candle. There had been a fire, as one or two dim sparks in the almost empty grate still testified; but it had been so sparingly replenished, that the embers had long ceased to give out heat.

Presently there came a knock at the door, and the doctor entered. He shivered on passing the fire-place; then approached the bed, and asked, 'How is our little patient to-night?'

'No better, I fear,' said Helen sadly. 'There is much of that convulsive twitching, and he moans as if in constant pain.'

Dr. Lovall stood looking at the child for a moment: then, having felt his pulse attentively, rejoined, 'He is better—much better, I hope. His spine has been seriously injured by some fall, and he will always henceforth be delicate; but with the utmost care, I think he may live. Everything now depends on keeping up his strength till the crisis is past.'

'Oh, thank you for that grain of comfort, Dr. Lovall! But how am I to keep up his strength, and save my darling?'

'For the next six months he will require to be kept very warm, and be fed with everything that is nourishing. It is absolutely necessary that he should have plenty of port wine, and live as high as possible.'

'He shall—I will try to follow your directions, Doctor. But how long do you think it will be before my poor little Johnnie will be able to leave this room?'

'It will be many months before he is able to sit up, or use his limbs. In the meantime, it would hasten his recovery if he could be taken to the sea-side, and driven out daily in a reclining chair. The sooner he gets out of London the better. I should say he might be moved in about a month.'

Helen sighed. The doctor heard her, and resumed, 'I am sorry to recommend measures which seem beyond your means, Mrs. Temple. But have you no relatives to whom you could apply for help? You do not look as if you had come of a very poor family.'

'I have an uncle with whom I once lived, and several cousins; but none of them would be inclined to assist me, nor could I ask them.'

'Will you let *me*, then, tell your uncle of your sad circumstances?'

'No, no! I married against his will, and he has never forgiven me. He has married again, and has a young family of his own, so that he is quite unlikely to undertake the burthen of mine.'

'Have you no friends to whom you might apply for a loan, with less repugnance?'

'A few—but they are straitened, like myself; I could not tax their kindness. No—I have only my pen.'

'I wish, with all my heart, I were able to help you,' said the kind-hearted doctor; 'but I am a poor man myself. Well, good-night. I honour your independence; but do not let it stand in the way of your child's life. Remember, that is a charge for which you are responsible. I will look in again to-morrow.'

After the doctor had left the house, Helen sat in sad reverie by her child's bed-side. Seeing that he was asleep, she took from her pocket a note she had that day received, and anxiously read it again. It ran thus:—

Dear Madam,

In reply to your favour, I beg to tell you that your story has received much praise from the critics; but with the general public it has been by no means a success; the characters and plot being too tame to suit any but the semi-religious public, who do not form a sufficiently large class to make it worth our while to publish solely for them. If you would consent to apply your talents to a more popular style, we should be happy to offer you £10 or probably £20 for a short story to be inserted in the 'St. Valentine's Annual,' in the course of two months. We have less hesitation in making this request, as in your earlier works we have evidence of considerable power of writing in the manner required.

Hoping that you will be encouraged to furnish us with a tale that will suit the sensational tastes of the day, we are, Madam,

Yours faithfully,

C. Quille & Co.

'Yes, the shrewd publisher is right!' exclaimed Helen mentally. 'I have always felt it in myself, and materials are not wanting! I see it all, and can do it well—he shall have enough for his twenty pounds! Then the Brighton expenses will no longer hamper me;' and with one more glance at her sick boy, she sat down to her task.

On she wrote, throughout the night, every now and then pausing to soothe her child, and moisten his parched lips. It was not till day-dawn that little Mary came softly in, and begged her mother to let her watch awhile instead.

Sleep seemed to Mrs. Temple an impossibility in such an over-wrought state; but her limbs were so stiff and frozen that she consented to lie down for an hour. The reaction after her excitement was so great, that she fell into a heavy slumber, and did not even wake when the doctor entered. Guessing from the paper-strewn table how the mother had spent the midnight hours, he would not allow her to be aroused. Mary—precocious, like many an elder daughter of a poor widow—received his instructions, and was thoughtful enough to ask the landlady to give the two youngest their breakfast, while she sat beside Johnnie.

Mrs. Temple slept three hours, but woke unrefreshed, for wild dreams had marred her rest. While shaking Johnnie's pillow, and giving him a little barley-water, she scolded Mary for not waking her when the

doctor came; and being in feverish haste to continue her story while the fit was on her, dismissed the little girl, and sat down anew to her writing. So little Mary went and told her youngest brother and sister they must be very quiet, for poor mamma was worried, and had some long letters to write. Helen had often been worried lately, as mothers with insufficient means often are, even without the additional strain of authorship; and being overwhelmed with the cares of her family in addition to her other labours, she had not much time to trim her lamp, and too often neglected to ask help to restrain the temper which was so hurtful to the children. Had it not been for the nervous state she had worked herself into, for the temporary neglect of her daily communion with God, the old undertone could scarcely have failed to save her story from becoming pernicious. But now, her mind, already out of tune, could no longer mingle a holy leaven with her real or ideal life. The very consciousness of this lessened the chance of the saving influence being felt; and with utter self-dissatisfaction, as she heard her children lisp their little prayers, she mentally said, 'When this one story is accepted, and my boy's life is saved, I will pursue a better course.' So she thought and meant, hoping that the few final words of moral would neutralize all the heated writing that had gone before. But it was not so; it never is.

Mr. Quille had no scruples, when, having read the manuscript with satisfaction, he wrote Mrs. Temple a flattering note, inclosing a twenty pound cheque, assuring her that if she continued to write in a style so popular, she might be sure of her works being successful.

Helen received the money with great joy, yet somehow with less satisfaction than usual. However, it came most opportunely. Johnnie was just well enough to be moved; and in a very few days the whole family were delighted to find themselves at Brighton, in pleasant though inexpensive lodgings, within full reach of the sea breeze.

When they had been at the sea-side about a month, and Johnnie was shewing signs of great improvement, while Mrs. Temple herself had benefited much by the change, she received the proof-sheets of her story, with a request that they might be returned as soon as possible. So in the course of the morning, when the baby was asleep and Mary and Agnes accompanying their brother for his chair-drive, she re-read the work so hastily sent off six weeks ago. The temporary relief from anxiety, the joy of finding that her boy was indeed recovering, were so great, that Helen almost felt her old self again, and the regrets about her story had been set aside. But now, as she read, they returned with double force. Long ago, when she had first read her thoughts in print, they had come back to her with what she had called to herself 'alienated majesty.' But this time, the startling effect was of a very different kind, that repelled and alarmed her. She perceived what a bad effect her story might have, should it ever become popular; and felt with shame that she should not like her own daughters

to read it. Should she then put it in the way of other daughters, as good and dear to their parents as hers? 'No, no, no,' thought Helen bitterly, 'it shall not go forth! I will not repeat deliberately the fault committed in haste.' And she hastily wrote to Mr. Quille, telling him how deeply she regretted sending him this story, and begging she might withdraw it, and write another in its stead.

The letter-box was but just outside the door—it was but a minute's work to post the letter; and for the moment Helen felt happier, as if the stigma were averted. But all her hopes vanished when the next morning's post brought an answer from Mr. Quille, worded with satirical politeness, and saying that though he extremely regretted Mrs. Temple's decision, he would consent to give up the story and cancel the proofs, on condition of her at once returning the twenty pounds already paid, as well as compensating the firm for all the expenses that had been incurred in printing.

'The wily man!' exclaimed she, in despair; 'he might as well have refused positively at once! He knows that I cannot fulfil his conditions, oh that I could! But now there is no help for it. I—and alas! not I alone—must bear the consequences. Oh, how hard it is to retrieve a false step!'

Had Helen been able to fulfil the conditions, it would have made no difference. Mr. Quille had no intention of giving up the story; but not wishing for the unpleasantness of actually refusing Mrs. Temple's request, and knowing her circumstances, he had made a proviso that he was sure would quite prevent the withdrawal of the tale.

Poor woman! already her fault was being followed by its punishment; terrible was it to her to see, with all the exaggeration of repentance, the hurtful influence her work might have on others, and yet be unable to recall it! Never did writer correct proof with heavier heart, rarely has author sent forth a work with greater reluctance and self-dissatisfaction, than Helen committed her proof-sheets to the letter-box that day. But as soon as she had done so, she bethought herself of her father's charge, never to send any work to press without asking for a blessing on it. Was it too late to do so now? Oh! how to frame words that should repair the opportunity lost, the evil done! Tears forced themselves into sad Helen's eyes; her thoughts arranged themselves into words like these: 'O pitiful Lord, Thou knowest how sorely I have been tried; Thou hast seen how deeply I have repented—that it is with shame and sorrow I cast this possible stumbling-block in the path of others. Though Thou canst not bless my work, yet neutralize its hurtful influences. And do Thou, who canst bring forth good out of evil, grant that by Thy grace I may henceforth shew my repentance by striving to honour the cause I now reluctantly dishonour.'

When the magazine came out, the ill-deserving story created much sensation. Some cut it up without mercy, while admitting it shewed genius; others depreciated even its talent, and accused the writer of

unblushing plagiary; some regretted the bad effect it would have on the rising generation; while others bestowed exaggerated praise, and called it 'the tale of the season.'

Mr. Quille took care to send Mrs. Temple every favourable critique, and begged her to enter into an engagement to supply his firm with a three-volume novel before the end of the season. The bait was tempting, the praise most flattering to weak human nature. But Helen had seen her fault, and resolved never again to lay herself open to such remorse as she had felt ever since her story was in print. The more it became known, the more hateful it was to her. Almost she felt inclined to write a public recantation, but she felt the uselessness and absurdity of such an act: there was nothing but to sit still and silent in secret self-abasement. Yet though the evil already done could not be recalled, it should not be repeated. Helen rejected Mr. Quille's proposal, and told him how deeply she regretted having yielded to his wishes. If she continued to write, it must be in a very different style; if he declined to accept her work, she must seek another publisher.

A satirical smile curled Mr. Quille's lip as he read this letter, and he passed it to his brother-in-law, who was also a publisher, and happened to be in the office at the time.

Mr. Bland, who had fully discerned the talent evinced in Helen's story, was much interested in the repentance she expressed for her blameable writing, and said, after reading her letter attentively, 'I cannot agree with you in thinking it a pity she should come to this determination. Such art as hers should not be perverted in these pernicious sensation novels. She must be a noble woman. Few authors, after such a success, would have been able to resist the temptation to become rich and popular, and determine to sacrifice fame to principle.'

'I think her a foolish fanatic,' returned Mr. Quille. 'Already she has worried me so much with these morbid fancies and scruples, that I will take her at her word, and have nothing more to do with her. Why, she is a widow, with a large family, a sick boy, and scarcely money enough to buy them food; and yet she throws away her chances in this absurd manner! It is worse than absurd, it is unnatural.'

'The more there is to sacrifice, the more heroic is her conduct,' rejoined Mr. Bland. 'I confess it raises my opinion of human nature. One might expect such self-denial in an authoress who had only herself to maintain; but few mothers would let their consciences stand in the way of their children's advantages.'

'Well, Bland, as you admire Mrs. Temple's motives so much, you had better engage her to write goody books for you. She is an interesting elegant woman, and I should not like her to starve; yet one really cannot afford to take bad bargains for the sake of her conscience.'

Next morning Mrs. Temple received two notes. One was from Mr.

Quille, declining her services on the conditions named. After reading it, she cast one anxious look at her children; then, whispering to herself, 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven and its righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you,' she tore up the note, saying unflinchingly, 'One dark phase of my life is past; thus ends my connection with pernicious literature.' Then, with a sorrowful glance at Johnnie's pale face, she took up the second letter.

Quickly her sadness turned into joy, as she saw before her the very opening she had often longed for. Mr. Bland mentioned having heard of her recent determination, and admiring the high-minded self-denial it evinced, begged her to write him a story on whatever subject her own inclinations might suggest, and to consider him as her regular publisher.

Then, with a thankful, 'Lord, I knew Thou wouldst not let me fall again into temptation, but deliver me from evil,' the mother clasped her children to her breast, and loved them doubly for having preferred her duty before their immediate material interest.

Thenceforth writing was a pure pleasure to her; never again did book of hers contain aught that her strictest self-judgement needed her to wish cancelled for the sake of others. Mr. Bland had never reason to regret his discerning kindness. The belief in the controlling power of religion strengthened in him day by day, as he saw how Mrs. Temple fulfilled her good resolution. And the blessings of earth and Heaven descended on writer and publisher, and stole into many a reader's heart. Out of the eater had come forth sweetness; out of repented evil the Lord had brought forth good.

(To be continued.) AUSTRALIE.

THE CHOLERA AT PLYMOUTH IN 1849.

BY S. W.

IT has long been the writer's opinion that a history of the last visitation of cholera at Plymouth, could it have been narrated at the time by an eye-witness, would have been as full of interest and deep pathos as that of the Plague at Milan in Manzoni's I Promessi Sposi, with the additional value of truthfulness in every detail, not in the general features only. The events were remarkable in themselves—still more remarkable in that they were the occasion of eliciting the first actual Sisterhood work of any magnitude done among us after the English revival.

The office of chronicler, by no means an easy one at this distance of time, was unexpectedly imposed upon her by a friend. She has found a good deal of difficulty in fulfilling it, and nothing but her confidence in

him would have carried her on. It has not been possible to obtain full and accurate statistics on which to base the little account. The notices in the local newspapers were but scanty and meagre; and though some record was kept by the Plymouth Board of Health, it is now missing.

Under these circumstances, such statistical notices as the following paper contains, together with much of its subject-matter, had to be collected in great measure through the kindness of friends. The writer knows very well how much she owes to them, and trusts that she has not used their information so as in any way to jar upon their feelings.

It will perhaps be best to relate in the first place the circumstances attending this outbreak of cholera, and afterwards what the Sisters did to meet the case. And be it remembered all along, that there is a great difference between the years 1849 and 1870. Now, the first thought, all England over, in any great calamity, is to send for a Sister. Then, there was scarcely a Sister to send for. And in Plymouth, the only place in which they were beginning to get into working order, the popular voice would certainly not have said 'Come,' but 'Get you gone.'

The Asiatic cholera, that sore judgement of God upon man in this nineteenth century, is supposed to have emerged from the delta of the Ganges in 1817. After ravaging the several provinces of India for thirteen years, it proceeded in a north-westerly direction, passed through Russia, and reached St. Petersburgh early in 1831. It bent southwards to France, committed great ravages in Paris; turned northwards again, and appeared at Sunderland late in the same year—by way of Hamburg, as was believed. During January and February 1832, it made its way through England, and on the 13th of the latter month broke out in London. Through the following summer it was rife in that city and its neighbourhood, as well as in many of our provincial towns, those of the west of England suffering severely. There were above eleven hundred cases and 345 deaths in Exeter during three months. Plymouth was described to me by an eye-witness as being a plague-stricken place that summer, abandoned by such of its inhabitants as could go elsewhere, and avoided by strangers; its streets silent and grass-grown, the ordinary routine of life suspended. From this time the fatal disease never entirely left our island; but we heard little of it till the fatal year 1849, when it burst out with terrible violence, and swept off between seventeen and eighteen thousand of our fellow-countrymen, chiefly in the summer and autumn months.

Early in the June of that year, the ship 'American Eagle' arrived in Plymouth harbour, with several of the crew disabled by sickness. A message was sent on shore for a doctor, and at the request of the American Consul, Mr. Fox, now of Athenæum Terrace, Plymouth, went on board immediately. He found things in a sad state. There were several decided cases of cholera, and not a creature to nurse them, no comforts or appliances of any kind. He at once sent to a lady on whom he could rely, a relation of his own, stating the circumstances,

and begging her to engage some nurses. She lost no time in getting together the best within her reach, among them a valuable person, afterwards head nurse at the Cholera Hospital, Plymouth. They arrived at the ship one morning at eight o'clock, and paused on the deck to pick up the corpse of a boy, a poor little fellow who had sickened and died on the bare boards in a most pitiable state. With the help of the medical officer, the body was removed and placed for interment, and the nurses began their duties; but during the day every one was attacked with cholera. Happily, all recovered, and were soon able to resume their work.

For six weeks the unhappy vessel was ravaged by the pestilence. The medical officer, I believe, never left it, often sleeping on deck wrapped up in a sail, till he obtained from Government the grant of two hulks, one for an hospital, the other for a convalescent home. The former was anchored close to the vessel, the latter to the left of the Breakwater. This additional space was of great service to nurses as well as patients.

Meanwhile, the scourge fell very heavily on a secluded hamlet not very far off—Noss Mayo, in Revelstoke parish. I have been fortunate enough to become acquainted with the clergyman then in charge of that place, and have obtained from him a deeply interesting account of the visitation. Of course I am thankful to give it in his own words.

Pinhoe Vicarage, Exeter,
My dear Miss W——, July 30th, 1870.

You have asked me to give you some little account of the fatal attack of cholera which occurred in my old parish of Revelstoke in 1849. It is with deep interest, and with very conflicting feelings, that I endeavour to recall the events of those terrible weeks; feelings of sadness as I remember how so many of my dear parishioners were suddenly hurried away, and of gratitude as thoughts come to me of my own preservation, and of so much which I then witnessed displaying the true devotion and affection of Christian people.

It was, as you perhaps know, mainly in the village of Noss, where four-fifths of the Revelstoke people lived, that the fearful sickness raged. You purposed, I think, paying a visit to the place. If you did so, you must, I am sure, have been struck, as I have often been, with the charming position of the village, lying as it does round its little creek—a creek of the lovely Yealm, embosomed in hills clothed almost down to the water's edge with orchards and fir-groves. How well do I remember often gazing down upon it towards the close of the day from some of the steep declivities on the eastern side! There would be lying beneath me the white-washed cottages—the pretty school and chapel, each with its tiny bell-cot, the brimming tide at its full, rippling past the walls of the old wave-worn quay, and flooding the little pebbled beach—the whole flushed here and there with the rays of the setting sun. Could anyone, ignorant of what was going on among us, have stood there in that sad month of June, and imagined that it was a plague-stricken village which reposed so peacefully below?

But I must not linger to describe the loveliness of the spots so dear to me, and for ever associated in my mind with unnumbered kindnesses of many friends, as I wish at once to tell you of the strange and sudden way in which the fatal epidemic broke out among us. There was cholera in England at the time: there had been none, I think, since the first visitation in 1832, and the very name then bore a terror with it which comparative familiarity and better modes of treatment have now happily removed. It had crept as far south and

west as Bristol. We had heard of the ravages it had committed in towns, and we of course imagined it would eventually reach Plymouth, (some seven or eight miles distant from us,) but little did we fancy that we were in God's mysterious Providence to be ourselves so suddenly attacked. It was, I think, on the 4th of June, just as I was setting out for Plymouth to present some candidates for Confirmation, that I heard of one of the Noss fishermen having been seized with sudden illness. I had no time to cross the water then, (I lodged on the opposite side of the river,) but purposed doing so immediately on my return. In the evening, as I was riding home, accompanied by two friends whom I had overtaken, I met the late Dr. Yonge, an eminent physician of Plymouth. He did not know me, but he drew in his horse, and told my friends that he had been called to the village of Noss to see a case of sudden illness. 'I am sure,' he added, 'that it is Asiatic cholera; and I judge, from the appearance of the village, so closely shut in by the hills, that it will spread rapidly. The man himself cannot live many hours.'

I felt, I must confess, the sensation of alarm which the sudden revelation of peril occasions, but recovering myself with a silent prayer for preservation, I rode home quickly, crossed over to the village, and found all that Dr. Yonge had said to be but too true. There had been communication with a French vessel from an infected port, and the plague had begun. I am sure you will feel that that expression may well be used, when I tell you that within a fortnight from that day I had buried thirty-seven * of my poor parishioners beneath the old sea-beaten walls of Revelstoke Church. And my work had begun. Everything was to be done, and without delay. The calamity was sudden. There were no resident gentry in the parish; and perhaps your own experience has told you the helplessness of a mass of poor people when an emergency occurs. In a very short time, however, in spite of the alarm produced by the increasing mortality, we had got into something like working order. Nurses were procured from the Plymouth hospitals; a young naval surgeon (his name, I think, was Bowden) had volunteered to come to the aid of our local doctors; the London Board of Health sent us down one of their skilled medical officers, and all that devotion and energy on the part of the medical staff could effect was unremittingly done. Mr. Y—— of P——, a gentleman whose name is a synonym for all that an English country clergyman and 'squire of good estate' should be, had very thoughtfully written to a local paper, describing the suddenness of our calamity, and the wants of our poor. This brought in generous contributions from all the country round, and enabled us to provide ample supplies of linen, bedding, and every other requisite. We constantly traversed the village, watching the whole as well as the sick; † still all our efforts seemed in vain; the sickness continued apparently unchecked.

If I here pause to relate to you in detail one of the saddest cases which occurred during that terrible first fortnight, it may shew you something of what we had to contend with. One morning (I think from what I find in the register

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* The population was 349 or 350, the total number of deaths fifty-three.

† When I visited Revelstoke this summer, and crossed from Noss to Newton Ferrass in a little boat, we were rowed by a man named Forster, who said he had been employed as messenger at the time of the cholera, to go about the place at intervals night and day, carry medicines, and report cases. The circumstances of the visitation seemed indelibly impressed on his memory. He mentioned six deaths in one night; fourteen persons cut off in one family—the parents, married sons and daughters, and their children. One history which he related was very touching. On a poor woman being attacked with the complaint, her husband started for Plymouth to fetch Dr. Yonge, in whom it seems everyone had most faith. He was seized with cramp on the way, and was unable to proceed. Some passers-by carried him to the hospital, where he shortly died. Whether his wife recovered or not I cannot remember.—S. W.

of deaths, kindly furnished me by the present Rector of Revelstoke, it must have been the 16th of June,) I was summoned at an early hour to a house that had been attacked during the night. Hastily taking some food, for I was cautious never to go over to the village fasting, I jumped into my boat and pulled across. In a poor fisherman's cottage I found distress indeed; father, mother, and three children, all dangerously, it seemed fatally, seized. The father was lying insensible on a mattress in the one small bed-room; the mother, stretched on the bed, sensible and quite resigned, was evidently death-struck; the children had been taken down-stairs, and were laid on straw beds apparently very ill. What was to be done? A nurse was placed in immediate charge of the two poor creatures up-stairs; the children were removed to a neighbouring empty house, and put under the care of a good relation. That evening, about six, the poor woman died, with the Name of JESUS on her lips; the husband lingered on in a state of unconsciousness through the night. The appearance he presented next day I shall never forget. I had been in the village some hours (frequently I was obliged to be there twelve or fourteen hours in the day) when on my passing the cottage where the poor fellow still lay, the nurse came out and said, 'Oh, Sir, will you please be answerable for this house? I must go and get some rest, or I shall die myself.' Struck with the woman's haggard look, (she was an excellent nurse from the Naval Hospital,) I bid her go to the cottage where she lodged, put on clean linen, and get at least six hours rest, assuring her that I would be responsible for the case. And painful was my responsibility; for of all the sad spectacles presented by poor mortality at the approach of death that I have ever witnessed, (and in the course of my twenty years ministry they have not been few) this was the saddest. When I passed the door, I would run up-stairs and look in upon the stricken man. There in the solitary room, from which his wife had been that morning borne, he lay breathing heavily. He had lingered so long a dying, that over the lower part of the jaw the blueish tint of cholera had become a livid purple, while his lips were totally colourless. The upper part of the face and the sun-burnt forehead, which retained their natural hue, were drenched with death-dew; as also was his brawny chest, that lay exposed to the summer breeze which played about the window. A human soul was struggling to be free; the body that held it was fast decaying; no wife, no child, at hand to wipe the brow; and nothing but anguish and dismay around in the village where so many years of peaceful happiness had been passed. The poor fellow died that evening. The little orphans struggled through, and in a few days were past all danger.

But the worst had not yet come; for but a day or two after this, on my return from Plymouth, where I had secured two or three fresh nurses to take the place of those who were worn out with fatigue, I rode at once to the village, and was shocked to find consternation everywhere. At that moment, eight, I think, were lying dead. The poor people crowded round me—they had never done so before; despair was in every face, and I saw at once that unless something was done the whole village would be swept off. I divined the cause of this terrible mortality. My poor patient uncomplaining people were starving. There was no fishing going on—indeed, almost all labour had stopped. It was the crabbing time, as they called it, the very harvest of the fisherman, with none to reap it. There was no demand for shell-fish that year. The people's occupation was gone.

It was plain they must be fed. Somehow the thing was to be done. Early the next morning good Mr. Y—— came over to the village to cheer us, and I proposed my *feeding-plan* to him. He was at first dismayed at the idea of undertaking such a task; but on my urgent representation of our condition, he kindly allowed me to do as I pleased with the contributions in hand. No time was lost in ordering a supply of bread and meat; and two hundred loaves, and as many pounds of meat brought in fresh from a neighbouring village, were distributed that week, and on each of the following weeks twice that number, making in all a goodly dole. The effect was marvellous. New strength seemed infused, energy revived, the fatal epidemic began to be mastered; and it was

indeed a sight worth remembering, to see the poor people with the light of renewed hope brightening up their faces as they bore off the fresh bread and meat. I mention this to you, because I am convinced that medicine alone will never dispel cholera from an enfeebled people.

We now began to remove as many of the inhabitants as possible from the village. For the children a spacious barn on the hill, built of good old Devonshire cob and thatch, was soon fitted up; and it was quite a treat to climb to the healthful breezy spot, and hear the merry voices of the little ones at their play, and mark the bloom returning to the cheeks of those who had suffered so much in the valley below. An interview with the Port-Admiral at Devonport, who most kindly listened to all I had to say, immediately procured me the loan of an old gun-brig, which was towed round and moored at the mouth of the Yealm. To this 'healthy and commodious watering-place' family after family removed, while their cottages were thoroughly cleansed and disinfected under the able superintendence of the medical officers. By this and other means health was under God's good blessing restored to us; and at the end of two or three weeks from our worst days great was our thankfulness to find that in the place of the fearful havoc we then dreaded, only seven or eight had been added to the list of dead. Sickness still lingered on for a while in the outskirts of the village, and before we could shew a perfectly 'clean bill of health,' forty-nine of its inhabitants in all had fallen victims to its ravages. *

I do not know that I have much more to communicate. You can imagine what our Sunday services were, as well as our Wednesday and Friday Litanies, attended by all who could possibly leave their homes. Unwonted fervour and earnestness could not fail to characterize them.

The work of ministering spiritually to the sick I will not attempt to describe in detail; I did what I could, and in what through ignorance or infirmity I failed to do, may God pardon me. I had then been a priest scarcely one year, and during the two years that I had been in Holy Orders, had had no one to guide me, having been placed at once as a deacon in charge of a parish of four hundred souls. At that time such a state of things was often unavoidable; now a better system prevails. There were then 125 non-resident incumbents in the diocese; now, I believe, but forty-five. The ministrations to many of the dying were necessarily hurried; but I had the happiness of witnessing true Christian faith in many of my more religious parishioners, and much to cheer me even among those who had previously lived but careless lives, subdued and softened as they were by the solemnity of the time.

Could there then have been among us but one Sister of Mercy! How invaluable would have been her aid! But where could we have looked for it? The Clewer Sisterhood only came into being that very year. All Saints and East Grinstead had not started into life. The Devonport Sisterhood, which a few months later did so much in Plymouth, was yet in its infancy.

But I must now bring my letter to a close. If you can find a bit here and there useful for your purpose I shall be glad to have written something of what, though so many years have passed, I can still well recall to mind.

Believe me to be,

Faithfully yours in Christ,

FREDERICK W. PULLING.

P. S.—You asked me, I think, whether I was ever attacked by the cholera. Only once did I feel any symptoms of it, and it was under these circumstances. I was riding one afternoon to the old parish church, where all the interments took place, to bury an aged woman who had died on the previous day. About half way on the road I overtook the funeral party. It consisted of the driver of the cart that bore the coffin, and the poor old husband, then more than eighty

* The last death was on July 5th. There were 225 cases in Noss out of a population of four hundred.

years of age. How different from what our village funerals have been when a death was quite an event among us, and a long array of mourners and sympathizing friends would wind along the lanes to the old sea-side church! I could not resist the impulse to jump from my horse and walk by the side of the old white-haired man, who tottered feebly on. We reached the brow of the hill, and at the moment the breeze blew back against me from the coffin such an offensive odour that I suddenly felt sick and faint. Mounting my horse, I rode as quickly as I could to a neighbouring farm-house, where I was able to procure some remedies, and after a little rest was sufficiently recovered to proceed to the church and perform my duty there.

On one other occasion only did I feel anything like timidity; and for this almost perfect freedom from alarm I had reason to be very thankful, considering the varied offices I had to undertake in ministering to my poor sick people. I was summoned to the bed-side of a woman who had made me promise that I would come to her immediately she sent for me, at any hour of the night or day. It was about four o'clock in the morning of a lovely June day that I was awakened by her husband calling at my window. 'Poor E——,' he said, 'wished me to come.' I hastily dressed and rowed across. She was dying, and the tender earnestness of her feeble voice was most touching. I read and prayed with her; but long after that, as the morning wore on, my hand was still in hers, tightly clasped by the poor emaciated clammy fingers, she whispering out words of confession of past neglect, and advice that I was to give her husband after her departure. I know not how it was, but a strange feeling of alarm, experienced on that occasion only, stole from time to time over me; and though I was glad indeed to have been the means of comfort to the poor dying creature, for whom I had much regard, I somehow did feel a sensation of relief when my ministrations were completed.

F. W. P.

It seems like sacrilege for anyone except the pastor, who was so closely bound up with the village of Noss when God's Hand was laid so very heavily upon it, to dare to speak about the place. That he won the hearts of the people first to himself, then to his Master, may well be believed; and I was happy in having the opportunity of noting the love and honour with which they still cherish his name. I learnt, too, that many of the inhabitants drawn that summer to the church, have since continued good Churchmen. There was little to unsettle them from their parish priest. A dissenting minister used indeed to come over from Plymouth and hold occasional prayer meetings, but always in the hamlets *outside* the village.

The immediate effect of the visitation on the Noss fishermen was seen in their ceasing to go out to sea during the pilchard fishery on Saturday and Sunday nights. They did not begin again to fish on a Sunday night for a twelvemonth, nor on Saturday night till about the year 1860. The Saturday night's expedition is the worst, because it employs the fish-cleaners all Sunday.

But to return to Plymouth. Just at the time when Mr. Fox and his staff of nurses were able to leave the American Eagle, a clergyman appeared before the Board of Guardians, and reported what he considered a decided case of cholera in Stonehouse Lane. He said that in his former profession of surgeon he had seen much of the cholera in Paris and in Bristol in 1831 and 1832, and therefore had reason to be confident

of what he said; and he added that the district was one in which the disease was sure to spread rapidly, so that no time should be lost in preparing to meet the emergency. This clergyman was the Rev. G. H. Hetling, then but recently ordained deacon to the curacy of St. Peter's, and therefore a stranger to all present. One of the guardians was incredulous, ridiculed the assertion, and endeavoured to pass the matter over; another, the late Mr. Bere, came forward to support the stranger, thanked him, and went straight to Mr. Fox with a request that he would inquire into the matter.

Mr. Fox lost no time in going into Stonehouse Lane, and found more than one unmistakeable case of cholera. The poor man whom Mr. Hetling had seen died in a very few hours. Three days later, the cases were counted by hundreds; and the medical officer, who had effected so much in the American Eagle, was now day and night in Stonehouse Lane and its surrounding courts and alleys, till the labour was too much for one man, and Dr. Prance, now of Princess Square, was appointed to share it.

The scenes which these gentlemen witnessed in those crowded pestilential places are such as no pen can portray. 'Could it all have been written,' one of them said to me, 'no one would believe it. The Plague of the middle ages often stupified its victims—they would lie down in speechless misery and die. But the Asiatic cholera commonly maddened them; no pain exceeds the cramp of cholera.' Then the sufferers were in great measure Irish, of the poorest lowest type. And the warm but uncontrolled feelings of their friends, wrought up to the highest point of excitement, worked them almost to frenzy. The crowding, the hustling, the shouting and screaming, were fearful. Sometimes the people would seize the medical officer, and carry him bodily to the bed-side of some near relation, or to express it more correctly, into the miserable den where young and old were stretched in agony on the floor, and he had literally to step over the bodies of the dead to attend to the living. Often the people banded together, and worn out as he might be, would not let him leave the district. Later in the year the difficulty was of another kind. They took up a notion that the medical men were paid according to the number of deaths, not cases, and refused to take medicine, or give it to their friends, for fear of being poisoned!

Cases soon began to appear in different parts of Plymouth, Devonport, and Stoke; but Stonehouse Lane, Plymouth, now called King Street, was long the chief centre of the malady, being, as described at the time in the Exeter and Plymouth Gazette, 'a locality peculiarly susceptible of disease, from the crowded and unwholesome condition of the dwellings, and the character and habits of the people.'

The condition of the town, or rather of 'the three towns,' was now deplorable indeed. Individuals did their best, but the magnitude of the calamity oppressed them—they could not grapple with it single-handed. The remedy, however, was not far off, and happily it was soon brought

to bear on this mass of social misery. One evening early in July, a member of the Court of Guardians who was foremost in devising and carrying out remedial measures, came home to his family in deep dejection. The epidemic was spreading. There was a want of nurses; those they had were wearing themselves out from over-work; one had died that day; it was a dreadful thing to engage women for such work, while there was no one to see to them, arrange their employment, provide for their comfort, and keep them from falling victims to their own self-devotion. While he was thus speaking, and his family were trying in vain to cheer him, one of the medical officers came in with the words: 'It will be all right now, the Sisters of Mercy are going to take charge of the nursing.'

How truly it was 'all right now,' the following pages will shew. The Sisterhood spoken of was that newly formed under Miss Sellon, and then residing at Morice-town. The Rev. G. R. Prynne, Incumbent of St. Peter's, in a letter to the late Bishop of Exeter,* relates how she came forward in this emergency. He says, 'I knew but little of Miss Sellon or the Sisters before that time, but the awful pestilence brought us much together. They were not living in my parish at the time; and when the cholera broke out with deadly violence, I had a visit from Miss Sellon one evening. "I am come," she said, "to ask if you will accept the services of myself and my Sisters in your parish." A distrustful thought crossed me. "Shall I bring these devoted ladies from another parish to such scenes and such dangers?" I must have hesitated, and said some words to this effect. "You must not look upon us as mere ladies," said Miss Sellon, "but as Sisters of Mercy—and the proper place for Sisters of Mercy is amongst the sick and dying; if you refuse our aid, we must offer it elsewhere." "I will not refuse," I replied; "come with me." And together we went, accompanied by Mr. Hetling, into the very worst of it. From that night their work began, and abated not till through God's blessing the sickness itself did.'

I have heard Mr. Hetling describe that evening walk, the same to which he alludes in his letter to the Bishop of Exeter, given below. And a year later he took me through its localities; shewed me Quarry Court, a square court-yard containing seven houses, the scene of twenty-six deaths; pointed out the house in which a whole family was clean swept away root and branch, and the window from which the coffins of its two last inmates were lowered. No one outside knew whether anyone was alive within. No one would enter the house to find out. A panic had fallen on them. Yet they crowded round the door. One Christian gentleman was at hand. He forced his way in, found two corpses stiff and cold—laid them in their coffins, and lowered them from the window.†

* Appended to 'A letter to Miss Sellon, by Henry Lord Bishop of Exeter.' (Murray,) 1852.

† Those who were acquainted with Plymouth at the time of this visitation will recognize the late Joseph Bere, Esq. From the moment when at the Court of Guardians he stood by the unknown clergyman when he announced the impending

A few days later, A. W——, then a visitor at the Sisterhood, afterwards one of its members, wrote home thus:—

The Orphan's Home,
Dearest Sisters, Friday, July 20th, 1849.

I have had many thoughts of you, and wishes that you should sympathize with us and pray for us in our work; but till I found that the awful and tremendous state of Plymouth was in the public papers I did not like to try your feelings. The cholera is raging in the most fearful form in one district in Plymouth. Houses and streets are depopulated. The clergy and medical men are devoted to the poor sufferers, and the Sisters of Mercy under the superintendence of the clergy also visit them, and endeavour to alleviate their sufferings both mental and bodily. We are recognized as a body, and act as such. We relieve one another at regular intervals, and night and day attend the Hospital, (a building run up by the Mill Leet for patients,*) the tents, (two marquees set up out of the town and infection in a field near the Hospital,) and the district, where no tongue can describe the scenes. When I wrote on Sunday I had had my first night at a house quite near, and was preparing for the district. I write to tell you how well we are in health, and supported in spirit and mind. We take every precaution, good food, perfect rest when at home, &c. We have not the slightest fear, and are all well. The children with the two young Sisters are removed to another house, lest it should be said we exposed them to danger by our return to them from the sick—not that *we* think there is infection, nor do the doctors. Bad air they fear more than anything. Pray for us, and for the poor creatures who are hurried into eternity with so short notice. I hope most earnestly that you will not, dear sisters, feel alarmed for me. My choice is deliberately made to remain here and nurse in turn with the rest so long as needful, ... thankful that I am permitted to do some little thing for the Blessed Saviour, to whom I minister when I wait upon His poor members. . . . . I assure you we are all well, and the peace of God reigns among us.

We have early Communion every day at eight o'clock in the parish church (St. Peter's) at this time, under sanction of the Bishop.

Yours, my blessed Sisters,
A. W.

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calamity, he devoted himself unflinchingly to those who suffered under it. To use the words of that clergyman two years later, in his funeral sermon, 'If ever a man stepped aside from his usual avocations, stopped on the journey of life to minister to the wants and necessities of others who had no claim upon him save that they were his poor neighbours, surely it was he. When this whole parish lay prostrate as one sick man, he it was who first and foremost at the Council Board advised the immediate adoption of plans deep and wide to arrest the malady, and volunteered to leave house and home, and devote his whole time to carry them out. Firm and unflinching, he moved to and fro, amidst alarm, gentle to all, hasty to none; from morn to night—yes, and through the night—bending over the sick, taking the last wishes of the dying, calming distress, and amidst heart-rending despair, promising his future help to those deprived of parent or support.'

Through nearly three months of exceeding strain on mind and body, Mr. Bere was enabled to labour on; and when the pestilence abated in Plymouth and broke out in the adjacent hamlet of Cawsand, he went out at the earnest request of the Vicar of Makir to organize plans for the relief of that place. But it told upon him afterwards, and is supposed to have accelerated his death, which took place within two years.

* This Hospital received patients not only from St. Peter's parish, in which it was placed, but from the whole of Plymouth.

Three days later she wrote thus:—

The Orphan's Home,
Monday morning.

My dearest Sisters,

I intended to have written yesterday, but could not. When you do not hear, be assured that all is well. I am truly thankful to say that the disease is abating in intensity. It spreads, but the cases are not so appalling as at first, though only yesterday a poor man who was brought into the Hospital at eleven o'clock was carried out a corpse at two. It was my work to comfort his poor widow and orphans. At three o'clock we had a service in the Hospital; two clergymen, all the Sisters, the nurses, and as many of the convalescents as could stand in the middle of the room. The sick in their beds all round joined as well as they could. We all continue well, with the exception of Sister C——, who on account of general weakness is not allowed to go out to cholera cases. She has kept her bed with cold and inflammation. Dear Mother is weak, yet strengthened to be out every day. Remember me affectionately to all friends. I depend upon their prayers and yours, that we may continue our work in faith and love, not as a matter of business. The clergy and doctors are more worn than we are. They say they never had such work in their lives. The cholera in 1832 was nothing to it.

Yours ever,
A. W.

And on the following day:—

I am afraid I have needlessly tried your feelings. I should not have written about it had I not been told that the papers were all full of the state of Plymouth and Devonport, and the exertions of the Sisters. Little enough we do, God knows, when so much has been done for us. I promised dear F—— I would write to you to-day, to tell you the disease is abating, and that we have no reason to think it is infectious. And changing the air as we do, and with good food, we have no more to fear than our neighbours.

The Hospital, of which mention is made in the foregoing letters, was a temporary wooden building, erected by the Court of Guardians, under the advice of their medical officer, for sixty beds, with a partition in the middle, dividing it in two for men and women. A temporary Altar was placed at one end of this Hospital, in order that Holy Communion might be celebrated with the least possible delay for any of the dying who desired it. At this Altar, prayers—audible to all the patients and nurses of both wards of the Hospital—were said every evening by one of the clergy. Bedding was supplied by the Guardians, and brought from the Workhouse, and the beds were made up on the floor. While things were at the worst, the medical officer was seldom absent from this place day or night. At first he used to catch what rest he could on a blanket in some corner of the room. Afterwards a shed was erected for his use, and two marquees were set up for the nurses and for the carrying on of work connected with the Hospital.

I have been fortunate enough to find out the former stewardess of this Hospital, a widow named Mary Holdgate, now living in very poor circumstances in a back street of Plymouth. She appeared to me a very kind-hearted woman, of much force of character and power of management. She shewed me her lists and accounts, very accurately

kept, and told me many interesting details of what had passed in the Hospital—especially of the Sisters' work there.

Mr. Bere, I learnt, was in-door manager. He had *carte blanche* from the Court of Guardians to do as he pleased. The first patients brought in were a man and his wife, who were taken ill at the same time, and died within a short time of each other, twenty-four hours later.* They had two little children, who strayed in after them. The boy followed his father, the girl her mother; and sitting down by their bed-sides, they would not stir till all was over, and, according to the practice adopted for fear of contagion, the sheet on which each body had lain was folded over it, it was lifted into the coffin and carried off to the dead-house. The children, who were perfectly friendless, were taken by the Sisters of Mercy, and provided for by them, as was many another little orphan. Some they received into their own orphanage; some they found homes for among charitable persons with whom they were connected in works of mercy.

It seems that my friend Mrs. Holdgate, in addition to her own peculiar duties, found time to assist a good deal in nursing. She did not say so, but I gathered it from the intimate acquaintance with the different cases, which she betrayed in conversation. She spoke of the patients as if they were still before her eyes, so indelibly were their forms and the circumstances of their illness and death stamped upon her mind. Her own husband died a patient in the Hospital; her eldest daughter was very useful there. And when the pestilence spread to the hamlet of Cawsand, and nurses were in great request, she sent this daughter, a fine young woman of six-and-twenty, who proved a very good nurse. But mother and daughter never met again; the daughter sickened and died of cholera.

I think I cannot do better than give some of my poor friend's 'hospital reminiscences' just as I took them down from her lips. They help us to realize scenes which were certainly remarkable for having drawn forth such Christian charity and heroism.

A man named Bray, when brought into the Hospital, begged that his wife might come and 'tend him.' Nurses were so much in request, that his wish was granted. He died in her arms. Then she entreated to stay, for she had nothing to care for now. They doubted at first, thinking her but 'a poor creature;' however, they agreed, and she really became very useful. She remained in the Hospital till it was closed, and then went to Cawsand and worked there till the epidemic passed away.

One recollection seemed to touch my narrator exceedingly—how two or three soldiers, men who had seen a good deal of service, and passed through battles and sieges unhurt, walked quietly in, and, having plainly kept up as long as they could, lay down on the first vacant beds they came to, and yielded themselves up as it were to death. Then she dwelt on a family seven in number—father, mother, and grown-up children—

* The mention of this case to Mr. Prynne reminded him of another somewhat resembling it, which shews also the startling rapidity with which cholera carried off its victims. I give it in his own words: 'The father of one of the St. Peter's choristers, George Slade, was seized with cholera at about eight o'clock in the morning. Two hours later, I met Mrs. Slade going to fetch the doctor. She was herself attacked at about eleven a.m., and at sunset the man and his wife were both in their coffins, and the chorister-boy and his sister orphans, the woman having died first.'

who were carried off within a very short time, six of them dying in the Hospital.

This hospital was open for three months, from July 18th to October 18th, on which day three patients were discharged. One had died the day before. Mrs. Holdgate placed in my hands the book in which all the admissions to the Hospital were accurately put down. It was not kept properly the first week—after that she saw to it herself. It appears that 121 patients died, and 177 were discharged. The dead from the Hospital were buried in the cemetery, sometimes at night; but it was found that these midnight interments excited more dread and horror than funerals by day. Burials from the town seem to have taken place in the different grave-yards. Mrs. Holdgate well remembers a cart-load of dead being carried on Sunday morning, during service-time, to the Westwell burying-ground near Princess Square, and there interred, hurriedly, during what was thought a quiet time. A man named Reeves, who assisted the St. Andrew's grave-digger, after making, on a certain day, the requisite number of graves, dug one more just behind the resting-house. Being questioned about this, he observed it was as well to be beforehand, no one knew when another might be wanted. He went home, was seized with cholera, died, and was buried in that grave.

The local newspapers, though less descriptive in their style than newspapers of the present day, are of some use in filling up the details of the story; and it is curious to see the quiet matter-of-fact way in which they assume the Sisters' work, referring to it as a matter of course—the very thing which a few months before they would hardly have dared to speak of without a sneer.

On July 28th, the Exeter and Plymouth Gazette describes the pestilence as abating in Plymouth, but bad in Morice-town, a part of which was terribly over-crowded. Seventy-two persons, for instance, were found tenanting one house. The Devonport Board of Health had divided that town into districts, with a medical officer to each, and was preparing to open an hospital. This was done very promptly. The building stood near the site of the present Albert Hospital. In Stone-house disease was spreading rapidly.

My next letter is dated

Cholera Hospital,
Sunday evening, August 5.

My dearest N——,

My patients are all enjoying their tea and bread-and-butter, some of them an egg and some toast; so you will imagine that most of them are convalescent. We have but two bad cases in the women's ward, and there was but one death while I was absent; so the improvement is great, and I am told that the disease is not increasing in any part of the town. A few cases appear in every part, and it is the idea of some of the medical men that shortly it will burst out with fury; but that we must leave to the all-wise direction of God.

I had a night's rest last night with the orphans; dressed and attended to them till nine; attended Terce at our oratory; came here, and remained till one; went to the parish church (St. Peter's) for Holy Communion, and returned here. I have heard all the young people read, &c.; have attended prayers here at three, Mr. Prynne and Mr. Hetling saying them; have had a chapter and a little conversation with the sick; and now am waiting to be relieved.

Yours,
A. W.

This evening service seems to have been at 3 p.m. on Sundays, but later on other days. It was never discontinued. As Mrs. Holdgate said, 'Mr. Prynne called prayer every night; and he was always ready to attend to the poor things. You might say he and Mr. Hetling were there twenty hours out of the twenty-four. And well do I remember the first day, when he and Mr. Hatchard, and two Roman priests, were all in the Hospital, giving the Holy Sacrament to poor dying creatures.' I am informed that the clergy of the different parishes in Plymouth, as well as the Roman Catholic priests of the town, were constantly to be found within those walls, ministering to the different members of their flocks who had been carried there. The painful statement has also been made, and I have never heard it contradicted, that no dissenting minister ever set foot there, though of course poor people of all shades of belief or misbelief were among its patients.

On the 11th of August, the Exeter and Plymouth Gazette reports the state of things in the three towns as no better. There had been seventy-nine cases and twenty-nine deaths in the preceding week. 'The Sisters of Mercy are still in daily and nightly attendance on the sick and dying. On recovery they present the females with new clothes, and if possible with furniture.' In Devonport the mortality greatly increased. The Board of Health sits daily. An hospital to be erected on the Battery Hill fronting the sea, and a portion of the Prison at Millbay to be fitted up as a House of Refuge.

On the 16th, A. W. writes: 'We have had some heavy days nursing, and have witnessed some agonizing scenes of grief. Through mercy we keep well, and equal to our task in one sense—in another how unfit and unworthy, is known only to Him Who still accepts the sacrifice.'

August 18th. The Exeter and Plymouth Gazette states the number of cases and of deaths to be increasing. 'A portion of the Prison at Millbay has been fitted up as a House of Refuge, and an Hospital is being erected on Battery Hill, ninety feet long and thirty-five wide, to contain six beds for males and six for females. There have been 125 deaths in Devonport in seven days. Miss Sellon has solved the difficulty with respect to a Home of Refuge, by placing the premises at the back of George Street, of which she had become the tenant, at the disposal of the Sanitary Board for that purpose. Nothing can exceed the zeal and devotion of this lady and the other Sisters.'

In a pencil note, dated August 22nd, A. W. writes:—

Dearest C——,

You cannot form an idea of the busy life we lead. We have two hospitals under our care, which are never left night or day; and our fame for nursing has so spread, that numbers of people send for us. We go to as many as we can. We never all sit down to a meal. As many as are at home do; the rest eat alone. We often relieve one another in the night—that is, as late as eleven or twelve, or as early as three or four o'clock. We expect to hear the house-bell two or three times in the night. The business of the house you cannot conceive. I have had a day at home, and the incessant ringing of bells is marvellous. I am happy in my work, but seriously and solemnly so. The seriousness and solemnity which surround us, can only be realized by those who are in the midst of it. One day we talk familiarly with a person; the next, hear that he is in his grave. One of our own orphans, a lovely child of four years, went to bed on Sunday

night as well as usual. On Monday at sunset she was under the green grass in the churchyard, not from our home, but from Mary Place.

I cannot leave my work here till the disease abates, and God withdraws His Hand, which has so heavily pressed upon this place. God most wonderfully and specially brought me here for this time, and allows me, undeserving as I am, the high honour and privilege of ministering to His suffering ones. He has mercifully fitted me for the work by giving me a better state of health than I have known for years, and what is still better, a calm and composed mind through the whole of it, and a complete fearlessness as regards infection or contagion; so that I have been enabled to perform all needful offices for the sick without even the shrinking which I have felt sometimes in common cases. I have been permitted to speak words of comfort to bereaved husbands and wives; and many a little orphan has thrown her arms round my neck, and sobbed herself to sleep on my breast. I only say this that you may unite with me in the expression of wonder and gratitude which daily rises to my lips. Who am I that I should be permitted to do these things? How would not the angels rejoice thus to tend their Lord in His poor and suffering members?

You may hear some rumour of the cholera having broken out among the Sisters, so I will tell you the whole truth, which is this. On Sunday night the orphans at Mary Place were attacked: one little thing died; one continues ill, but we hope will recover; one is quite well again. The rest have not suffered. Of the Sisters, three or four have had the very slightest tendency to illness, such as would not have been thought of but for the present state of things. All are in their usual routine except myself. I am ordered two days rest; but to-morrow, with God's blessing, will find me in the Hospital again.

What a long history I have made!

Your most affectionate sister,

A. W.

The illness spoken thus lightly of was not so easily shaken off. The incumbent of S. Peter's writes thus of it: 'Sister A—— had a really severe attack of cholera. I saw her, and gave her Holy Communion, not knowing at the time whether or not the attack would be fatal. One Sister did die of cholera—her name was Octavia. I distinctly remember attending her during her illness; and strangely enough, she had never been to nurse any cases. The post of duty assigned to her was to remain at home with the orphans, apart from the other Sisters; she died about the same time with the second orphan.'

On the 1st of September A. W. refers to the subject again: 'I have not been allowed to go to cholera cases since my illness, which lasted longer than I expected—I fancy, from the effect of the strong medicines they gave me, for the illness itself did not last much more than an hour. Had it not, through God's mercy, been then checked, it would not have been at all, I believe.' And a few days later: 'I have been taken on again for work, and there is enough to do. . . . I think, however, the cholera is passing over from Plymouth. In the neighbouring villages it is raging.' Ivy Bridge, September 11th: 'Wednesday is appointed for a fast day, and day of humiliation and prayer, on account of the cholera, which still rages fearfully in Plymouth.' September 12th: 'There have been no more severe cases of cholera here—two mild ones on Sunday, but both recovering. In Plymouth the reports yesterday were worse than ever. It is getting into the higher classes. The Chairman to the Board of Health died after a few hours illness.'

The two preceding letters were written from Ivy Bridge, where A. W. had been sent in charge of the orphans, who needed change of air. The next is dated

Stonehouse Hospital, Battery Hill,
My dearest A——, 2 o'clock, Tuesday morning, September 25.

You will be surprised at the date of this, as you imagine me at Ivy Bridge. I was there when your kind and famous packet arrived, but not much longer. At eight o'clock that evening I was told to return by the first train the next morning, to go straight to the Hospital for two hours, then to church and Holy Communion, then home to breakfast. I did so, and have been nursing ever since by day. This is my first night up. It happens to be an easy night, for all the patients are sleeping, and so many of them snoring, it rather reminds me of a piggery.

What a singular epoch in one's life the last three months will make! Certainly one not easily forgotten! To have witnessed so many deaths, that we consider it a good day if we go home and say, 'Only one, or only two, deaths;' or if, on returning to the Hospital after twelve hours, we miss but one or two patients. But I hope the disease is really abating. It has assumed a new form, and generally ends now in typhus fever. I am sorry to say, one of our Sisters, the most able and one of the best nurses, is herself laid up with low fever. It is likely to be a tedious case, though not an alarming one. And two or three more are suffering from over-fatigue; so the stock of health and strength I have brought from Ivy Bridge is very acceptable. The party there are getting on nicely. The plan has completely answered. From the moment we left Stoke the children began to improve. Stoke is in itself particularly healthy, but they wanted change. . . . . The sufferers by cholera have excited a good deal of compassion, and money and clothing have been sent us for them. We give to every patient leaving the Hospital, according to their necessities; and these necessities are sometimes very great. The quantity of clothing and bedding that has been burnt in the panic is frightful; the want now of the common necessaries of life among hundreds is awful. Our funds must be well-nigh exhausted.

Your most affectionate sister,

A. W.

At the end of the list of admissions, discharges, and deaths, in the Plymouth Hospital, formerly in the possession of the late Mr. Bere, which corresponds exactly with the book which Mrs. Holdgate lent me, is the following memorandum written in pencil:

Burnt—206 blankets, 144 beds, 39 rugs, 153 bolsters. Given away—24 blankets, 16 beds, 10 rugs, 15 bolsters.

The Exeter and Plymouth Gazette of October 6th, records 'a visible decrease of illness.' About that time A. W. writes:

My dearest N——,

You are right; the Sunday has not been the rest and festival to us that it usually is. To-day I have spent it in church; but during the three months I have been here, this is only the fourth Sunday morning I have been to church. Early Communion at eight I have never missed, then Hospital till night. But one of our hospitals is now shut up, no patients seeking admittance. In the other, eight nurses were discharged yesterday, which looks as if the sore disease was in mercy being removed from us. It is very remarkable that the few cases which come in are most malignant. Yesterday a healthy hearty man was seized at six a.m., brought to the Hospital at eight, a corpse at twelve. I was with him the last hour, and with a young woman nearly as bad, not quite. Many cases end in typhus fever.

The last mention of the cholera is in a note bearing date November 29th.

I now employ two or three hours every day in searching out the people who had the cholera in the Hospital, to keep up, as far as we may, something of the instruction and good impressions they received there. Sister S. A. gives the whole day to it, and an interesting employment it is. Since our removal we have been in the very heart of the district which suffered the most. Truly distressed and ignorant the people are.

From these letters we form some notion of the Sisters' life during this terrible visitation. How they did their work both in and out of the hospitals, is recorded by one who had ample opportunity of observing, and whose medical knowledge and experience rendered him a good judge—the Rev. G. H. Hetling. He wrote thus respecting them to the late Bishop of Exeter, in a private letter, which, however, the Bishop thought well to publish in an appendix to his 'Letter to Miss Sellon.' (Murray, 1852.)

My Lord, St. Peter's, March 18th, 1852.

In compliance with your expressed desire, I subjoin to Mr. Prynne's statement of the parochial work of the Sisterhood a few particulars of their exertions during the cholera. It were too long and too sad to retrace and describe all that occurred during that sad visitation. It has been my lot in life for one quarter of a century to have seen and borne an active part in very much of suffering, pain, and death. Formerly in medical practice I have seen the whole course of cholera in London, Paris, and Bristol, and lastly here in my office of deacon. I have beheld many acts of self-devotion to its sufferers and victims; yet never have I witnessed anything that surpassed, or even equalled, the self-abandonment and self-sacrifice of these humble Sisters. It was not merely the nursing and tending the sick, or the performance of even something more than the ordinary duties of nurse; but it was the doing of these acts in that spirit of love and sympathy to the members of Him, whose very body these poor sufferers were, which characterized their exertions.

Stretched upon the bed saturated with the sickness of this dreadful disease, their persons and dresses steeped in its poison, I have seen the sick and dying encompassed with their arms, their cramped limbs embraced and chafed, their heads reclining on their necks; now wiping with a gentle hand the fatal dampness from their sunk faces, now with affectionate entreaty pouring the medicine into their mouths; and then, in the intervals of repose, with lips close to their half dull ears, whispering some kind words of love, hope of pardon for past sin, or repeating a short prayer or sentence from the Litany; taking their hasty necessary meal from the common stock in the centre of the room, or often by the bed-side, often leaving it unfinished to perform some menial act. And all this, too, amidst the gloom of that long array of shrivelled, collapsed, and leaden forms and faces, behind whose outward shroud death was riding triumphant. They were awful times and solemn scenes. There was one redeeming feature—there was a halo of sanctity thrown around the persons of these calm Sisters, which inspired hope and even confidence, and which more than all checked and repressed that irreverence and untimely merriment and pleasantry too common in the wards of an hospital. That Hospital was a sacred place. The medical gentlemen, who indeed right nobly exercised their high profession, often expressed the security in which they left the nurses under *their* direction.

With this 'Mother of Israel,' as she is styled in scorn, and with some of her little band, did I, the first night they began their labours in our parish, visit most of the houses where the pestilence was most raging; with her have I literally, in one house, where nine of one family were swept away, stepped over the yet unclosed coffin of the dead, and moved aside on the floor the miserable straw bed where life was sinking fast, to reach the almost forgotten child. It moves me very much, my Lord, to retrace these things. They live in our saddened memory. . . . . .

Night after night, and half through the night, have I known her remain in the Hospital, or in these crowded rooms, and this with but fragile health herself; and then she has gone to Devonport for the same work.

One young lady in our parish had just lost two brothers; her two sisters were taken ill; her father and other brother were engaged in removing them, and in attending others of the family sick. They were all worn out with toil. A note was sent in haste to the Home. The poor lady was watched and nursed hour by hour by two Sisters, each in turn of twelve hours, and by God's mercy she recovered. Let such a scene be realized. The dead brother in an adjoining room; not a soul in the house besides, for the servant had fled in terror; the patient wandering in fever after the cold stage; one lone Sister, with nothing but her little basket of cold refreshment and her book of devotions. True to her trust, she kept her long and silent watch. How pure and steady was her love! How sacred and hallowed her patience!

One morning, just as day was dawning, I met in the lane leading from the Hospital a Sister, carrying, as I thought, a large bundle. At a glance I saw she was worn and jaded with want of rest. I offered to relieve her, but she would not resign her charge. It was an infant just dead, to whose mother, whom she had left, she had made a promise to see it 'decently laid out.' I could not but follow in silence. I feared for her safety, for I knew but too well whither she was bent. We reached the dead-house—a forlorn dismal room; some dozen of rough black coffins—six or seven, too, sadly occupied by their mute inmates; a dull light peering through the shattered glass; silence and death keeping their dreary watch, and dividing the tenantry between them. Here she selected the wooden shroud: how calmly and serenely she performed her promised task! sweetly she kissed the rested child ere she closed the lid. Do the angels in Heaven always behold the face of these children's Father? Well! pamphlets cannot interfere with that. I pass over much of this scene; her work was done, and she returned to the mother.

One poor girl was brought into the Hospital from the Workhouse, her whole face soiled and marred with the unmistakeable stain of early and continued sin. It was a heavy tale I listened to from her husky lips. An unkind word at home too hastily acted upon, a hurried journey to Plymouth, arrival at night without food or shelter; allured by proffered relief, wronged and betrayed, and flung back in scorn upon the wide streets, the too common fate. Poor bewildered thing! she was very penitent for her sin, very forgiving to him who had made the wreck; but I know not how it was, she could not, would not, hope for pardon. I strove very hard with her to assure her of peace, but it availed not; her life was mouldering away beneath a blank despair of the future—joy had forsaken her breast. I spoke to a Sister. (Sister E.) Hour after hour, for nearly two days and a night, she scarcely left her side; *her* gentle voice recalled to the poor ruined girl her earlier days of innocence and purity. Her shame soon vanished beneath the tender tones of that dear Sister. Could such, so pure as she, speak and yearn so tenderly over her defiled self? *then* there was One above Who would. From time to time, as I passed, I watched the progress of the light that was beaming upon her soul. She sank, calm and happy in the prospect of an undying world of bliss. Less than a Sister, I believe, could not have done this work.

I could write very much more, but I wish to be simple in statement; and those who did these works would shrink from their exposure. I do not wish to imply that others shrank from duties, or that there are not many who earnestly and faithfully helped to relieve and minister to the general distress; but what I do directly assert is, that there were some things done which a Sister of Mercy's unselfish pity, untiring patience and self-denial, alone could achieve.

* * * * * *

I remain, with the deepest respect,

Your Lordship's humble Servant,

GEO. H. HETLING.

The incidents recorded in this letter are indeed deeply touching, and it certainly bears upon our history as a joint record of strange suffering, and still stranger religious heroism. What a picture is that, of the patient Sister worn out with her night watch by the stricken mother and child, setting forth from the Hospital at early dawn with the body of the little one, walking across the field and into Stonehouse Lane, to fulfil her task, and then returning, as the tale was told me at the time, to give account of it to the dying mother and close her eyes. Sister Sarah Ann—(she has been called to her rest, so I may perhaps transcribe her name unblamed,)—Sister Sarah Ann little heeded, what of course she perfectly knew, that cholera was considered highly contagious after death.

Another instance of the like Christian heroism, which I was also fortunate enough to hear of at the time, is as deeply imprinted on my memory. To add to the strange horrors of the Plymouth Cholera Hospital, a poor woman was carried in who was seized with the disease on the eve of her confinement. The child was born there, and died. The mother survived the event a week, her sufferings at one time greatly aggravated by the milk which rose in her bosom. The writer of the foregoing letters, who was in attendance on her, relieved her with her own lips. I had the opportunity shortly after of questioning her about this circumstance. She did not deny it, but simply asked what else she could have done. 'I did not think about it as an unusual thing,' she said, 'till I happened to look up and saw Dr. —— with his eyes fixed on me, and the tears standing in them. "Promise me," he said, "not to do that again." I could not promise, but I said I would try the plan he proposed for her relief first.' What a firm grasp she must have possessed, of the truth of which she speaks thus in another letter: 'The ever-blessed and adorable Saviour deigns to dwell in my heart by faith, and I have daily before me in His poor afflicted members a remembrance of His Incarnation, His humiliation, His sufferings, for me. When I put to bed and hear the prayers or say them for the little ones in the Hospital, and give them a kiss, I think I am allowed to kiss my Redeemer. And when I commend the dying soul, as I have often done, to its Saviour's care, I think I see Him with extended arms on the Cross, waiting to receive it.'

In my interview with Mrs. Holdgate she mentioned the case of this poor woman as one she distinctly remembered. 'But it was no wonder,' she said, 'that those ladies of mercy should do anything for the poor suffering creatures. They were undeniably kind. We had nurses, and good ones; but one of those ladies was worth any two of the best of them. And they made themselves so agreeable to us all! Never could we have got on without them. I cannot tell you one half the good they did.' This testimony is very remarkable, coming from such a quarter; and it is worth while to compare it with the way in which the matron of an institution generally speaks of 'visiting ladies' and 'ladies' committees.'

I will only add one more incident, which seems from another point of view worthy of record. A woman lying on her death-bed in the Cholera Hospital, a poor widow with two little children, one of them not a month old, tried in vain to make the nursing Sister understand some last request which she earnestly desired to make. Death ensued, and in accordance with the belief in contagion after death, the under

sheet was at once simply folded over the body, which was then placed in a coffin and carried off. The Sister was so worn out with watching and fatigue, that she actually sank down on the now vacant couch, and slept the heavy sleep of exhaustion. On awaking, she said, 'Now I know what that poor woman wanted to tell me. Her husband's brother will offer to take the children, because of a little money which is to come to him if they die. But he's a bad man—they are not to be given up to him.' Meanwhile, the two little ones, who appeared perfectly friendless, were sheltered in the Orphan's Home under the charge of the Sisters of Mercy. A few weeks later, the Sister who had the management of the orphans said one day, 'I am afraid we shall have to part with our baby, for a relation came to see her and her sister to-day, and said he was willing to take charge of them; but there was something about the man I did not like.' The nursing Sister, who happened to be present, started up, and said she must see the Superior, and tell her something. She related what had passed at the poor mother's dying moments;—she related also that which had been borne in upon her mind when she slept heavily on the vacated death-bed. Enquiries were made, the man's character was found to be unsatisfactory, and the children were retained at the Orphanage. I heard this history at the time. It was also told a few months later by Sister A—— to Mrs. F. W——. Sister A—— had a fine baby in her arms, which she held up as she finished her story, saying, 'And here is the little one herself!'

Such are the particulars I have been able to collect respecting a certainly very remarkable visitation. I believe the little history is correct as far as it goes. It has been submitted to the inspection of more than one friend who was well acquainted with the circumstances it relates. As an account of *all* that passed that summer in the three towns, it is, I am aware, but imperfect. I know Mr. Hatchard laboured unremittingly at S. Andrew's, Plymouth; Mr. Flower, at Stoke; Mr. Killpack, at St. James's, Devonport; but I have not been able to collect any particulars of their work. All three are now gone to their rest. Of Mr. Killpack I learn that his health gave way from over-work, that he went to Kitley Court for rest, where he was seized with cholera, from the effects of which he never recovered, but died the following year—one of those unknown, unconscious martyrs, in which the Church of England is richer, it may be, than she is at all aware of.

And does it not, on the whole, appear that the work of the Clergy, the Sisters of Mercy, and the Christian laymen of Plymouth and its neighbourhood, stands forth most marvellously as an outgrowth of the reformation of this our Church of England, in the nineteenth century? We hear a great deal of the torpor which preceded that reformation. All the more wonderful, surely, is the vitality of the tree which, in spite of all benumbing deadening influences, has shot forth in its old age and borne such choice fruitage; all the more wonderful again, that the fruit should so closely resemble that which was the glory of Christendom in its noblest days.

S. W.

S. AGNES AND HER LAMBS.

You, living where sober-minded Englishmen daily do their daily task, and on rare holidays 'take their pleasure mournfully after their kind,' as quaint old Froissart hath it, can scarcely picture our strange old Rome, with its frequent festivals, when the shops obstinately shut themselves, opening only to the cunning customer who knows the little side door; when the laundress declines to bring home your clean shirt, because 'Signore mio, it is a great festa,' and the churches blaze out into gold, blue, scarlet, and all manner of colours, with songs of praise and music pealing on the very spot where once some honoured martyr knelt in the early days of Christianity. This practice of founding churches on the sites consecrated by tradition to saints of old, explains why some of the Roman Basilicas are built outside the city walls. Finding in the quiet desolate Campagna some noble temple, adorned with costly marble, fair fresco, and rich sculpture, the stranger marvels that such splendour should be lavished on a lonely building, far from the homes of men, and sometimes exposed to the deadly breath of fever and malaria. But, turning to the pages of Church History, he reads that since the third or fourth century, sacred buildings have existed on these spots, where the successive piety of mankind has honoured the memory of a S. Paul, a S. Sebastian, or a S. Agnes.

The beautiful Basilica dedicated to this saint, is on the ancient Via Nomentana, outside the Porta Pia. There is another Church of S. Agnese in the Piazza Navona, formerly the Circus Agonalis, and till lately the Roman market-place, but at present undergoing re-paving, &c., to the deep regret of all artists and lovers of the picturesque. The festival of S. Agnes is in January, and both on the 21st and the Vigil, there is always good music and singing, attended by a crowd of people, in the round Church of Piazza Navona. This was rebuilt in the seventeenth century by the Pamfili family, and contains the tomb of Pope Innocent X., and a monument by Tenerani, to Princess Mary Talbot Doria, an Englishwoman, who died in 1857. But we must not linger here, nor even in the quaint old Piazza Navona, with its eccentric fountains by Bernini; nor must we stay to speak of the strange memories conjured up by the mention of the Pamfili family. For in the other, S. Agnese fuori le Mura, a curious ceremony takes place every year, in which you may perhaps feel some interest.

The day was perfect, the winter sun shone brightly on the long line of mountains outside the Porta Pia, and shewed them all covered with fresh snow, whilst every dark ilex and stone-pine stood out bathed in splendour. The cruel walls outside the gate soon hid the view, but it seemed all the fairer when, at length, we emerged from beneath their shadow. A long line of carriages stood outside the church, and we had already met many returning after setting down their loads, besides two huge open vans, rejoicing in the proud titles of Il Veloce and Il Corriere.

The Basilica of S. Agnese dates from the days of Constantine, who, in 324, founded it on the spot where the saint's body was discovered. A long flight of marble steps leads down from the cortile into the church; on the walls of this passage are inscriptions from the adjoining catacombs, amongst them some verses by Pope Damasus in honour of S. Agnes.

Even in Rome, where we have so many interesting churches, this Basilica ranks high, as being less altered in its general plan than any other. The nave is separated from the aisles by sixteen ancient columns, of rich and precious marbles; a second row of smaller pillars supports the wall, pierced with windows, and encloses the gallery, which runs round three sides of the church. Galleries, so much abused by moderns, are described by Vitruvius, as a characteristic of the Pagan Basilica, and in early Christian days were set aside in churches for the use of females. In 1854, the present Pope had a narrow escape of losing his life in a room belonging to the convent here. The floor gave way, but the Pope *came* softly down, his fall being broken by the carpet on which his chair stood; some of his attendants were less fortunate. In the place where the accident happened is a fresco of very mediocre execution, shewing the people flocking round to kiss the ring of Pio Nono. Every year, on the 12th of April, Rome illuminates itself in honour of this preservation of her head shepherd. The Pope has repaired and restored S. Agnese, and added the portraits of some of his predecessors, which adorn the walls.

Before descending into the church, we met in the cortile the heroes of the day's ceremony, two poor little lambs, with their legs tied, red ribbons twisted into their wool, and crowns of coloured paper and artificial flowers. The meek creatures lay so quiet on their shabby red cushions, that it almost seemed as if they had been drugged as well as tied. Two rough-looking men carried them down the steps, huddling up lambs and cushions indiscriminately, whilst the devout and curious pressed up to inspect their burden. Arrived below, they disappeared in a chapel or sacristy, leaving on the mind an impression of some impending sacrificial rite, like those of old Pagan or Jewish days.

High Mass was going on, according to the gorgeous Latin ritual. The church was brilliantly illuminated; large glass chandeliers hung above the High Altar, and long painted candles were stuck in the four corners of the baldachino over it, which stands on porphyry columns. On the marble balustrade of this altar, too, burned other candles, and several of these were rather oddly placed, rising straight out of knobs of marble or oriental alabaster. A cross of mother-of-pearl crowned the baldachino; and on the altar was a large statue of S. Agnese, which at a distance seemed covered with gold, but was really of gilt bronze. The robes of the officiating Cardinal were so thickly woven with gold thread, that the under stratum of scarlet was hardly visible; and his white mitre literally blazed with jewels, as the glancing gleam of the tapers fell upon it. The assistant priests were all dressed in splendid red, glittering with gold embroidery. One man had a fine star, with long golden rays, worked on the back of his cope. There was a great crowd both in the galleries and the lower part of the church; people stood on chairs to see all they could, whilst those less fortunate tip-toed behind them, and cursed their fate. When the acolytes came up the nave, with six great triple candles, and the crowd parted for a moment, it was picturesque to see the light of the tapers flashing on their faces; and again when they knelt before the Altar during the solemn elevation, whilst the people fell on their knees, and there was a full view of the brilliant Altar and the ministering Cardinal and priests, all glowing in a blaze of mingled candle-light and sunshine. For the sun poured in at the high windows, and threw its beams on to the fresco above the Altar, where the meek S. Agnes kneels to the headsman's stroke, whilst her cruel judge sits enthroned, watching her fate.

Soon after the elevation, and when the service seemed ending, there was a general movement amongst the people, who a second time divided, and made way for the poor young lambs, whose acquaintance we had already made; they were carried up the church by their rude-looking bearers, and placed on the High Altar to be blessed. Everyone who had a chair instantly mounted on it, so that only the taller spectators, or those near the front, could see anything. Not that there *was* much to see, only the blessing of the aforesaid lambs, which was accomplished in a few minutes by the aid of a little incense and a few prayers. The destiny of the lambkins was to be brought up by the nuns, and in due time to have their wool woven into palliums, which the Pope sends to high Church dignitaries. The poor little beasts have also, when grown up, the honour of being eaten by the Pope and the Cardinals. Little they seemed to reck of all these coming glories and sufferings. They certainly looked perfect types, not merely of innocence, but purity; so spotless were their snowy fleeces, which surely must have been washed for the occasion. As they came back from the Altar, there was another scramble to touch them. An American lady, describing the ceremony, said, 'That two sheep were blessed, and several hundred other sheep stood there to see it done.' On the whole, however, we did not regret our sheep-like herding together in S. Agnese, for we had had a pleasant walk thither, on this lovely day; and after service we finished by going into the little Church of S. Costanzia, which is hard by the Basilica.

Here, in this little round building, were baptized the sister and daughter of Constantine, its founder; and here was found the porphyry sarcophagus of the Constantine family. S. Costanzia's remains were taken out of this vase, and placed under the Altar by Alexander IV. when the temple was consecrated as a church. It was long thought to be a Pagan erection, and, from the grapes and vintage of many of the mosaics, it used to be called a Temple of Bacchus. Fine columns of granite support the cupola, and in the space between them and the wall, the roof is covered by the mosaics in question—these are most delicate and beautiful; there are graceful vases, various birds, and fruits, grapes predominating. Similar bacchanalian symbols were on the sarcophagus, which stands in the Vatican; and it is now known that these emblems were used by the early Christians. Standing in this little church, surrounded by grey old ruins, and looking through an open door on to the desolate Campagna around, one seemed suddenly cut off from the present and the future, and stranded on the silent shores of the past.

On S. Agnes' Day, 1870, in the Catacombs near the church, a ceremony took place, which seemed to form a link between the busy present and the solemn past. There, in a quiet chapel, amid quaint old frescoes, and palm branches, rudely scratched on the walls, in memory of Christian martyrs, a little band of modern Catholics met to celebrate the Eucharistic Feast. Thus past and present faith meet and are one, though ages roll between them. Nay, the future too was represented; for several of these worshippers were from America, the land of hope and promise. The philosopher may perchance smile at the idea of progress being thus associated with the traditions of a by-gone time; but the poet seizes the picturesque in all ages, and the suggestive in all creeds. Surely no wider field could be found for both, than these ancient churches amid the Roman Campagna!

'ROMA.'

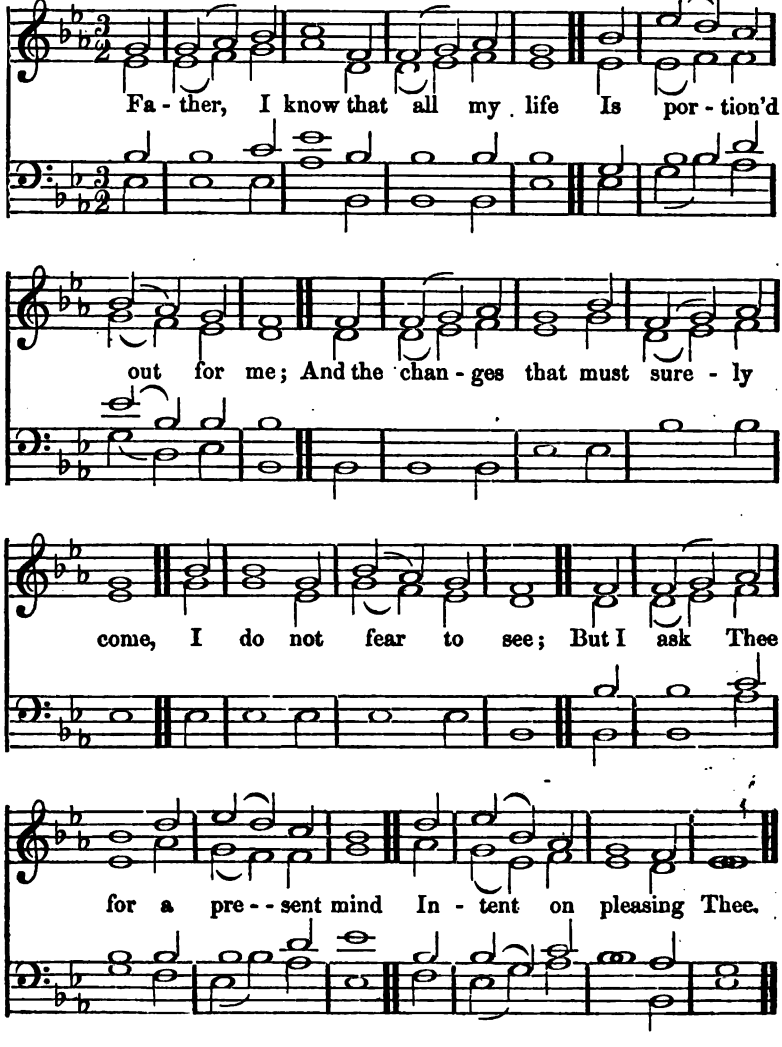
Notices to Correspondents.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

E. M. S.—*The verses are fairly good, but not superior enough to warrant publishing.*

K.—*I forward you the only tune I have ever heard to Miss Waring's hymn,* 'Father, I know that all my life,' *which, though very pretty, is very simple.*—Minnie.


Fa - ther, I know that all my life Is por - tion'd
out for me; And the chan - ges that must sure - ly
come, I do not fear to see; But I ask Thee
for a pre - - sent mind In - tent on pleasing Thee.

K. *will find* 'All-hallows,' *by A. H. Brown, Esq., organist of Brentwood, (No.* 190 *in* The Bristol Tune-book,) *suitable to Miss Waring's hymn. For her library, she should certainly get Bishop Harvey Goodwin's* Guide to the Parish Church.—L. C. B.

K. *corrects her statement, that* 'His presence and his memory' *was by Archbishop Trench. It is by the Rev. T. B. Monsell.—We are afraid we know of no opening for French or German translations.*

E. S.—*Said to be from Seneca's* Non amissi, sed præmisi, *but I am not just now able to verify the quotation.*—L. C. B.——'Not lost, but gone before,' *in* Commentary *on the Second Chapter of St. Matthew, by Matthew Henry.* 'Not dead, but gone before,' *from* Human Life, *by S. Rogers.* 'They are sent before, but not lost,' *from* Balm of the Covenant—'Præmittuntur non amittuntur,' *by Flavel.*—A. W.

K. C. F.—*The Rev. E. Caswall was author of* 'As the tree falls,' &c.—L. C. B.—— *The words occur in a poem by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, the first line of which is* 'How mournful scenes in broken dreams.'——*Another Correspondent says that the lines will be found in* Poems by Edward Caswall. (*London: Burns and Lambert, Portman Street,* 1858.) *The title of the piece is* A Warning, *No.* 16, *page* 220. *The title of the book may be known as* The Masque of Mary. *This is probably the real origin of the poem. It must be a quotation where* Anna *finds it, forming the concluding verse of a hymn beginning,* 'Days and moments, quickly flying,' *by the Rev. J. B. Dykes of Durham.*

Ella *is informed that* 272 *in* Hymns Ancient and Modern *was translated by Robert Campbell of Skerrington for the* St. Andrew's Hymnal. *It has been much altered, the changes being partly transferred from* Mozley's Hymnal. *The fourth stanza is from Robert Campbell's translation of another hymn, slightly modified.* (Santolius Victorinus *is misprinted* Victorianus *in the answer to* Ella.)—L. C. B.

A. P.—*For the secular book, none is equal to Mrs. Marcet's* Seasons. *For the Bible stories, the Rev. Robert Gordon's* Old Testament History. (*S. P. C. K.*)

To Beatrice, *we recommend the same books; also,* Children of the Church, *not catechetical, but very admirable for little children. We ourselves grudge teaching any catechism but the Church's; but either* First Steps, *or our own* Questions on the Catechism, (*Mozley,*) *omitting the difficult ones the first time of using, might smoothe the way. For histories,* Kings of England, *and Miss Sewell's* Histories of Greece and of Rome, *seem best to serve the purpose.*

If A. *will send her address,* E. *will forward a specimen of a card printed by one of the Sisters of Wantage, suited for a mother on her infant's death.*

F. F. *begs to know the authorship of* 376 *in* Hymns Ancient and Modern.

A Mother.—E. *recommends Mr. Brett's* Manual of Devotion and Instruction for School-boys. *Another Correspondent offers a little book of prayers and hymns, to be sent for* 1*s. post-free on the receipt of the address.*

D. I. K. *will be much obliged to anyone who would tell her where she could find the rest of the Christmas carol which contains the following verse:—*

'Still the Child, all power possessing,
Smiles as in the ages past,
And the song of Christmas blessing
Softly sinks to peace at last.'

M. W.—*Most assuredly* Questo *should have the* u *pronounced.* Kwesto *is not the sound, but it more nearly approaches it than* Kesto.

H. M. W.—The Coote *and* The Gray Squirrels *are Mary Howitt's. We think they are in the selection of poetry, published for schools by the S. P. C. K.*

Could any reader of The Monthly Packet *inform* M. R. *where the lines are to be found—*

'Bright and fierce and fickle is the south,
But dark and true and tender is the north.'

E. S. B. *begs the Editor of* The Monthly Packet *to recommend some French reading-books, and a French exercise-book, for a child of nine years old.——De Porquet's* Exercises; *Miss Sewell's* Extraits Choisis *(Junior Series); the* French Reading-books *published by the Clarendon Press;* Les Malheurs de Sophie, *by the Countess de Ségur;* Promenades d'une Mère, Riches et Pauvres, Une Famille a la Campagne, *and many others, by Madame de Witt.*

The Incumbent of All Saints, Margaret Street, *begs to acknowledge, with much gratitude,* £5, *being 'a thank-offering for the sick and suffering of All Saints Parish.'*

Miss Freeman, 70, Montpellier Road, Brighton, *gratefully acknowledges* 5*s.*, *for* The Children's Convalescent Home *there.*

The Invalid Kitchen, Soho Square.—5*s.*, *from* F. E. M., Kingston.

For The Daisy Chain Cot:—A Lover of The Daisy Chain, 6*s.*; A Prisoner of the Lord, 1*s.*; Meta, 5*s.*

Acknowledged, with many thanks, 5*s. from* Emily, *for* The Sisters of the Poor.

Mr. Brett thankfully acknowledges 10*s. from* R. S. D. *for* Small-pox Sufferers.

Mr. Allnutt acknowledges with many thanks the receipt of the following contributions to the funds of The Nursery of the Good Shepherd, Portsea:—A Mother, 5*s.*; Mrs. Lorrimer, £1; T. R. Parr, Esq., 10*s.*; Mrs. E. G. Bruxner, £1; Miss — Bruxner, 10*s.*

C. *wishes to hear of a simple explanation of the Communion Service suitable to lend to the newly-confirmed, and will be much obliged to anyone who can recommend such a book.*——*That by the Rev. W. H. Ridley, advertised on our wrapper, is the best for the comparatively uneducated.*

M. H. *would be very grateful to anyone who could tell her of a free chorister's school, where a little boy of eight years old, whose parents are working-people, would be likely to be taken in.*

Margaret.—*The S. P. C. K. are the only publishers of* Key Notes on the First Lessons. *One Note only, that on* Isaiah, liii., *had an omission made in it in the second edition without the author's sanction.*

Buttercup *will be thankful to any of the Correspondents of* The Monthly Packet *who can tell her of any easy employment* (not *teaching*) *by which ladies in reduced circumstances can earn money in their own homes.*

K. C. F.—*Mark Noble's* Memoirs of the Protectoral House of Cromwell *shews that Oliver's mother was lineally descended from the Royal House of Stewart.*—C. R. B.

In answer to A., *in* The Monthly Packet *for March,* C. R. B. *recommends* The Lost Sunbeam, *by Power; and Miss Bannerman's touching lines*—'Those only can be said to possess a child, who have lost one in infancy.'

Ella, *in reply to one of her questions, is informed, that* 'For fools rush in where Angels fear to tread,' *is the* 625*th line of Pope's* Essay on Criticism, *Part II.*—Y. E. S., W. H. H., *and* W. H. C.

S. V. *would be very glad if any of the readers of* The Monthly Packet *could tell her who is the author of the following lines, sometimes seen on children's graves:*—'The gardener said unto his servant, "Who plucked this flower?" The servant answered, "The Master." And the gardener held his peace.'

Meta *asks the origin of the German custom of having coloured Easter Eggs, and on what the tradition of 'The Easter Hare' that is said to lay them is founded.*

Joan P.—*The ornamental moulding called billet was introduced in England during the latter part of the eleventh or the beginning of the twelfth century, being profusely used during the* early *Norman style. But the tooth or dog-tooth ornament is not to be found in English architecture at an earlier date than the thirteenth century, when the Norman had given place to the early English style; it was, however, used on the Continent in the twelfth century. I do not know whether the billet moulding is to be found in any of the foreign churches.*—Y. E. S.——F. F. *wishes to say that she believes the billet to be earlier than the tooth ornament. The latter, though occasionally to be met with in late Norman work, is characteristic of the early English style.* (*Vide* The Glossary of Architecture.)

John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.

THE

MONTHLY PACKET;

OF

EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

JUNE, 1871.

HYMN FOR ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF PISTOR.

(Fifteenth Century.)

At last the Messenger appears,
And softly on our waiting ears
  Praise rises as we pray;
The shadows tremble into dawn,
Our faint and darkling souls are drawn
  Into the breaking day.

Unborn as yet, his infant eyes
Hold silent talk with mysteries
  Still sealed, except to few;
All dark to him day's golden beam,
But deeper sunlight, like a dream,
  Deep-shining, smites him through.

He could not know that light was sweet,
And yet his soul had waked to greet
  The Dayspring from on high;
The babe that was not born on earth
Had passed in spirit that new birth,
  So full of mystery.

The Virgin Mother standing by,
His inarticulate prophecy
  Hailed Jesus from afar;
The greeting was vouchsafed to him
Before the Christmas Seraphim,
  Before the Eastern Star.

That childless mother weeps no more
The burden of reproach she bore
So long in patient grief;
She notes the mingled joy and fear,
That gathers round his young career
A wonder of belief.

Within the world he walks apart,
A child with pure and fervent heart,
Among the deserts rude;
And, casting off the world's soft ways,
In hermit guise he spends his days,
And shares the wild bee's food.

And shining so, God gave him grace
To shine before his Saviour's Face,
Torch of the rising Sun;
And put into his steadfast hand
The banner that from land to land
Heralds the Kingly One.

No name with such pure splendour burns,
Of all the Prophets that by turns
Light up the long dark road:
His voice across the waste must cry;
His lips, when Jesus passes by,
Proclaim the Lamb of God.

Baptizing in the open day,
Christ meets the waters in their way,
As the sea meets the shower:
And Jordan holds a twofold stream;
One bearing on the Baptist's name,
And one the Baptist's power.

Baptized himself the Baptist stands,
The drops yet glittering from his hands,
Upon Messiah's Face;
The lustral waters o'er Him shed,
Themselves from that Anointed Head
Receive baptizing grace.

Lamp of our Lord! thy burning ray,
Still shining to the perfect day,
Upon our road is cast;
To port from off such stormy seas,
To laughter after tears like these,
Christ, bring us all at last! M. C.

THE DIVINA COMMEDIA OF DANTE.

In the sixth Canto of the Purgatorio, we find Dante ridding himself not without difficulty of the crowd of spirits that surround him, pressing all their own special requests and messages upon him. The Aretine of line 13 was a worthy magistrate and learned lawyer, by name Benincasa, to whom it befell to sentence to death at Siena, one Tacco da Turrita, for highway robbery; whereupon Ghino, the brother of the convict, followed him as he journeyed to Rome not long after, and there assassinated him. The other, of line 15, was one Cione Tarlati, who attempted to ford the Arno on horseback after the defeat of the Aretines at Bibbiena, but was carried away by the current and drowned. Then is mentioned Frederigo Novello, son of Count Guido di Battifolle, who was slain by one of the Bostoli; then the Pisan, Farinata degli Scornigiani, killed by one Beccio of Caprona, who gave occasion to his father, the good Marzucco, to shew himself brave by his Christian forgiveness of the homicide. Who Count Orso was, and how he came by his death, is uncertain. Lastly, Pierre de la Brosse, private secretary to King Philip III. of France, whose influence with his master excited the jealousy of certain members of the court, headed by the Queen, Mary of Brabant, Philip's second wife. He was consequently accused of betraying state secrets to Alfonso King of Castile, and condemned to death in the year 1276.

After this Dante questions Virgil concerning the efficacy of intercessory prayer, referring to the latter's own line in the sixth book of the *Eneid*,

Desine fata deum flecti sperare precando,

by which the Cumean Sibyl rejected the prayer of the ghost of Palinurus, that he might be allowed to cross the waters of Styx under her convoy, while his body lay yet unburied in the upper world. Virgil, by way of explanation, urges two considerations; first, that the ardent love of those who offer their intercessions may be as real and sufficient a satisfaction to the divine justice, as the earlier repentance of the souls themselves would have been; secondly, that no argument drawn from a line of his, written before our Lord's Atonement, and with reference to the prayer of a soul in the Inferno, can be supposed to apply to the very different state of things now established. Intercessory prayer in its very nature implies that the soul prayed for is not cut off for ever from the grace of God. But as this is a matter not of natural but of theological science, he refers Dante for the final solution of his question to Beatrice, whom he will meet in the earthly paradise on the summit of the mountain. On hearing this, the poet is eager to continue his ascent, though warned by Virgil that the distance is greater than he expects, so that the sun will return before his journey is over. In fact, as our readers will remember, it is then the afternoon of Easter Monday; the poets enter Purgatory on the

Tuesday morning, and do not reach the earthly paradise till the Thursday. Then they advance, on seeing a spirit some distance in front of them, of whom they intend to ask their way; this is Sordello de' Visconti, a Mantuan of high literary eminence in the thirteenth century, who on hearing Virgil begin his answer with the word Mantua, waits for no more, but embraces him straightway, overcome with delight at so unexpectedly meeting a fellow-countryman. Thereon Dante's thoughts turn instinctively to the present altered condition of Italy, torn in every member by civil faction; and the rest of the Canto, a full half, is occupied by a grand and impassioned apostrophe, to the entire exclusion of the proper subject of the poem. This is first addressed to Italy, who is represented under the figure of a horse, to be mounted and reined in by the Emperors, who alone could restrain her from suicidal excesses. Lines 88–90 refer of course to the Institutes of Justinian, that code whereby she might have lived in orderly fashion, so that her guilt is now all the greater. Dante probably had in his mind the fact that the Emperor Frederick II. had done much to promote the study of jurisprudence at the University of Bologna, where Justinian's code was taken as the foundation of legal science. The 'race' of line 91 are the Guelfs, who are represented as laying hand on the rein, and preventing the Emperor from mounting into the saddle. Then he turns to Albert, son of Rudolf, the first German Emperor of the House of Hapsburg, who had been himself elected Emperor in 1298, but had never cared to set foot in Italy. He it was whose inordinate ambition led him to attempt the subjugation of the Swiss cantons, until Gessler, the most oppressive of his lieutenants, drove the inhabitants to revolt from his authority, and establish a confederation for mutual defence. So it might be thought that Italy was well rid of his presence; and yet Dante is perfectly sincere, and very likely not far wrong, when he laments the harm done by the Emperor's absence. The Ghibelline party saw the necessity of a government strong enough to keep the Italians in peace, and save them from the consequence of their intestine divisions; and so are not hastily to be condemned as unpatriotic, or as partisans of foreign domination, for the Emperor was not looked upon as a foreigner. He was considered to belong to no country, but to the whole civilized world; just as a Frenchman or Spaniard lost his nationality when elected Pope. In this view Dante's preceptor, Brunetto Latini, anticipated him, for he states in the second book of his *Tesoro*, that as envy increased between the nobles of Italy, and there was no one to maintain the common welfare, the German electors were established by direct necessity, that the nomination and election to the Empire should be made by them, and that they should be its defenders and guardians. The failure of the Ghibellines to maintain themselves in Italy brought into clearer light the necessity of imperial intervention; for not only was city in arms against city, but each city contained in itself the seeds of civil war; Montagues arrayed against Capulets at Verona, Monaldi against Filippeschi at Orvieto, Orsini

against Colonnesi at Rome, and the like through every city of the peninsula. Santafiora, in the territory of Siena, must have been the scene of some then notorious oppression, but the exact reference of line 111 is uncertain. Lastly, when partly subdued by the religious turn given to his denunciations, he addresses his own city in terms of biting sarcasm. Other citizens may delay justice, hiding it out of sight and below the surface; the Florentines air it on their lips, and honour it by having it continually in their mouth. Other citizens decline the duties and burdens of patriotism; the Florentines accept them eagerly, for the furtherance of their own private interests and animosities. It has been truly said that 'never did the virtuous indignation of a patriot vent itself in so severe, so crushing, so pungent an invective as that from line 76 to the end of this Canto. For biting reproof, for sublime imprecation, for cutting sarcasm, there is nothing superior to it in all ancient or modern literature.' *

THE PURGATORIO.—CANTO VI.

After a game of hazard, he that loseth
Remains behind in sorrow, bent on trying
His throw again, and sad experience useth;
But with the other go the people, vying
In front or rear to accost him, or one bendeth
Beside, and prays for notice. He complying,
Though stopping not, to this or that attendeth;
To whom he gives his hand, no more he presses;
So from the throng around himself defendeth.
So me the thick encircling crowd distresses,
Turning my face this way and that, and freeing
Myself by promise full from their addresses.
There was Arezzo's citizen, whose being
The savage arm of Ghin di Tacco severed;
And he who drowned himself in Arno fleeing.
Novello there with outspread hands endeavoured
To urge his suit; the Pisan too, whose dying
Shewed good Marzucco brave. Then was delivered
To view Count Orso; and the soul denying
That guilt committed from the flesh had rent her,
But others' stratagem and envious lying;
Pierre de la Brosse I mean. And let repent her
The lady of Brabant, and ponder throughly
While yet is time, she be not set to enter

* Dr. Barlow's Critical Commentary on the Divina Commedia.

A worser flock. Then as I freed me slowly
From all those shades who prayed for others' praying
To help them onwards in becoming holy,
I said, 'Methinks thine own expressed saying
Somewhere, O thou my light, denies that heaven
Bends its decree to prayer. And yet essaying
Such end, this people pray. Am I then driven
To think their hope hath been conceived vainly?
Or is thy meaning dimly to me given?'
And he to me, 'My text is written plainly,
Nor will their expectation seem mistaken,
If thou regard it seriously and sanely;
For crest of Justice boweth not, unshaken
If in a trice the fire of love hath sated
The claim that he should meet who here hath taken
His lodging. And there, where this point I stated,
Defect was not amended by petition,
Because all prayer from God was separated.
But in the truth of this so high suspicion
Rest not, unless it be by her confessed,
Whose light is sure to win the truth admission
Unto thy mind. Hast thou my meaning guessed?
I speak of Beatrice; for thou shalt accost her
Upon this mountain's crown, smiling and blessed.'
And I, 'My courteous guide, go we the faster;
I tire not as before; and see how slanting
The hill-side throws its shadow.' Then the Master,
'We will go on while aught of day is wanting,
Maintaining to our task complete adherence;
But 'tis far else than thou dost think. Ere planting
Thy foot above, thou shalt his reappearance
Behold, who now behind the mountain hideth,
So that his rays sustain no interference
From thee. But lo! a shade there who abideth
Gazing towards us fixed and solitary;
He will instruct us quicker what betideth.'
To him we came. O Lombard soul, how very
Stern and disdainful stood'st thou; how enhanced
By thine eyes' movements dignified and wary!
No word spake he to us as we advanced,
But let us come; only his gaze commanding,
As of a couchant lion, upon us glanced.
Yet Virgil asked him, when hard by him standing,
The best way of ascent; to which petition
The spirit answered nought, instead demanding

To hear of us our country and condition.
My sweet lord in reply his voice upraised,
'Mantua—' Arose the shade from his position
Of mood abstract in which he had been placed,
'O Mantuan, I am Sordello,' telling,
'Born of thy land.' And each with each embraced.
Ah slavish Italy, inn of woe excelling,
Ship without helmsman in the tempest's eddy,
Not lady now of provinces, but dwelling
Of harlots! Was this noble soul so ready
Just in the sweet sound of his land delighting
To welcome there his fellow; and already
In thee thy living children without fighting
Abide not, ev'n those by one foss contained,
Within one rampart, each the other biting.
Let, wretched one, thy searching gaze be strained
Round thy sea-coasts, then thine own bosom viewing
If any part of thee have peace obtained.
What now avails Justinian's renewing
Thy bridle, if the seat be empty? Save
For that, less shameful would be thine undoing.
Ah race, that to obey alone shouldst crave,
Nor from his seat let Cesar be ejected,
If well thou knewest that which God would have:
See how the steed is fell become, corrected
No longer by the spur, since thou hast dared
To lay hand on the curb! And thou elected
To rule, O German Albert, who hast cared
But to desert her, being so untamed
And savage wholly, but shouldst not have spared
To stride the saddle; from the stars be aimed
Just judgment on thy blood, new, manifested,
That thy successor so may be ashamed
And fear; for ye, thy sire and thou, have hasted
To win you realms on yonder side ambitious,
And let the empire's garden thus be wasted.
See Montagues and Capulets in pernicious
Array; Monaldi and Filippeschi, grieving
(O careless one) already, or suspicious
Of future wrong. Come, cruel, come, perceiving
Thy nobles' ills, and remedy oppression;
And see how Santafior is ruled. Come, leaving
All else, and see thy Rome, who wails aggression
Alone and widowed, day and night outcrying,
'My Cesar, why abandon'st thy possession?'

Come, see in mutual love the people vying;
  Or if no way by pity of us driven,
  Yet come and blush in so thy fame belying.
And, if I so may speak, O God of heaven,
  Who for our sakes on earth wast crucified,
  Are thy just eyes to other regions given?
Or is the hidden counsel, here implied,
  Which thou in depth of providence art making,
  For some good purpose, not to be descried
By our perceptions? For the land is quaking
  Neath tyrants; and a new Marcellus riseth
  In every churl his part in faction taking.
My Florence, thy contentment harmonizeth
  With this digression well; thou needst not fear it,
  Thanks to thy people, that so well deviseth.
Many in heart have right, but slowly bear it
  Unto the mark, not without counsel aiming;
  But on the tip of tongue thy children wear it.
Many decline the public burdens; shaming
  All such, thy people prompt without persuasion
  Answers the call, 'Lo, I submit!' exclaiming.
So make thee joyful, for thou hast occasion;
  Thou rich, thou peaceful, thou in wisdom thriving;
  If I speak truth, of truth is no evasion.
Athens and Lacedemon, famed for giving
  Good laws of old, in civil arts the greatest,
  Made little progress unto virtuous living
Compared with thee, who foresight cultivatest
  So fine, that scarce survives to mid November
  The rule that in October thou createst.
How often in the years thou canst remember,
  Hast thou thy customs, money, laws, renewed,
  And changed thy government in every member?
If thou thyself with clear insight have viewed,
  Like to one ailing sore thou shalt perceive thee,
  Who find'st the feathers with no rest endued,
But wouldst by tossing to and fro relieve thee.

(*To be continued.*)

SONGS OF OTHER CHURCHES.

BY LOUIS COUTIER BIGGS, M.A.

VI.

THE LATIN CHURCH. *(continued.)*

So many specimens of Mediæval Sequences have been already presented to the readers of The Monthly Packet in the Volumes for 1868 and 1869, that we might have contented ourselves with referring to these examples, were it not that the history of Sequences in the Western Church is somewhat curious and interesting.

For a more elaborate investigation of the laws by which Sequences are governed, we may direct the reader to Dr. Neale's *Epistola Critica de Sequentiis*, prefixed to the fifth volume of Daniel's *Thesaurus*. There is also much information given in a more accessible form, contained in the preface to a most interesting little work recently brought out by the Rev. C. B. Pearson.[1] Of the translations there given, the following is a fair specimen. We have not quoted the Latin of the Sequence,[2] which is in Mr. Pearson's book printed in alternate pages with the English.

'Now let all the Church uniting,
Praises meet to GOD reciting,
Tune aloud their grateful songs;
On this day the SPIRIT Holy
Deigned upon the Apostles lowly
Grace to pour in fiery tongues.

May the Comforter indwelling,
From our hearts all sin expelling,
Take us for His own abode;
Gifts and graces high outpouring,
In our breasts devotion storing,
So our life shall please our GOD.

May we Alleluias singing,
Through all ages ceaseless ringing,
Raise our acclamations high;
Praise ascribe and exaltation,
Honour, might, and adoration,
Unto GOD eternally.'

This Sequence is the composition of Notker, a monk of S. Gall, who was the first to attempt the elaboration of a series of suitable Proses to be sung between the Epistle and Gospel. The ancient custom of the Church had been (except on Fast-days) to chant the Gradual with a

[1] *Sequences from the Sarum Missal, with English Translations by Charles Buchanan Pearson.* (*Price* 6*s.*) *London: Bell and Daldy.* 1871.

[2] Laudes DEO devotas.

final Alleluia, after the saying of the Epistle from the southern of the two low pulpits assigned to the readers of the Epistle and Gospel. Later, when these two pulpits were set at the end of the choir, and connected by a gallery, they formed the 'Rood-loft' of the Mediæval churches. For the chanting of the Alleluia, the old rubrics of the Sarum and other Missals directed that two of the officiating clergy should walk down from the altar, wearing their birettas, and, passing through the choir to the Rood-loft, sing the 'Gradual' and 'Alleluia,' which the choir were to repeat during the procession formed for the reading of the Gospel. This consisted of the deacon and sub-deacon, with attendants bearing incense, the candle, and the cross. In order to give them time to prepare, and to reach the Rood-loft for the Gospel, the choir sang their Alleluia with a 'Neuma,' *i. e.* a prolongation of the final 'a,' to which sometimes more than a hundred notes were assigned. This was sometimes itself called a Sequence, because, according to the best authorities, it *followed* and was ruled by the modulation and the rhythm of the Alleluia. Others, however, attribute the name to the word with which the Deacon began giving out the Gospel:—'*Sequentia* Sancti Evangelii secundum ——.' 'Here followeth the Holy Gospel according to ——.' The '*a*' or '*ia*,' thus prolonged, was used for three hundred years in the Church without alteration; and pious ecclesiastics had invented curious reasons for its employment. Thus S. Bonaventura writes: 'We are wont to sing a long note on the letter A after the Alleluia, because the joy of the saints in Heaven is eternal and ineffable.' Cardinal Hugo says, 'Because the way of praising GOD in our true country is unknown to us.'

Several peculiarities of the Sequence are to be traced to its development from the old 'Neuma.' Thus we find the letter A largely preponderating in the termination of the lines of the Notkerian Sequences. We find the Alleluia abundantly interspersed in them:—see for an instance the well-known Alleluiatic Sequence. (Hymn 145 in Hymns Ancient and Modern.)

We also find many of the Sequences imitating and paraphrasing the Graduals, which they were composed to follow. The Gradual is perhaps best described as a piece of Scriptural patch-work, often very curious in the way in which its texts are woven together. The following examples of Graduals are from a French Book of Hours used in the Diocese of Rheims:—

Advent Sunday.[1] 'Behold, the LORD hath proclaimed unto the end of the world, Say ye to the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy SAVIOUR cometh; behold, His reward is with Him. At the end He shall appear, and not lie; if He tarry, wait for Him; for He will surely come, and will not delay. Alleluia. Look up, and lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh. Alleluia.'

S. Stephen's Day.[2] 'Sinners spake against me with a crafty tongue, and

[1] Isaiah, lxii. 11; Hab. ii. 3; S. Luke, xxi. 28. [2] Psalm cix. 2, 3; iii. 6, 7.

compassed me about with words of hatred, and fought against me without a cause. For the love they should have to me, they bare witness against me; but I prayed. Alleluia. I will not fear the thousands of the people that compass me about. Rise up, LORD; help me, O my GOD. Alleluia.'

Conversion of S. Paul.[1] 'GOD gave Saul another heart, and the SPIRIT of the LORD came upon him, and he prophesied. He, which persecuted us in times past, now preacheth the faith which once he destroyed. (*Before Septuagesima.* Alleluia, Alleluia.) This change is of the Right Hand of the Most High.[2] Who is so great a GOD as our GOD? Alleluia.'

S. Thomas.[3] 'It is a true report that I heard; howbeit, I believed not them that told me, until I saw it with mine eyes. Yea, LORD, I believe that Thou art the CHRIST, the SON of GOD, Who hast come into this world. Alleluia, Alleluia. I obtained mercy, that in me first JESUS CHRIST might shew forth all long-suffering, for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe on Him. Alleluia.'

When Notker was residing at S. Gall, while still quite a young man, he composed the well-known hymn, 'In the midst of life we are in death.' Some say that it was written while he watched the samphire-gatherers engaged in their 'dreadful trade' on the cliffs about S. Gall. Others relate that he composed it while looking at the workmen who were building the bridge of Martinsbrück at the peril of their lives. Daniel doubts altogether his claims to the authorship. The Latin, interesting to us as the original of a part of our own Burial Service, runs thus:—

'Mediâ vitâ in morte sumus;
Quem quærimus adjutorem nisi Te, DOMINE,
Qui pro peccatis nostris juste irasceris?
Sancte DEUS, sancte fortis, sancte et misericors Salvator:
Amaræ morti ne tradas nos.'

The unmetrical form of this composition, while it contrasts very strongly with the later type of Sequence, approximates closely to the style of Notker's own Proses.

From S. Gall, Notker went to visit the Monastery of Jumièges, where he formed the acquaintance of many of the monks. When, in the year 851, their noble abbey was ravaged by the barbarian Normans, one of these priests fled to S. Gall, (whither Notker had now returned,) bringing his 'antiphonary,' or book of anthems. Here Notker found some words substituted for the 'a' of the Alleluia, of which he quaintly says, 'Sweet were they to my eyes, but bitter to my taste. However,' he continues, 'I began to write in imitation of them—"Laudes DEO concinat orbis universus, Qui gratis est redemptus," and as a second part, "Coluber Adæ deceptor."' This he submitted to his precentor Iso, who pointed out that his syllables did not exactly coincide with the notes to

[1] 1 Sam. x. 9, 10; Gal. i. 23; Psalm lxxvii. 10, 13.

[2] The Vulgate here follows the LXX. αὕτη ἡ ἀλλοίωσις τῆς Δεξιᾶς τοῦ Ὑψίστου.

[3] 1 Kings, x. 6, 7; S. John, xi. 27; 1 Tim. i. 16.

which they were set. Notker amended the Sequence to the form in which we still possess it. As the earliest example of this form of composition extant, it may be interesting to our readers:—

A SEQUENCE FOR EASTER-TIDE.

Let the whole world, let every land agree
In praise to GOD, Who wrought deliverance free,
Through the Almighty FATHER'S Grace,
Who, grieving that the human race
Were by their ancient fall undone,
Sent down to earth His Own dear SON,
That those deep sunk in mire He might once more
Upraise to Heaven, and to their home restore.
He then, the holy Child
Of Mother undefiled,
Here among men alone
Blemish or spot had none.
Him ne'er could Adam's counsellor to sin,
The Serpent, by his fraud or falsehood win.

* * * * *

[*The Sequence here seems imperfect.*]

Once man, when in his greed
He sought his flesh to feed,
Beguiled of Deity,
Was lost eternally.[1]
Then come, all whom the prince of this world still
Leads captive, binds, and ruins at his will:
Cling fast to Him in Whom he found no ill;
For never will He leave
Who closely to Him cleave.
Let thanks and joy be now and aye outpoured
To our Redeemer, our Almighty LORD.

There is still visible about these lines something of the rudeness of a first attempt. By comparing Notker's amended version with the rough copy which he tells us he submitted to Iso, I am led to believe that Notker at first tried to keep within certain metrical limits, which he afterwards gave up in order more exactly to set the notes of the 'Neuma.' Dr. Neale lays down the rules of the Notkerian Sequence thus:—

'It consists of an uncertain number of verses, each verse of an uncertain number of syllables. The verses taken in pairs, or sometimes three or more together, correspond, sometimes in the number of their syllables, often in their accents, sometimes in their divisions. For each verse is cut up into several divisions or short sentences.'

But he admits that his rules were not known to most of the later mediæval hymnologists, and he is sometimes unable to prove them without considerable alterations of his text. Mr. Pearson's little work,

[1] The Latin here seems to me probably corrupt:—at least, the meaning is so obscure, that I have purposely left the English somewhat ambiguous.

referred to above, has a very beautiful version of Notker's Sequence for the Festival of the Circumcision.[1] It is too long to quote entire, but the following stanzas might perhaps be used as a hymn:—

Let us devoutly pay
With joy and praises meet
Our reverence to this holy day,
Which dawns with radiance sweet.

The very Godhead is
In human flesh arrayed:
What ear of earthly witnesses
Hath heard such things essayed?

Divided is the spoil,
The captor captive ta'en;
CHRIST'S valiant fight the foe doth foil,
And sure salvation gain.

Then to His Home on high
Our Champion led the way,
Triumphing in His Victory,
Where Thou art praised for aye.

Among the imitators of Notker's Sequences, the name best known is that of Godeschalcus. Three of his Sequences are translated in Dr. Neale's Mediæval Hymns. They are all, like the Alleluiatic Sequence, mainly a close imitation of the words of Holy Scripture. The following, from his Sequence on the Conversion of S. Paul, shews how his far-fetched fancies sometimes run riot:—

'The LORD hath said; I will convert from Bashan, I will convert to the depth of the sea.[2]
Which He said and did, when He laid prostrate Saul, and ordained him Paul.
By His Incarnate WORD, by Whom also He made the worlds.
* * * * * * * *
Here is the tongue of Thy dogs, from Thy enemies returning to Thee, O GOD. . . . . .
Hence the tongue of the priests, whilst like a dog it licked, bruised its two grinding teeth of the Law and the Gospel hereupon;[3]

[1] 'Eia recolamus laudibus piis digna.' The Sequence is one of those ending uniformly in A.

[2] See Psalm lxviii. 22. Daniel suggests that the meaning is either 'I will convert Saul from the barren, dry, heathen ignorance of his *Bashan*, to the deep knowledge of the true faith; or, to the hidden depth of the secret mysteries of GOD, (fulfilled by his vision of "unutterable things.")' Mr. Pearson suggests that a contrast is intended between Bashan the *high* hill, and the *deep* of the sea; thus, 'I will bring down the mountain lifted up against Me, to the depth of profound knowledge of the faith.'

[3] Here the meaning seems to be: 'Paul, now a true watch-dog, no longer dumb, licks the wounded spirits, and bruises out for them healing drugs, by means of his two teeth, the Law and the Gospel. Mr. Pearson thinks there is a reference to the meaning of Bashan, which he gives, (not as Daniel, *dryness*, but) 'in the teeth.'

It bruised out for us all manner of medicines, whereby the wounded are healed, the hungering are restored.'

The only other Sequence-writer of this school who need be mentioned is Hermann Contractus, who flourished about A.D. 1070. His Proses are chiefly remarkable as shewing how rhyme gradually crept into this species of composition. Sometimes in the middle of his Sequence he gives a complete rhymed stanza in exact metre. The most celebrated Sequence in this style is the anonymous 'Victimæ Paschali.' The Sarum Missal gives it a different ending from that generally known, or rather inserts two additional lines:—

'Believe we Mary's word alone; refuse
To heed the sayings of the lying Jews.'

We quote Mr. Pearson's translation.

We now come to the second great division of Sequences, the Victorine, so called from Adam of S. Victor, 'the greatest of mediæval poets,' as Dr. Neale and Archbishop Trench agree in calling him. I do not doubt or dispute his claims to excellence, but yet I must be allowed to doubt the possibility of adapting many of his compositions to the use of our own Church. 'Heri mundus exsultavit' is beautiful enough in the original; but 'Yesterday with exultation' has few admirers, I should imagine, except those who care to study it for the sake of that original. The following is a translation, hitherto unpublished, of one of Adam's Sequences for Easter Day,[1] kindly placed at my disposal by Dr. Kynaston:—

'THE BEGINNING OF MONTHS.'

Now the world new pleasure finds;
Hastes its votive sweets to pay;
All its wintry shroud unwinds,
Casts its grave-clothes all away;
Wakes to see its SAVIOUR rise,
Wakes on earth and in the skies;
Keeps His Paschal Holy-day.

Nimbly glide the ductile fires;
Rolls the light its tidal joys;
Ocean's axles smooth their tires;
All things purge them from alloys:
Clouds ascend the highest blue,
Weights their lowest depths pursue,
Earth upholds its equipoise.

Heaven itself, now more serene,
Tempers all its breezes keen;
Brightly smiles the water's sheen:

[1] Mundi Renovatio.

Valleys, terrassed high in flowers,
All their drought with streamlets flush,
Pearl their dews with sunlight's gush;
Spring leads on his joyous hours.

Now the prince of all the world
Winter's icy flag has furled;
Downward all his might is hurled;
For the tyrant of mankind,
When he sought the spotless Soul
Of the SAVIOUR to control,
Cast his kingdom to the wind.

Life has triumphed over death;
Sinking to the hell beneath,
Man recovers living breath;
Open sees before his eyes
All the joys of Paradise;
For the Cherub's flaming sword
Turns but one way,—to the LORD.

The next example is of a Sequence which has not yet, I believe, appeared in English.[1]

'THE LORD'S DAY.'

Now shines the Day CHRIST calls His own,
Greatest of days, and blest alone;
The Day of joy, the Day of light,
Day with immortal glory bright!

This was the day that first had birth
In the Creation of the earth,
To which CHRIST, rising from the grave,
His own peculiar blessing gave.

In hope of everlasting joys
Let all the sons of light rejoice,
And by their works CHRIST's members prove
True likeness to their Head above.

This is our solemn festal Day,
And solemn are the vows we pay;
This Day, which first of all we name,
Our first and greatest joys must claim.

Each solemn act of worship done
Tells of the Paschal Victory won;
By many figures darkly told
In promise to the saints of old.

See opened by the veil rent wide
All the old Law had prophesied;
Types vanish in Reality,
And Light bids every shadow flee.

[1] Lux illuxit Dominica.

What the unblemished Lamb had meant,
And Scape-goat to the desert sent,
By taking all our guilt away,
To us MESSIAH doth display.

The death He undeserving bore
Doth us from death deserved restore;
The wrongful booty Death would seize
Made him his rightful prey release.

The Flesh that knew no stain of sin
Our flesh from all reproach makes clean,
Blooms the third day fresh sprung from death,
And fills each doubting heart with faith.

O Death of CHRIST, now make us strive
To prove ourselves to CHRIST alive;
Thou wondrous Death that ne'er shall die,
O grant us Life eternally.'

Adam of S. Victor is said to have been born in Britain, but it is disputed whether the French province of Bretagne is not meant. He was for a short time a pupil of Hugh of S. Victor, but soon surpassed his teacher. The richness of his imagery, the boldness of his mystical interpretations, the facility with which he handles metres absolutely bristling with rhymes, will always make his writings attractive to students of mediæval lore. Neale has given many specimens of his metres in his *Epistola de Sequentiis*, but perhaps it may suffice here to give some account of his rhymes. These are distinguished into—

Leonines, rhyming the middle with the end of the line, thus:—

'Urit *ira* tua d*ira*
O Traj*ane* inhum*ane*
Propr*io* ex vit*io*
Sanctum CHRISTI quum juss*isti*
Flagell*ari*, cruci*ari*
Nim*io* supplic*io*.'

Caudate, or tail-rhymes, are final rhymes following each other closely, as in the English of the hymn last translated, and as in the first three stanzas of the Latin from which it is taken.

Interlaqueate, or interlaced rhymes, are such as we find in the Spenserian stanza, or in the poetry of Dante, retained in the translation now appearing in this Magazine.

(To be continued.)

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[1] For another translation from Adam, see 'Mediæval Hymns and Sequences,' in The Monthly Packet, (New Series,) Vol. VI., p. 1.

SUNDAY MORNING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEBEL.

Saith Saturday to Sunday, 'Friend,
I've brought the week to peaceful end;
The labouring folk are gone to rest,
Right weary, that must be confessed.
Myself, I've worked so hard, I vow
My legs will scarce support me now.'

The clock strikes twelve in yonder town,
And Saturday hath laid him down:
'Tis Sunday's turn, good Sunday knows;
He opes his door, and forth he goes.
Slowly he mounts the eastern sky,—
His wits will brighten by-and-bye.

Onward he glides, with noiseless feet,
To seek the Sun in her * retreat;
And, if he find her still asleep,
Taps at her window, tries to peep,
Whispers, 'Tis time for *you* to rise;'
'I'm well aware of *that*,' she cries.

Then softly onward doth he go,
Stands on the mountain top, tip-toe;
Slips through the valley all unseen,
Trips lightly o'er the village green;
Disturbs not sleep in lowly cot,
Says to the cock, 'Betray me not.'

But when the long sound sleep is o'er,
And people look abroad once more,
They see him in the sunshine stand,
Beneath their windows, close at hand,
With gentlest looks of love and light,
And in his hat a nosegay bright.

How glitter grass and flowers anew!
In silver showers of early dew!
How sweet the breath of morning air,
Perfumed by fruit-tree blossoms fair!
The bees are humming to and fro—
Naught of the Sunday rest they know.

* The German feminine has been preserved.

Glorious the gardens look to-day,
With cherry trees decked out for May;
And marigolds and tulips too,
And starry blossoms not a few;
The hyacinths in beauty rise,
'Tis like a glimpse of Paradise!

How still the country all around—
So calm and happy! Scarce a sound!
No carter's cry, no wrangling word;
Only 'Good day!' and 'Praise the Lord!'
''Tis lovely weather, Friend, this year!'
Such pleasant talk is all we hear.

The birds are twittering, full of glee,—
'Sunday is come again, you see!
His heavenly radiance fills the grove,
And tunes our song to joy and love.'
The little finch, with yellow breast,
In Sunday garb is ready dressed.

The bells begin; make haste, I pray!
Early the pastor comes to-day.
Auriculas to deck our room
Collect, nor brush away the bloom.
Then, Gertrude, dress thyself with care,
And wreathe some blossoms in thy hair.

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

BY E. M. SEWELL.

My dear ——,

Your letter is the counterpart of several which I have lately received; the same difficulties are afloat everywhere, and they cannot be answered easily. I am afraid you will be disappointed when I say that the utmost I can hope to do is to lead you to acquiesce in them. Perhaps you will do so the more readily if I can shew you that you are living in similar uncertainty—or what you call doubt—with regard to moral questions, as you are with those more immediately religious; that uncertainty—in a greater or less degree—is in fact the very condition of our nature and the means of our probation.

You say, Oh! if I could only be assured of Truth! and you marvel why Pilate's question, 'What is Truth?' was not answered. With all reverence I would venture to say—because it could not be answered in

all the vastness of its comprehensive meaning, so as to be made clear to a finite perception. *Truths* we may know. They are indeed infinite—embracing every fact of existence, past, present, and to come; but amongst them there are, doubtless, many which the human mind can comprehend. But *Truth* embraces all. It is in reality co-extensive with the Being of God; and when our Blessed Lord says, 'I am the Truth,' He uses no metaphorical expression, but utters the deepest philosophical fact. You cannot, therefore, expect to know Truth in the abstract, because that would be to know all that God knows, but you may expect to know concrete Truth, or what we call *Truths*—such Truths as are essential to your well-being in this world and the next.

Now, putting aside revealed religion, I think everyone will agree that moral truths are amongst the most universally important, and at first sight the most self-evident, which we are called upon to recognize. The whole human race, heathen and Christian, with some most rare exceptions, agrees, for instance, in saying that murder, theft, and lying, are sinful; no one has any doubt that they are evil in the sight of God; and upon these and such like elementary truths the entire moral code of mankind is constructed. But before a single step can be taken towards the formation of this code, murder, theft, and falsehood must be defined.

Murder, we perhaps say, is killing with malicious intent.

Theft, is unlawfully taking what does not belong to us.

Falsehood, is saying that which is not true.

But, again—what is meant by 'malicious intent'? Is it malicious to kill a man whom we have reason to believe intends to kill us?

What is 'unlawfully' taking that which does not belong to us? If the property has first been taken from us unfairly—as by extortion or oppression—is it acting unlawfully to seize it again?

And what is meant by 'saying that which is not true'? If we say that which really is not true, but which we believe to be true, are we uttering truth or falsehood?

I think you will see at once from these instances—imperfect though they are—that the moment we have passed beyond the primary expression of moral truth, and begin to define it, we open the door to innumerable discussions, exceptions, and consequent differences of opinion.

Yet we all have a sufficiently definite view of moral truth to enable us to live together in communities and under government. There must, you will say, be certainty somewhere. No doubt; for the definitions already given are, and always have been, received as the primary meaning of the words *murder*, *theft*, *falsehood;* but you will perceive that they only carry us a very little way in our inquiry into the full meaning and compass of the elementary truth. Further definitions must be reasoned out by the common sense and the conscience of mankind, and will in their turn be open to new difficulties.

Neither may we forget that the tone of thought, the habits and customs,

of different nations will lead to still greater perplexities in the more exact definition of these elementary truths of morality. An act which is dealt with as murder in one country and one age, is, under different conditions of society, reduced to manslaughter. A marriage which is looked upon as a breach of the Seventh Commandment by one nation, is considered perfectly innocent by another; whilst these differences will become almost infinite when we descend to private life and the circumstances of individuals.

And so—you will exclaim—there is no such thing as morality. What every one thinks to be right is right!

And I should answer most earnestly—God forbid. There are strict moral laws laid down, which it is at our peril here and hereafter to infringe; but they are given us *absolutely* only in their elementary form, and mankind are then called upon to work them out definitely and practically by the aid of reason and conscience. (I purposely omit revelation and the aid of the Holy Spirit, because we are speaking of the moral truths recognized by natural religion—by heathens as by Christians.) This practical definition of the elementary laws of morality, is a task appointed to us all, and woe be to us if we fail to perform it aright! Every nation is bound to draw up its own code of minor laws in accordance with what conscience and reason have shewn to be—so far as man can determine—the Will of Him who gave the elementary law; and every individual in every nation is in like manner bound to bring his own actions into accordance with that elementary law interpreted by the same aid. If nations or individuals fail to do this, they are answerable for their neglect; or if they interpret the law wrongly they are responsible, and will be punished for their error. Our chief business upon earth is indeed that of deciding in some way or other—by word or by deed, consciously or unconsciously—the real meaning of the great elementary moral truths which God has written upon all our hearts.

But the point which I wish you to bear in mind is that the necessity of making these decisions for ourselves involves difficulty, uncertainty, perplexity, and controversy; that if we were not—as we are—accustomed to it from childhood, we should regard it with sorrow and alarm, and, perhaps, in some moment of weak faith be tempted to ask, How can it be possible that a Being of Infinite Wisdom and unbounded Mercy should have revealed to His creatures truths so all-important, and yet left them to carry them out in practice at the risk of such terrible mistakes?

The answer to this question of doubt can only partially be given by finite beings. There are, however, some results to be wrought out by the imperfections of our moral condition, which are evident to all who will give themselves the trouble to think. The very fact of a state of probation, would seem to involve a condition in which there also must be some moral uncertainty; but I am not going to take upon myself

to enter into the question. It is sufficient to say that such is our state, and that as we are placed in it by God, it must be for some good and wise purpose.

And now let me try and shew you the analogy (to me very exact) between the manner in which God has been pleased to communicate to us the Truths of Morality and the Truths of Christianity. If the conditions are—as I believe they are—singularly alike; then we have no reason to be startled and distressed at religious controversy and uncertainty; because—to adopt the celebrated argument which Bishop Butler derived from Origen, and on which he based his 'Analogy,'—'he who believes Scripture to have proceeded from Him who is the Author of Nature, may well expect to find the same sort of difficulties in it as are found in the constitution of Nature.'

And first, I would say that the Bible is to Revelation what the constitution of Nature is to Reason. We derive from it all our information respecting the plan and purpose of God. It contains all which it is necessary for us to know.

But this *all* is very vast—as vast as the facts concerning human nature and the moral government of God which are contained in the constitution of Nature; and when we are placed before the Bible and told that we are to believe all that it contains, our acquiescence requires the same spirit of faith which is exercised when we accept the constitution of Nature as Divine. A great deal we have never examined; a great deal we do not understand; but upon evidence, external and internal, we accept the whole as coming from God.

But if we are called upon to convert our general belief into saving faith, we require something much more definite. To believe the whole of the Bible to be God's Word is one thing; to believe the special truths of the Bible, which are essential to salvation, is another.

Now what are those truths? Where are they to be found?

The early Christians had no doubt as to the answer. Every Catechumen, before Baptism, was, as we gather from history, taught the Apostles' Creed. In it were condensed those elementary facts of revealed religion, which are to Christianity what the elementary moral laws of nature are to reason—the essential foundation of all after belief or argument.

But these elementary facts were not sufficient until they were defined. The Apostles' Creed, for instance, bore witness to the fact that Jesus Christ was our Lord; but what did that word Lord imply? As the Church spread, definitions upon this point multiplied; some were true, some false; but, at the Council of Nicea, the Universal Church stamped with its authoritative testimony one primary definition of the great Truth, ever held from the beginning, and taught in the Bible.

'God of God, Light of Light, Very God of Very God, begotten, not made.' So ran the sacred words; and to them were added others of

infinite importance, teaching us not only that Christ came from Heaven, but *why* He came; not only the existence of the Holy Ghost, but His oneness with the Father and the Son; not only the Forgiveness of Sins, but the fact that Baptism is connected with that Forgiveness.

And this authoritative definition of the Christian faith was the first and last.

Since then the Church has been divided; its witness marred. We are thus left, in religion as we are in morals, in possession of a few elementary truths, received by all Christians as essential to Salvation, and a short primary definition of the full meaning of those truths; and the rest we are to gather from the Bible and from the testimony of the early Church, as we gather our morality from conscience and reason, corroborated by the experience of mankind. If discussions, controversies, uncertainties, have arisen in the one case, how is it possible we could be saved from them in the other?

And yet, as it is necessary for governments to face moral perplexities, and in spite of them to draw up their code of laws—approximating to the best of their ability to the standard of God's Law written on the human heart; so it is, in like manner, necessary that Churches—national Churches—should draw up certain articles of belief incorporated in formularies and confessions of faith, which must be, so far as is possible, in perfect accordance with the Bible interpreted by the Primitive Church. But you will see at once that these formularies, confessions, and interpretations, can never lay claim to the same authority as the Creed taught in the times of the Apostles, or the definitions of that Creed given by a Council of the Universal Church. We may fully believe them to be true, we may hold them to be of the greatest consequence; but they must, like definitions of moral truths, be open to differences of interpretations, and these interpretations to still further interpretations, till at length we reach the same point, as in the difficulties of morality, and are again tempted to ask, How can it be that a Being of Infinite Wisdom should have left His creatures in a state of such uncertainty upon questions so essentially important?

The answer is the same as before. So far as we can see, it is for our probation; it is the test of our sincerity. A true humble mind accepts the commands of its parents in childhood; and as intellect strengthens, compares them with the laws of conscience and reason, and then, so far as in it lies, fashions its course of life in obedience to God's perfect Law. And in like manner, a true humble mind accepts the religious instruction given it in childhood, and then, as years go on, tests that instruction by the Bible, and by the study of the history and teaching of the Christian Church, and so attains, as far as is possible, to the realization of perfect Truth. But this task is one of difficulty, and its success must vary according to the character and circumstances of individuals. And as a dishonest mind takes advantage of uncertainty in morality, to erect a low standard of goodness; so an indolent (I will not say a

dishonest) mind takes advantage of uncertainty in the definitions of religion, to accept a vague standard of Faith.

But in no case can it for a moment be asserted that the imperfection and uncertainty of such definitions destroys or even mars the Truth itself, any more than the imperfections of the glass through which the ray of light passes, can be said to mar the purity of that ray as it first sets forth on its flight through space.

And now let me add one word more upon the peculiar questions which both publicly and privately are agitating the Church of England at this moment. They are one and all questions of definition. The Reformers of the English Church, with a wisdom which would seem almost superhuman, as far as possible avoided definition.

Our Church Services, moulded upon those of the Primitive Church, use for the most part the precise words of the Bible. But to the two sacred acts enjoined by our Lord upon all His disciples, the definition of a Sacrament has been given; Sacrament, meaning—as we are told in the Catechism—the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace given unto us. *How* the inward grace is connected with the outward sign is, however, left undefined.

The Church of England tells us indeed what is the signification of the element of water in Baptism. She reminds us of the benefits of which the baptized person is a partaker, but of the mode by which these benefits are wrought she says nothing—and neither does Scripture say anything.

So also the Church of England, using our Blessed Lord's own words, assures us that the consecrated elements in the Holy Eucharist, when taken and received by the faithful, are to them the Body and Blood of Christ. But what those marvellous words mean she does not define; and for the same reason as before—because Scripture has not defined.

Yet cases must arise in which definition becomes a necessity—cases in which private individuals have taken upon themselves to define, and the question has to be determined whether such definition is compatible with the teaching of the national—considered as a branch of the Catholic—Church. The appeal must then be made to the writings of the Reformers, and of the Fathers of the Primitive Church, whom the Reformers professed to follow—because, as we have before seen, the Bible certainly leaves the words undefined. But the teaching of the Fathers of the Primitive Church, and of the Reformers who followed them, is to be found scattered through writings of various authority—it is to be gathered from early rituals, from partially known rites, from sermons and arguments having reference to a state of things in many respects different from the present; it is, in fact, as open to discussion and divided opinion as questions of modern English law based upon the laws of the Anglo-Saxon period. Let the inquiry be made with the utmost care, the most perfect freedom from prejudice—still there will be some to call the decision, whatever it may be, in question.

But—this is the point on which I would fix your attention most especially—it is as impossible for men, by these discussions and differences, to do away with the fact that a sacred gift is bestowed on the faithful recipient of the Holy Communion, as it is for the discussions and differences which may arise upon questions of moral right and wrong to do away with the moral truth that murder is a crime, and theft condemned by God.

The Church of England, tracing her descent from the Apostles, and holding the Creeds of the undivided Church, administers the Sacraments with her Lord's own words. We have but to receive in thankfulness the gifts bestowed, and they are unquestionably ours.

When we are told that by receiving the Body and Blood of Christ 'we dwell in Him and He in us'—we may ask, as Nicodemus asked with regard to the other Sacrament, what is the precise meaning of these words; and *man* will undertake to answer us, but *God* will not. And if we give to man's words, however carefully chosen, the authority of God's words, and bow down to them as Divine, we shall indeed be startled and distressed when we find that the definition upon which we have rested our faith has but given rise to other definitions, and those to others and others—till the fabric of our belief is shaken to its very foundation, and in terror and bewilderment we are tempted to give credence to the fatal lie that Truth is a phantom of the imagination and has no evidence apart from our own individual conception of it.

To rest humbly in the possession of facts unexplained and undefined—to accept uncertainty—to be patient with controversy—this is the burden we are called upon to bear in these perilous days. But I would again repeat that it is a burden we have borne unconsciously from the first moment that we were able to discriminate between right and wrong, and in our childish ignorance debated with ourselves, May I do this? Can I do that?—And as God has helped us so far on our way, and by the guidance of His Holy Spirit, and the enlightenment of our reason, has daily made it more clear to us what we are bound to do; so we may be fully assured that a humble mind and a loving faith will carry us through the perplexities of this questioning age, and shew us more and more clearly what we are *bound* to believe. All beyond we may well leave to Him who will never ask of us a certainty which He has not put it in our power to obtain.

I fear that what I have said will not satisfy you; but I am more and more convinced that there is no other answer to your difficulties.

If I can help you further, let me know.

Yours, &c.,

ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

THE SMALL-POX IN THE EAST.

FURTHER SONNETS BY THE REV. S. J. STONE.

V.

THE THINGS SEEN AND THE THINGS NOT SEEN.

In womanhood's first freshness blithe and fair
At last week's Feast together. Now they lie
Together doomed. As he who marked them there
Here looks upon the leprous change, a cry,
'O for one moment of my Master's power!'
Breaks forth within him: 'O to say, "Be clean,"
And see them rise within the self-same hour
As if this hideous woe had never been!'—
Hush, faithless servant, are the things not seen
Hid from thy soul by horror on thine eyes?
Dost suffer any cloud to come between
Thee and the everlasting verities?
Against a deeper woe, for higher weal
Thou *hast* His power: speak in The Name, and heal!

VI.

SPRING AND EASTER.

The room is dark, and at the door is Death;
Sightless, and marred beyond all knowledge, there
His victims waiting lie: their labouring breath
Makes the sole sound, and taints the heavy air.
What comfort?—Ah, my God! who doubt Thy truth,
And mock our Easter hope, should enter here,
And see Thy Word in its immortal youth,
Serene and strong in mastery of fear.
Without, the changëd season smiles and sings,
For winter's tyranny is overpast:
Within, is risen with healing in His wings,
The Sun, whose sky no death-clouds overcast:
There, Spring-tide's promise of regenerate earth;
Here, Easter sunshine of the second birth.

VII.

HOLY COMMUNION.

A LITTLE while, O Death, a little while,
Then mayst thou enter in and make an end—
An end of sorrows—enter with the smile
Thou usest when thou comest as a friend.
A little while: for meet it is and right
That first we feast together—we who stay,
These that be passing—so to part at night,
Foretasting union in the new near day.
The woeful scene, the sickening air, the gloom,
Mar not this Feast! round this poor Altar-board
Good angels gather, and account this room
A Gate of Heaven by Presence of the Lord.—
A little while, O Death; then bid them rise
To know Him face to face in Paradise.

GUTENBERG.

IN the convent, old and vast,
Of the good St. Arbogast,
In a dark and cloistered cell,
Doth a lonely workman dwell.
What his calling, who could say?
Blazoned missals round him lay,
Learned parchments from the schools,
Crucibles and graving tools.

Buried in the cares of art,
Of a strong and soaring heart,
Yet by toil of hand and brain
Forced his frugal meals to gain,
Seldom Gutenberg allows
Downy sleep to press his brows,
For a secret purpose high
Keeps the slumber from his eye.

But while yet he pondered o'er
What would soon give wings to lore,
While he thought and while he planned,
Toiling still with patient hand,

Bent with glowing hues to stain
Some cathedral's window pane,
From his hands the pigments fell,
And he slumbered in his cell.

But though wearied nature now
Brooks no more that sleepless brow,
Though he rests in slumbers deep,
Thrilling visions round him sweep,
How, in some far distant age,
They who scan the printed page,
Him who long in loneliness
Laboured on for them, would bless.

Now behold his visions change,
From the cell they do not range—
That small chamber, dark and damp,
Needs no more a flickering lamp,
For it shines with glorious light,
Than the sun himself more bright,
Yet more soft, for wearied eye,
Than the pale moon's radiancy.

On the sleeper's either hand
Seems an angel's form to stand:
One doth on the workman smile,
One averts his head the while;
Yet they both are clad in white,
Both have wings to aid their flight,
And a scroll doth each one bear
Traced with many a character.

One unfurls his lettered roll,
Reading, from the shadowy scroll,
'Hail, thou poor and weary man,
'Hail, neglected artizan!
'All thy toil and weary pain
'Fruit for future years will gain;
'Knowledge, loosed from bands by thee,
'Soon will spread o'er land and sea.

'In the worn and hardened hand
'Of the lowliest in the land,
'Shall the Book of God appear,
'Chasing every grief and fear;

'And the weaver at the loom,
'And the prisoner, 'mid his gloom,
'And the soldier, armed for strife,
'Now shall share the words of life.

'Learning shall no longer dwell
'Prisoned in a darksome cell,
'For the musings of the sage
'Now are all men's heritage;
'All the grave historian writes,
'All the bard's young muse indites—
'All shall read, and all shall hear:
'Wherefore, Workman, persevere!'

Now had ceased the heavenly seer,
Drew the second Angel near;
With a sad and solemn voice
Held he out an awful choice:
'Knowst thou?' so the volume said
Which he to the workman read,
'Knowst thou, *thine* the office dire
'Half the world to set on fire?

'Through thy means will many a son
'From his father's faith be won;
'Maidens will neglect the poor,
'Honour parents' laws no more,
'And forsake, in later days,
'All their pure and simple ways;
'Holy things will few revere:
'Why then, Workman, persevere?'

Now the mystic scrolls are read,
Now the wondrous twain are fled;
But with calm unwavering voice
Gutenberg hath made his choice.
'Knowledge is the gift of Heaven,
'Dare we slight what God has given?
'Swerving not for toil or fear,
'I must ceaseless persevere.'

From the tale a lesson plain
We in later times may gain.
Blame not, for its foul abuse,
Knowledge in its rightful use:

Who doth blame the sun for weeds
Which his vital impulse breeds?
Nothing that the Lord hath lent
May not to His praise be spent.

What He gave, despise not thou,
Minstrel with the shadowy brow;
But since praise to Him belongs,
Worship Him in all thy songs.
Child of Art! thy works divine
In His holy house enshrine.
Thou who hast no dower but love,
Pour it on its fount above.

JANET.

NOTE.—This is almost a literal metrical version of the story as told by Lamartine in his Life of Gutenberg, the rival of Faust and Coster in the claim to have invented printing.

SKETCHES FROM HUNGARIAN HISTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'COURAGE AND COWARDS;' 'IVON,' &c.

XVII. (*continued.*)

FROM THE ADRIATIC TO THE BALTIC.

A. D. 1352 TO A. D. 1382.

AT length the time had arrived for which Charles-Robert had made so many plans, and in anticipation of which Louis had signed so many treaties. Kasimir of Poland died suddenly, from a fall received out hunting; (1370.) and, in accordance with the treaties so frequently renewed, Louis was invited to ascend the Polish throne. But the answer he returned to the invitation expressed far more misgiving than pleasure at the prospect. He was attached to Hungary, and had no inclination to withdraw any portion of his attention from her, for the sake of a country which he foresaw he should have great difficulty in governing, and in which he seems never to have taken a hearty interest. From his early youth he had had every prospect of eventually becoming King of Poland; and yet, though he spoke the Hungarian, Latin, Italian, and German languages with ease, he had never given himself the trouble to learn their language, but conversed with the Poles either in Latin, or through an interpreter. However, it was now too late to refuse the fruit of so much labour on the part both of his father and of himself; or, at least, it would have required an effort of magnanimity,

such as few kings, especially of Louis' character, would have been capable of. He therefore accepted the throne, and at once sent his mother Elisabeth into Poland, thinking that, as the sister of their late popular king, she would be better able than himself to conciliate and unite the various factions into which the country was divided. He himself followed her a few days later, and was received by the States at Cracow, where, on the very day of his entry, he was plunged into difficulties by the dispositions of Kasimir's will, which was then and there shewn to him. Kasimir had left to his grandson Kasimir, Duke of Stettin, a large territory and several castles; and to his two illegitimate sons, by the beautiful Jewess Esther, for whose sake he had shewn so much favour to the Jews, he had also left considerable estates. Whether or no he had the right to bequeathe these possessions without the consent of the Polish Diet, seemed doubtful; and as Duke Kasimir, who had many adherents among the Poles who wished to see him king, might become a dangerous rival by these large additions to his property, Louis laid the matter before the States, and finding that they were unwilling to do anything in the matter, he took it upon himself, by the advice of two lawyers, to question the validity of the will, and refused to give Duke Kasimir more than a portion of what his grandfather had left him. This caused some discontent, the rather because Louis bestowed a large part of the province in question upon the Hungarian Palatine, as a fief; and the dissatisfaction was yet further increased by the fact, that he allowed himself to be crowned at Cracow, the capital of Little Poland, thus following the examples of Lokietek and Kasimir, instead of at Gnesen, which the inhabitants of Great Poland declared to be the right place. Two days after the coronation, the funeral of the late king took place; and a general wail of sorrow arose, when, at the conclusion of the requiem, the banners belonging to the twelve provinces of Poland were broken over the grave. Kasimir's private life had been bad, but his talents as a ruler had earned for him the love of his people, especially of the poorer classes, who called him the 'Peasant-King,' in gratitude for the efforts he had made to ameliorate their condition.

After the funeral, Louis proceeded to Gnesen, where the proud nobles had erected a throne, and wished to go through the ceremony of installing him, as a sort of confirmation of the coronation at Cracow, and as an assertion of their right to choose a king for themselves. But Louis refused to gratify them; and after staying two days to visit the relics of S. Adalbert, the zealous missionary who had converted Hungary, and baptized King Stephen, he returned to Cracow, where he informed the Diet that important affairs recalled him to Hungary, but that he should leave his mother behind to act as his regent. His whole sojourn in Poland had lasted scarcely a month.

The important affairs to which Louis had alluded, were caused by a serious misunderstanding with the Emperor Karl, whose avarice did not diminish as years went on, and who was now bent upon securing for

himself the duchy of Brandenburg, to which the Dukes of Bavaria laid claim. By a treaty of alliance concluded in 1369, Louis was bound to assist the Dukes against the Emperor, and he had sent a band of mercenaries to create a diversion in Moravia. The war dragged on for many months, with various attempts at an accommodation, till at length the Dukes were obliged to yield their claims, in consideration of a large sum of money, which Louis' exertions obtained for them from the Emperor. More than this he could not do for them, as he was at the same time involved in another war with Venice, between whom and Dalmatia there had been constant bickerings since the peace of 1358. Louis had done his best to give the Republic satisfaction when she complained of injuries from the Dalmatians, and he had endeavoured to maintain peace, although Venice had by no means kept the terms of the treaty, and besides delaying to furnish the galleys, had ill-used all those of her subjects who had taken part against her.

When, however, in addition to these breaches of faith, Venice at length flatly refused the galleys she had so many times promised, pretending that Louis meant to employ them not against the Turks, but against her allies the Prince of Servia and the Byzantine Emperor, the Hungarian King replied to the insult by recalling all Hungarians in the pay of the Republic, by sending troops to Padua to the assistance of Francis of Carrara, and by entering into a league with him and the Dukes of Austria, who were endeavouring to regain possession of Trieste. Not wishing to be involved in another war with Hungary, Venice sent an ambassador to the King, throwing all the blame of the rupture of the peace upon Carrara, whom she accused of having caused the assassination of three Venetian noblemen, and of having obliged her to take up arms in self-defence. However, Louis well knew that so long as Venice remained the undisputed mistress of the Adriatic there would be little chance for the development of Dalmatia's trade, on which the Republic looked with jealous eyes; and he therefore resolved to humble her, and oblige her henceforward to keep better faith. A force of Hungarians and Austrians had meantime entered Italy, joined Francis of Carrara, and gained some advantage over the mercenaries whom Venice had taken into her pay; but their success was not of long continuance, and a few weeks later fortune had entirely deserted them. The Venetians had fortified the whole district of Treviso with strong entrenchments, which the allies had not the proper means of attacking, though they burnt with eagerness to put a glorious end to the war by one vigorous blow, and were resolved to make the attempt. The Hungarians dismounted from their horses, and forced their way into the entrenchments; but no sooner were they entangled in the labyrinth of trenches, than the garrison sallied out upon them, while they were, at the same time, attacked in the rear by a body of Turkish troops, whom Venice had taken into her pay. Thus surrounded on all sides, and unaccustomed to fight on foot, they fell into disorder, were seized by a

sudden panic, and fled, leaving their commander and several hundred men, as well as six hundred horses, in the hands of the Venetians. Nor were these the worst consequences of the defeat; for the Hungarians retreated to Padua, and there protested they would fight no more till their commander and their countrymen were released: a conspiracy also was set on foot by the Paduans themselves, and though it was discovered and suppressed, Francis of Carrara's power was for the time broken. Louis, being still involved in the misunderstanding with the Emperor, could not immediately send a fresh army to Italy, and Carrara therefore found himself obliged to make peace on whatever terms the Republic might choose to impose. They were of the hardest, and Carrara's hatred against Venice henceforth knew no bounds. As for Louis, he made no peace, but the war practically was at an end. The affairs of Poland continued to be very unsatisfactory and harassing to the Hungarian King, for the Queen-mother Elisabeth, in spite of her Polish birth, was very unpopular. She had been too long absent from her native land, and had left it too early in life, to understand its manners and customs; and though her brilliant court and gay banquets gathered round her an admiring crowd of flatterers, they were only the more displeasing to the grave old counsellors of Kasimir. She possessed, moreover, no share of her brother's administrative talent, and did not know either how to control the self-willed turbulent nobles, or to allay the dissatisfaction caused by her son's speedy return to Hungary, and his coronation at Cracow. That the Poles were hurt by Louis' evident want of sympathy with their country, is not to be wondered at; nor is it wonderful that Elisabeth found great difficulty in carrying on the government, for Louis' succession to the throne had been purchased by such immense concessions to the nobility, as greatly crippled his power, and almost deprived him of resources. The Polish noble 'hated every tax like the plague,' and had striven to throw every burthen of this sort from his shoulders; moreover, every member of the Diet possessed an unlimited right of vetoing any measure of which he did not approve, and this right he sometimes exercised out of pure vanity, and a desire to shew his power. The registers of the period relate an anecdote concerning this unlimited veto. At one Diet, the States could not come to any decision, because, at the end of every sitting an old noble would get up and veto all that had been proposed. The other members were convinced that he did this, not from any conviction, but merely from a wish to exercise his constitutional right; and they therefore agreed to assemble one morning at an unusually early hour, and shut the doors against the obstinate old noble. This they did; and the old man, when he came, hammered vainly at the door for admission. At last he bethought him that he might crawl into the stove, and thus introduce at least his head into the great hall, where the States were assembled, and were getting on swimmingly in his absence. They had just pronounced their decision, when his unwelcome head appeared at the door of the stove; but, before he could utter the fatal

'nyepozvolim,' which would have undone all their labours, he was perceived, and one of the members, rushing upon him with drawn sword, cut off his head.

But Louis, in his dealings with the Poles, laboured under yet another disadvantage; for, as he had no son, and his daughters were excluded from the succession, his reign was regarded merely as a transition period. This disquieting state of affairs induced the King at last to separate Galicia and Lodomeria from the rest of Poland, and place them under the government of the Palatine of Hungary; and, as the best means of establishing his authority, he invited the States to meet him at Kassa, (Kaschau,) and consider the propriety of extending to his daughters the right of succession to the Polish throne. They agreed to his proposal, and even promised to accept whichever of his daughters he, his mother, and his wife, might choose to give them; but on their return home, they announced with thoughtless glee, that they had obtained, in return, a remission of all the taxes paid to the state-treasury.

Shortly after this arrangement came fresh messages from the Pope, urging Louis to make some effort to prop up the falling Byzantine Empire, whose territories were now reduced to Constantinople and its immediate neighbourhood. John Palæologus had joined the Roman Church, and it was hoped his people would follow his example; but this was an expectation destined to meet with disappointment, for they clung to their own branch of the Church, and hated the Pope more vehemently than the Sultan. Still Gregory XI. urged Louis to undertake a Crusade against the Turks; and Louis, seeing how dangerous they might prove to his own kingdom, would gladly have complied, had his hands been free; but he was clearly of opinion that it would be better not to exasperate them by an attack, until it was possible to crush them entirely, and of this there was at present no prospect; for, in spite of his exhortations, Gregory would not forego any of his tithes to aid in furnishing the expedition: there seemed to be no enthusiasm left in Europe; Genoa would join the league, but would, at the same time, supply the Turks with arms and other war material; and as for Poland, not only could it render no assistance, but it was at this time in so disturbed a state, as to require all Louis' attention. An uncle of Louis' wife's, who had some years previously renounced his estates and become a monk at Dijon, finding the monastic life wearisome, had gladly accepted an invitation to place himself at the head of an insurrectionary party in Poland, where he soon made himself master of a few places; but finding it unlikely that he should be able to maintain himself in his position, and being moreover deserted by many of his followers, in consequence of Louis' threatening manifestos, he surrendered, and received from Louis' generosity an abbey in Hungary. Still Poland continued disturbed; and Elisabeth, weary of all the difficulties she had had to contend with, returned to Hungary in disgust; and there, soon after, received a deputation from the fickle-minded Poles, inviting her to go back to them, which she did,

though much against the better judgement of her son, who however entertained too great a respect for his mother to think of opposing her wishes. But, before the festivities in honour of her return were over, a squabble had arisen between the servants of some Hungarian and Polish nobles, which had originated in the plundering, by the former, of some hay-waggons. The strife became more violent, as more and more persons took part with one side or the other, till the military were called out to disperse the rioters. Unfortunately, the captain of the town-guard was accidentally killed by a Hungarian, and this circumstance so enraged the Poles, that they massacred every Hungarian, without distinction, upon whom they could lay hands in Cracow. After this Elisabeth made the best of her way back to Buda, never more to return to Poland. Finding it impossible, on account of its internal dissensions, to unite the country under the government of one regent, Louis henceforward appointed three stattholders, for Great Poland, Little Poland, and Kujawien respectively. He himself made an expedition into Poland, in 1377, to chastise the Lithuanians; and on his return, betrothed his eldest daughter Maria to Sigmund, son of the Emperor Karl and of Elisabeth, grand-daughter of Kasimir of Poland. The Empress herself, with a brilliant suite, brought the young bridegroom, who was but ten years old, to Hungary, and there left him to be brought up at the court. This same year (1378) was further memorable for the death of the Emperor, and for the commencement of the great Schism which divided Christendom for forty years.*

And now the time was come for another struggle with Venice, who was ceaselessly endeavouring to separate Dalmatia from Hungary. Francis of Carrara burnt with eagerness to revenge himself for the insulting way in which he had been treated by the Republic, and was ready to join in any league against her; and Genoa was already involved in a squabble with her concerning the Island of Tenedos; in fact, it was never difficult to find allies in a war against Venice, who was hated and envied by all the north of Italy, except the Visconti of Milan, with whom she allied herself. Just when Genoa was trying to induce Louis to enter into an armed league with her against the Republic, Venice, as if on purpose to provoke her powerful foe, forbade the importation of salt into her dominions from Dalmatia, and refused to pay any heed to the King's complaints on the subject. So much the more readily did he accept the proposals of the Genoese; and a rendezvous was appointed at Padua. Still, neither party liked to be the first to begin the war, and each

* Gregory XI. had died at Rome, having, much to the annoyance of the French Cardinals, some of whom remained behind, removed his court from Avignon. To gratify the Romans, an Italian was chosen to succeed him, by the title of Urban VI., whose election was also recognized by the French Cardinals at Avignon, till he shewed himself somewhat severe and tyrannical, when all the French Cardinals, retiring to Anagni, declared his election invalid, as having been made under the intimidation of the Roman populace. They chose in his place the Bishop of Cambray, Clement VII., who set up his court in Avignon.

endeavoured to throw the responsibility on the other. Venice protested that she did not wish to quarrel with Hungary; but in this case, as she doubtless knew, Hungary and her allies were inseparable, and therefore, after various overtures for peace had been made and rejected by both sides, the war began. No great advantages were gained, either by the allies or the Republic, during the first year; but in the following year, Louis, who knew from experience the futility of any struggle with Venice by sea, unless it were supported by troops on shore, sent an army of ten thousand men, under the command of Charles of Durazzo, who defeated the German and English mercenaries in the pay of Venice, and at length, after taking various towns, sat down before Treviso, now almost the only place left to the Republic on the continent.

Meanwhile, the Genoese Admiral, Lucian Doria, had destroyed all the Venetian fleet but seven galleys, and had taken the important island of Chiozza, hoisting the Genoese flag in the market-place, the Paduan on the palace gate, and the Hungarian on the tower. In the greatest trepidation, the Senate sent Doria a blank sheet of paper, as a token that they were ready to accept whatever conditions the allies chose to impose, that were at all compatible with the freedom of the state. Carrara was disposed for peace and moderation, since Venice, though crippled for the moment, was still rich in resources, and would be only roused to greater exertions by despair; but the Genoese Senate had given orders that Venice itself should be taken, its treasures plundered, and its nobles sent in chains to Genoa. Doria therefore replied, 'We will first put a bridle on the wild horses upon the Gate of St. Mark, and then we will determine your fate, according to our generosity.'

As Doria had refused peace, Carrara's advice was to attack the already famished city without delay; but the Admiral wished first to decide a dispute as to the possession of Chiozza, and thus the favourable moment passed. Carrara retired in displeasure to Padua, and Venice gained time to recover from the terror which had paralyzed her. Pisani, the Admiral who had been imprisoned for losing the Venetian fleet, was released from his dungeon, generously forgave the unjust treatment he had experienced, and again took the command of all the forces at the disposal of the Republic. The Senate brought out the Golden Book, and in it inscribed the names of all such citizens as contributed a certain sum to the necessities of the state, thus admitting them to the rank of nobles. Ambition and patriotism soon combined to fill the empty treasury; and resolute courage took the place of hopeless despondency.

Doria's next attack upon the city was repulsed with loss; and soon the Venetians discovered means of vanquishing their most formidable foe—famine, which had for some time been staring them in the face. Charles of Durazzo, the commander of the Hungarian troops, was extremely anxious to finish the war, that he might proceed to Naples, and fight for the throne, which the fickle Giovanna was no longer disposed to bequeathe to him. For this expedition, however, he would require both

friends and money, as the Republic very well knew, and he was not very scrupulous about the means he employed to attain his end. Venice entered into negotiations with him, ostensibly to arrange terms of peace, but secretly to obtain a supply of provisions; and Durazzo allowed her to victual not only the city but also Treviso, and whatever other strong places remained in her power, in consideration of her promises of grateful friendship, and the payment of a heavy tax upon every article of food. Many complaints were made by Carrara, and Louis himself remonstrated; but Durazzo continued to favour the Venetians, and did his best to induce Louis and Carrara to make peace. Unfortunately, the princes endeavoured to impose such hard and humiliating conditions, as the Republic could not, with dignity, have accepted. The Hungarian flag was to be displayed upon St. Mark's Square on all the high festivals; the appointment of the Doge was to be ratified by the King of Hungary; the Republic was at once to pay 50,000 ducats, as the cost of the war, five thousand more as yearly tribute; and until the payment of the former sum, the Doge's hat was to be given up as a pledge: such conditions as these it was not likely Venice would accept, now that she was well provisioned. Thus ended the second year of the struggle; and on the first day of the new year, fortune had changed sides, for the Admiral Zeno returned, with great booty, from an expedition on which he had been sent to destroy Genoa's commercial establishments in the East. He had captured many of their merchantmen, destroyed their manufactories, and driven them out of Constantinople; and Venice again saw herself mistress of fifty-two well-appointed ships. The Genoese soon found themselves obliged to give up the island of Chiozza; and by the end of the year Venice was once more supreme on her own element; though the allies still had the advantage on land. However, all parties were now weary of the war: the allies were more moderate in their demands; and at length, by the good offices of the Count of Savoy, peace was concluded. In addition to the payment of a large sum of money, the Venetian Senate gratified Louis by giving him the body of Paul the Hermit.

Hungary had taken but an insignificant share in the late war; she had contributed but small bodies of troops, and had never appeared as one of the chief parties concerned. The fact was, that her once vigorous energetic King was no longer what he had been; his strength was bowed down by sickness; he could no longer inspire his people with the fire of his own enthusiasm, and glory and greatness had now but little charm for him. Wearied out by the labours of a long reign, and disappointed in many of his hopes, he longed for repose, and found his greatest pleasure in solitude, where he devoted himself to works of piety; though, as the conscientious ruler of so large a kingdom, it was but seldom he could enjoy the rest he longed for.

The affairs of Italy had again claimed his attention. Charles of Durazzo, who had left his home in Hungary, with the expectation of

being recognized as the successor of his aunt Giovanna, finding himself deceived in his hopes, had joined the malcontents of Naples, one of whose chief leaders was the Archbishop of Bari, afterwards Urban VI., who, having as her vassal always been hostile to the Queen, did not cease to be so on becoming her feudal lord. As soon as the rival Pope was elected, Giovanna declared for him, and Urban, in great indignation, offered the kingdom of Naples to Louis of Hungary or Charles of Durazzo. Louis had long given up the schemes of his youth, and declined the offer for himself, but was quite ready to assist Durazzo against Giovanna, whom he could never forgive for his brother's death. To this end, he gave Durazzo the command of the forces sent against Venice, that he might have some opportunity of distinguishing himself there before proceeding to Naples. As a matter of precaution, however, he required Durazzo to promise, on his oath, that he would never, hereafter, make any claim to the thrones of Hungary or Poland, nor enter into any league against Louis' daughters. In the June of 1381, Durazzo was crowned at Rome by Urban himself, and soon after he entered Naples in triumph. Giovanna fled to Castel-Nuovo, but was at first kindly treated by her nephew, till a fleet of Provençal vessels ran into the harbour, when he thought it more prudent to imprison her. Soon after, on hearing that Louis of Anjou,* whom she had chosen as her heir, was on his way to Italy, Durazzo gave orders that she should be strangled, and her body exposed in a church of Naples, that the populace might be convinced of her death. Being, however, still in some dread of his rival, Louis of Anjou, he sent to beg fresh assistance from Hungary. His messengers found the King ill at Visegrád; but the Queen, in Louis' name, ordered the towns and islands of Dalmatia to fit out some ships for an expedition. Louis himself renewed the order a month later, and in July he counselled the town of Ancona to remain true to Durazzo, as a Hungarian army would speedily come to her relief; but before the army set out, Ancona was obliged to surrender; and soon after, the great King died. His widow could do but little to assist Durazzo in his struggle; and it was not until the death of his rival, in 1384, that he was really King of Naples.

The close of Louis' life had been much saddened by the condition of Poland. It had been a great grief to him to see his mother, whom he always so greatly honoured, driven from her native land; and her death, in 1380, had been a great sorrow to him. Poland had not been more tranquil since her departure, and Louis could not contemplate the future without misgivings, for the Avignon Pope, enraged at Louis' recognition of Urban, thought to revenge himself by taking advantage of the troubles in Poland, and therefore released Duke Wladislaw from his monastic vows, and encouraged him in his claims upon the kingdom.

Louis, in order to provide, as far as he could, for the welfare of his great kingdom, summoned the Polish States to meet him at Altsohl,

* Brother of Charles V. of France.

where he presented to them his daughter Maria, as the heiress of the Hungarian throne and their future Queen, and her betrothed husband Sigmund, son of the Emperor Karl, and on his mother's side great-grandson of Kasimir, as their future King. The Poles did not like the arrangement, by which they were, so to say, tacked on to the kingdom of Hungary; nor was it without reason that they feared their country would suffer in freedom and independence; but their respect for the King induced them to make no opposition. They did homage to Sigmund, and by Louis' desire took him back with them to Poland, that he might learn their language, manners, and customs, and fit himself for becoming their ruler. This was Louis' last public act. Soon after holding the Polish Diet, he retired to Tyrnau, where he died, in the fifty-sixth year of his age, and the fortieth of his reign. His fiery spirit, restless activity, many journeys and fatiguing campaigns, had early worn out his strength. He was buried in the royal vault at Stuhlweissenburg, amid the lamentations of the people, who foresaw that their Golden Age was drawing to an end.

Since St. László, whom he had taken for his model, no Hungarian king had been so popular as Louis, or Lajos the Great, as he is called, and no king had better deserved popularity. Historians call him the very ideal of a mediæval king, with his chivalry, piety, love of glory and honour, and entire absence of jealousy and vanity, his devoted affection to his family, his strict integrity, and inviolable faith. His highest aim was to make Hungary great and prosperous; nor is it wonderful that his ardent love and devotion to her, awoke something like a corresponding feeling of affection in the heart of his people. The Papal Legate wrote of him to the Emperor Karl, 'I have never seen a Prince who united in himself so much greatness and power, with so much modesty and humility.' The only blot upon his long reign is the hasty execution of the Prince of Durazzo, which he no doubt lamented in his later years; and the only striking fault in his otherwise grand character, is his intolerance of all religious creeds differing from his own—a fault which in his day was, however, considered as one of his greatest virtues.

Louis possessed a power of discrimination which enabled him to pick out the men best fitted to serve himself and the country, either in the councils of the state, or on the field of battle; and he also knew how to develope and direct all the energies of the nation; but he had a dislike to the often tumultuous meetings of the Diet, and preferred governing by the help of a council composed of Prelates and Magnates. The lower nobles, who had formerly insisted, with such vehemence, upon their right to make themselves heard in the Diet, now quietly acquiesced in their exclusion from affairs of state, because the King respected their other rights, protected them against the Magnates, and afforded them every opportunity of rising to distinction. Their number was considerably increased by the addition to their ranks of the King's servants,

the Udvorniker, whose various offices of huntsmen, falconers, bakers, millers, &c., had been for generations hereditary in their families; and it is therefore to this time, especially, that we must look for the origin of certain villages which are peopled entirely by nobles, and for the rise of a class of nobility many of whom possess but a hide of land. Not satisfied with having confidential agents in various parts of the country to keep him acquainted with all that went on, Louis would often himself go through the towns and villages, disguised and unattended; talk to people of all ranks, and enter the hut of the poor peasant, hear the complaints, the wants, and the opinions, of the people; and thus obtain an insight into matters of which he must otherwise have remained ignorant. The condition of the peasantry, though Louis had their welfare greatly at heart, became worse in his reign; and yet it was better here in Hungary than in the rest of Europe, where they were bound to the soil, and almost entirely at the mercy of their feudal lord. However, the peasant, besides the service and the tribute he paid to his lord, besides the tithes he paid to the Church, had been obliged, since 1342, to pay a tax to the State; and now, in addition to all this, his lord would frequently call upon him for military service, and the King claimed a ninth part of the produce of all his labours. As may be imagined, when all these deductions had been made, the peasant had but just enough left from all his toils to provide himself with the bare necessaries of life, and could not even afford to improve his cultivation of the land.

The institutions and maxims of feudalism had spread, and we now find, for the first time, on Hungarian soil, a principle which had long prevailed in Western Europe, and which made the value and credibility of a witness in matters of law dependent upon his rank. In Transylvania, the word of a Wallachian Knes appointed by the King, was of equal value with the word of a nobleman; while that of one not appointed by the King was worth only a quarter, and that of a common Wallach only an eighth, or the same as that of a peasant. Elsewhere, it is said that it required the witness of ten noblemen to equal that of one abbot.

The Order of the Templars, which had been so cruelly persecuted in other lands, was also suppressed, though without persecution, in Hungary. Their lands and houses were distributed among other religious Orders, and their chief priory of Vrána in Dalmatia was given to the Knights of St. John, the first Prior being that Walter de Montreal, or Fra Moriale, as he is often called, so renowned for his free-booting expeditions in Italy, and for his execution by the order of Cola di Rienzi.

Louis made some alterations in the coinage introduced by his father, replacing the figure of St. John the Baptist, first by that of the royal St. László, and then by his own; and further, to please the national spirit, he added, at the side of the five lilies of Anjou, the four transversal bars of Hungary, representing the Danube, the Tisza, the Save, and the Drave.

(To be continued.)

THE PILLARS OF THE HOUSE;

OR,

UNDER WODE, UNDER RODE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BY THE RIVER.

'And Lancelot look'd, and was perplext in mind;
And being weak in body, said no more.'

Tennyson.

It was a lovely afternoon, and the sun shone outside the green tracery of a hornbeam alley in the Deanery garden, leading from the cloister to the river. Here lay Lancelot, on the long cushion of a sofa, while Wilmet sat stitching at the last of the set of collars that would always bring so many recollections. For this was a Saturday afternoon, and on the Monday Lance was to go to Ewmouth to join Felix, who was to have his holiday extended another month on that account. Alda, who had had a quarter's allowance from her uncle, had made this possible; and Wilmet was doubly gratified by its having been her twin's gift and thought.

Wilmet would of course go home, and she found herself almost regretting the close of a time that had of late been very pleasant. She had not felt, as Geraldine would have done, the romance of living in the old monastic buildings, in the calm shadow of the grand old minster; yet something of the soothing of the great solemn quiet rested upon the spirit that had—since six years old—never known freedom from responsibility, and—since fifteen—had borne the burthen of household economies and of school teaching. It was a strange novelty to have meals provided without care of her own, no shortcomings of servants to make up, no claimant for her attention save a solitary patient, and that one with Lance's temper. Wilmet had undergone a good deal from Alda's clashes with the rest, even Felix's was only a temper well in hand, and alternate fretfulness and penitence were regarded by her as part and parcel of Geraldine's ailments; so that it was almost a surprise that her present convalescent never visited his discomforts upon her, but was always patient and good humoured, smiling whenever he could, like his father before him, as if, according to the pretty Spanish saying, the sun had shone on his cradle at his birth. His unselfish nature had made him a little uneasy when with cooler senses he remembered Clement's hint, while love and instinct alike made him feel utterly unable to dispense with his motherly sister; but when she had assured him that nothing could make her leave him as yet, and when Sister Constance was known to be at Bexley, he threw it from his mind, and was perfectly happy and contented.

He could still exert no attention, could neither read nor be read to,

nor occupy himself in any way; but he was amused by talk around him, and companionship was never lacking. Wilmet, whose forte had never been conversation, found herself in a stream of small talk with inquiring friends of all degrees in the hierarchy; but was most at her ease when the female Harewoods were prattling good-humoured inconsequent chatter, Willie lying on the grass murmuring with Lance, or John lured into stories of Indian surveying adventures in the cause of the Ordnance Map. And when she was carried off to have her meals with the family, she had put herself so entirely at the mercy of circumstances, that she never seemed scandalized by their crazy unpunctuality, their wonderful free and easy ways, and customs of putting things to every use but the right, did not censure Grace or Lucy for dawdling and gossipping whole mornings away, and took it naturally when their mother inquired after her eldest brother by the alternate names of Festus and Frank, and when she mentioned Lance's disaster as his *coup d' état.* And here was the last of these pleasant afternoons, full of still sweet sounds, midsummer hum above, the soft ripple of the water close by, the cawing of the rooks in the Close—all such peace, that her heart quailed as she looked forward to the din of the High Street at Bexley, and she strangled a sigh half way up her throat.

The click of the cloister door was heard, and Lance awoke from a doze, saying, 'Is that Bill?—You've not been here since morning, you vagabone.'

'See what I've got for you,' said Bill. 'What do you say for that, now?'

For Lance, with sparkling eyes, was rising to his feet. 'Hurrah! Robin herself! O Robin a Bobbin, isn't this jolly?' and Robina was entangled in that wonderful embrace peculiar to their own two selves, too ecstatic for a word between them, though as she received her sister's kiss, she spoke rather pleadingly—'Cherry and Sister Constance said I might, Wilmet; and Mrs. Harewood was so very kind as to send Willie to fetch me to spend Sunday. Do you mind, Wilmet?'

'Mind! Of course she doesn't,' said Lance. 'I was hungry to see you, Bob.'

'It was very kind in Mrs. Harewood,' said Wilmet. 'I must go and thank her. Only first, how is Cherry?'

'Much better. She has been out for a drive with Mr. Froggatt. It will be all right now you are coming home, Mettie! Oh! and Dr. Lee is delighted to hear of Lance's going to Ewmouth to make Felix stay longer there. Oh! if ever anything was so delightful as this place! only I must see your prize, Lancey.'

As the two children linked their arms round one another's waists to walk along the alley, all-sufficient to one another, maybe there shot a little pang across Wilmet's breast. No one had raptures for her. She was Felix's housekeeper, and represented mother to all; but since Alda had been taken from her, she had ceased to be anyone's perfect equal.

and delight. She might be valued, but only like air, or bread, or any other necessary of life, but she was foremost with no one. Lance had been everything to her, and she to Lance, for full four weeks; but she should never awaken the look on his face she had seen for Robin. Such thoughts as these had never troubled her before; it had been quite enough to know herself indispensable to all, and there was no time for sentiment; but this strange time of nursing had inspired a new sensation of yearning, a softness and melancholy, that she strove against vainly as weak and unnatural.

The change had not been unperceived by Lance; for as his little sister, looking at his sunken cheeks, and feeling his thin bony hand, poured out her pity, he answered, 'I've had rather a jolly time of it of late; Mettie is so delicious, you can't think how her very voice and eyes seemed to do me good. I'm sure that the bella-donna lily, cold hard painted thing, was a mistake; she must have been something much sweeter. What do you think of a honeysuckle? That's bright red and white, and its leaves come out when nothing else does.'

'But it trails about, and doesn't stand alone.'

'It has got a good stout hard stem, that can make a bush of its own when it hasn't anything to twine upon. I say, Robin, that's just what you women-folk should be, always ready to twine, and yet able to stick up for yourselves when you've got nothing to hang upon.'

'Well, if Wilmet was the honeysuckle, I'm sure Alda wasn't. O Lance, it has been so horrid coming home without anyone I wanted, and all so queer and uncomfortable. I would as soon have been at school, or sooner, for there I had home to think about.'

'The last holidays weren't first-rate,' said Lance.

'No; but then I'd got you!'

'I wish Dr. Manby would prescribe you to come with me,' said Lance.

'It's something to have this little sight! And here, I wanted to give this back, Lance.'

'Ah!' as he took the key of the violin case, 'we'll take a look at her, Robin, to see if she's quite well; but I couldn't make her speak, it would be like sticking daggers through my head.'

'Poor little key! I looked at it so often when you were so bad, and grieved to think you had missed all that pleasure. Only it was a comfort to know you had been so good about it.'

'I am glad you took it, Robin; I know I should have grown idle if I had had it. Depend on it, 'twas that gave me this year of grace, and the Bishop's prize.'

'Oh! come and shew me that! I hope it is not packed up.'

'No; I wanted to take it to shew Felix, but Mettie says it is too big, and would come to grief. What prizes have you, Robin?'

'Three. General good marks, catechism, and history—beautiful books.'

'Then the avenging harpies have forgiven you?'

'Pretty well; and they were very kind when you were ill, and the girls are much nicer; I am glad we stayed on, except for Angel's sake. Do you know, Lance, I really am afraid she is going in for naughtiness.'

'Give a dog an ill name—' quoted Lance. 'Is that it?'

'I do believe it is that! She is such a Tom-boy! Fancy! One afternoon, there was an awful uproar, and her class were all found playing at races, some riding astride with handkerchiefs round the forms, which they had named after the real horses; and the others pretending to bet on them, with their books in their hands, shouting out at the tops of their voices.'

'Go it, Angel,' said Lance, laughing; 'that's the way Clem's sisters improve the tone of the school.'

Robina still looked distressed, but that was soon forgotten in visiting Lance's quarters, and admiring his books, peeping respectfully at his silent violin, and being lionized as far as his strength would permit. They were hand in hand the whole evening, till he was sent to bed, and his sisters were claimed by the Harewoods.

The Cathedral was resuming its usual voices on the Sunday morning; and when the early bell brought Wilmet from her room, she found Lance up and dressed, his little black gown on, and his trencher cap in his hand.

'That's nice!' he said in admiration, as she advanced in her fresh white piqué and blue ribbons. 'O Mettie, I'm so glad this isn't my last time here!' and he added, as she bent over him and kissed him, not quite able to speak, 'Please, Mettie, I beg your pardon for all the times I have been tiresome or cross.'

'My dear little boy—' She broke down, and finished with another kiss, for Robina was at hand, shy in her thankfulness, and clinging to Lance's hand; but as Will Harewood followed, grave and subdued, Lance went up to him, and put his arm into his. Mr. Harewood, the Captain, and Lucy, were all likewise there; but the greetings were silent, and then Mr. Harewood led them all through the library, and was followed by the two boys to the sacristy; for though the celebration was not choral, all those of the choir who were present were always robed. Wilmet hardly liked not to keep her boy beside her, but she could not be sorry when she saw the two friends once more heading the little procession together; and with such happy grave faces, though so different: one broad, ruddy, sandy; the other fair, wasted, delicate, the hollow cheeks scarcely more coloured than the white linen, and yet with a pure fresh air of bright hope and recovery.

The Cathedral was nobly and calmly beautiful in the summer morning; the sunbeams high up in the slender brilliant windows that crowned the east, and the voice sounding low and solemn in the distance at the Altar. To Wilmet and Robina it was a great deal more than the joyous festival they had last shared in there, even though then they had exulted in their brother's jubilant notes; and now he scarcely breathed a faint response,

left his book unopened, and knelt in the dreamy passiveness of one incapable of actions of the mind, but too simply happy and thankful to doubt of his welcome. In his place, Clement would have distressed himself and his advisers over this inability to perform his usual mental exercises of devotion; but Lance never seemed to question but that he ought to lay himself before the Altar in thankfulness as soon as he was able, as certain of being welcomed there, as by the kind hands that shook his in the sacristy.

He came to breakfast afterwards at the Harewoods', to put an end to his invalid ways; but the clatter soon was too much for him; and he spent the chief part of the day lying on his bed, able now to follow dreamily the echoes from the minster, the full glories of which his sisters were enjoying. There was afterwards a rush of his choir mates to shake hands with him; and little Dick Graeme, a delicate, sallow, black-eyed boy, in whom Wilmet believed she recognized the hero of the swan's eggs, could not be got rid of the whole day. He lived at a farm three miles off, and had been sent in to take his part on the Sunday; indeed, he had often been at the door to inquire, but had only been allowed momentary glimpses of Lance, whom he followed about like a little dog, till at last late in the evening, the proposal was started of walking him down to the river, along which lay the path leading to his home.

It was a charming summer evening when they set forth; the three Underwoods, the two Harewood brothers, and little Graeme, slowly moving along, Robina in ecstasies with the loose-strife and forget-me-nots, and the boys absorbed in fish and water-rats, till Bill, holding Robin a little back, pointed to a pollard, and told her in a low hoarse voice, 'That was where I left those verses.'

'There!' Robina tried to measure with her eye the distance, which looked immense for such a run. She could not speak; but little Dick turned—

'Ay, 'twas a jolly run in the time. Spyers and I tried it, and both got blown; but nobody runs like Underwood.'

'Well, it does look a goodish distance,' said Lance. 'And Robin, do you know, it all came of this fellow being too good a poet. He thought it was the Tyber, you know.'

'The subject was the Tyber, wasn't it?'

'Ay; and Bill here got to spouting about Horace Cockles till he didn't know, nor I either, whether we were heathen Romans or not. It was a mercy he didn't go home in Cocles' costume.'

Bill did not laugh. He seemed to forget everything, by-standers and all, and threw his arm round his friend's neck. 'O Lancey, don't say a word more. If you only could guess what—what this month has been like to me! And now to see you standing here, like your dear old self again! Oh! if I could only—' and he broke off and rushed away behind the tree, where they heard him sobbing.

Lance shrugged his shoulders. 'Poor old Bill! he *will* treat himself as if he did it on purpose, but he'll be better now he's had it out. But d'ye see, I can't go no further now.—So you, Dick, be off. Spare the feelings of your dutiful parents, and get home in Christianable time.'

'I say, please Underwood, may I have the bed by yours next half?'

'That's not as it pleases Underwood, but Mrs. Drake; but look here, Graeme, there's a little brat of a new treble coming into our dormitory. You stand his friend, and speak to Harewood if Bolt takes to bullying him.'

'But you'll be back?' said the child, his face all consternation.

'I hope so; but for fear of accidents, you know. Good night, Dick, and thank your mater for those stunning raspberries.'

'That's a good dodge,' said Will Harewood, emerging, 'to keep the little ape from bullying the little one himself. But you will be able to come back, Lance; 'tis as dull as ditch-water without you.'

'I shall be glad enough to come back,' said Lance, 'and make the most of this year. I didn't know how I cared for this place. There's nothing like it!' and he leant against a tree, looking back at the Cathedral, where the sunbeams were 'weaving a parting crown' for the tall tower, and the soft grey of the exquisite stone-work of the chapter-house contrasted with the fresh green of the trees, rising up from the sparkling river and emerald meadows. Presently he burst out, 'You beautiful old thing, and did you hush your grand glorious old voice only for me? I should like to be your own, and to serve you for ever!'

The other two felt a little awed at the outburst, and possibly Lance a little ashamed, for he suddenly started from his tree trunk, crying, 'I'm sure we ought to go home. However, there are Jack and Mettie on beyond ever so far.' And he elevated his voice in a coo-ee, after what he believed to be Australian fashion; but his weakness prevailed, and he laughed at his own want of power to shout much above his breath. 'You do it, Bill.'

'Not I, coo-ee indeed? 'Tis coo-coo there, river and moonlight and all.'

At one and the same moment, Lance exclaimed, 'Jack and Mettie! Thunder and ages!' and Robina, 'Forshame, Willie!' while that personage cut a caper, at once expressive of affirmation and amusement at their surprise.

'After all,' sagaciously observed Lance, 'I'm not so much surprised. I think I've made a pretty good Cupid.'

'You believe it, then?' cried Robina.

'Bless you,' affirmed Willie, 'we've been roasting Jack about it for the last fortnight—only the Pater was so awfully afraid of your sister's hearing it, that he said anyone who breathed the ghost of a joke near her should be shipped off to old Aunt Grace that instant.'

'Well, they have my consent and blessing,' said Lance.

'Amen,' responded his friend.

'Ho!' continued Lance, 'that's the meaning of old W. W. being so jolly. I wondered whether it was only that I thought so because I had nothing to do but to look at her.'

'Oh, you know she is a real true beauty and no mistake,' said Bill, beginning to feel a personal pride in her; 'there's Miles raving about her, and everyone runs about saying, "Have you seen little Underwood's handsome sister?" Half the folks that came to ask after you did it to get a look at her; and if she stayed a week longer, she might have a dozen offers, only luckily Jack cut in first.'

'Well, I'm glad she is even with Alda,' was Lance's next sentiment.

'That's the one that is booked for the Red Indian you converted, ain't it?' asked Bill. 'Fact, Robina; we heard a new fellow was coming who had converted a Cherokee, and that the Bishop had christened him in his war paint and feathers. Mrs. Shapcote sent out invitations to a missionary tea in honour of him.'

'What, of the Cherokee?'

'No, no, of the little brute of a missionary chap, and we made up our minds to tar and feather him before he converted us; but long before we had found out which of the new trebles was the model Christian, old Shapcote had caught us two pitching into one another, because I said Bexley was a snobbish place full of pots and pans.'

'And that founded your friendship?'

'No, not quite, for we had a worse fight because I shut his Bible up in his face when he tried to look over the Lessons in the Cathedral.'

'Why, you all do,' said Robina.

'Yes, now; but before Nixon came, we were a horrid set of little ruffians. Do you remember, Lance, how Roper offered you a bull's eye in the Cathedral, and thrashed you afterwards because you wouldn't have it?'

'O Lance! but that was persecution!' cried Robina. 'Who would have thought you went through things like that?'

'Ay,' said Bill, 'you believed in the little cherub chorister boys, that sing and look out of their great violet eyes, till they die of declines.'

'Ah!' said Lance, who was leaning on his arm rather wearily, 'Jack will do for himself if he tells Wilmet her eyes are violet; it is like a red rag to a bull.'

'Yes,' said Robina, 'she says nobody ever had eyes the colour of violets, and they would be hideous if they were.'

'I have seen them,' said Willie gravely.

'Oh! where?' cried Robina. 'Darker blue than Edgar's?'

'It's generally only one at a time.'

'After a cricket-match, eh?' suggested Lance.

'But, depend upon it,' said Bill, while Robina was recovering her laughing disgust, 'he may tell her her eyes are any colour he pleases by this time.'

'How do you know that?' sharply protested Robin; 'as if she would care for him more than for all of us, who can't spare her either!'

'I thought you were thick and plenty up the country?'

'Not of that sort,' said Lance.

'I don't believe it,' insisted Robina; 'why, she had never seen him a few weeks ago; she can't have had time to get to like him.'

'That's your simplicity,' said Bill. 'Now ain't that oracular—I mean ocular—demonstration? there they are, the very moral of people making fools of themselves in books.'

'I wish they'd have done with it, then,' sighed Lance; 'my legs won't hold out much longer.'

'Yes, you must go in,' said Robin, bringing her sturdy shoulders for his other arm to rest on.

'But those two?' said Lance. 'Someone must stay, to make it respectable. Don't laugh, you vagabond, you shake up the marrow of my bones; I'm her brother, and bound to see to her.'

'I'll stay out with Willie if that will make it right,' said Robina; 'only you must go to bed, and you have to be up so early too.'

So they saw him to the Bailey door, beyond which he declined further assistance, saying he could tumble into bed alone, and leaving them to their pleasant task of making propriety.

It was made after this sort. Bill delivered himself of a deep sigh, and observed, 'Well! if she's done for, I suppose I must take up with you; and after all, you're the jolliest.'

'I shall never be *jolie*, like Wilmet, if that's what you mean,' said Robina, not quite understanding whether it were jest or earnest.

'Well, if you ain't a regular stunner like her, it doesn't much matter. I never *did* see a face that I liked better than your round one, and I know I shall like it more and more. Won't you have me, Robina, one of these days?'

'O Willie! oughtn't one to wait till we are old enough to think about it?'

'I don't see why. I shall always be thinking I'm working for you, and I don't see why you shouldn't think the same of me. Won't you?' again he repeated. 'At least, of course I shall do all the work for you.'

'Oh no! I should not like that. I had rather be doing something for you, Willie. Look here, I am learning all I can now, and when I go out—'

'Go out?'

'For a governess.'

'Murther! I'll hinder that!'

'But, Willie, you can't make a fortune in five years, and I shall go out at eighteen. I think I shall begin the fortune soonest;' and she laughed merrily.

'Mother didn't make a fortune.'

'I didn't mean that exactly; but I'm learning all the superior branches, and if I got a hundred a year! Think of that, Will! If I went on with that till you are a clergyman and have a living, how nice it would be! There would be plenty to give away; and if we were poor, I would take girls to teach.'

'Do you think I shall ever let you do all the work that way?' said Will, strong in boyhood's infinite possibilities. 'I don't know how it's to be, but I'll keep you out of slaving, though you're a dear girl to think of it. Any way, Robin, you and I will hold together—always.'

'I am sure I shall never like anybody half so much,' said Robin.

'Shall we break a sixpence and keep the halves? That's the thing, ain't it? I believe I've got one—or fourpence, which is all the same.'

'No, no,' said Robina, backing; 'I don't think Mettie would like it. It doesn't seem right.'

'But aren't you in earnest, Robin?'

'Oh yes, indeed, indeed I am;' from the depths of a very earnest childish heart that little knew to what it pledged itself.

'And so am I! I'll never care for anyone else, Robina—never.'

'Nor I, William. Here they come!'

The other two had not got near so far, though Captain Harewood was talking, and Wilmet listening, as would never have been the case without the influence Willie asserted; but the special charm that enchained Wilmet was entirely unapprehended by her, till just as the first star brightened, and the hues faded from the landscape, she bethought her of her patient, and perceived that he had gone in. 'How late it must be! I must go and see after him. I hope he is equal to the journey.'

'I will come and bring you an account of him on my way home, if I may.'

'Oh, thank you; but it is taxing your goodness too—too much.'

'Cannot you believe how glad I am to have a good excuse?' and the tone gave Wilmet a sudden thrill, so that she answered not; and he continued, 'I am going to beg leave to be sometimes at Bexley.'

'When Felix is at home,' faltered Wilmet.

'I can hardly afford to wait. My time at home is so short. I shall, *I* hope, make friends with him to-morrow, and perhaps you will neither of you forbid me to come again. I am asking nothing now, only opportunity to try to make you—'

'Oh, don't!' hurriedly broke in Wilmet, standing still in consternation.

'Nay,' he said in a pleading voice, 'I know it would be presumption to think so short an acquaintance could suffice, but you see I have so little time, and all I want is leave to use it in coming to see you.'

'Oh, don't!' she repeated. 'Indeed you had better not. It would be only pain. I couldn't! and I can't have Felix worried;' and there was a startled sob in her voice; but he answered with the strength and sweetness that had upheld her in Lance's most suffering moments.

'I would not distress you or Felix for more than words can utter! I

would not have breathed a hint of this most earnest wish of my heart till you had had some preparation, if it were not so impossible otherwise to have any chance of being with you, and striving—'

'Please,' entreated Wilmet, 'that is just what should be avoided! It can never come to anything, and the sooner it is stopped the better.'

'Why should it never come to anything?' he asked, encouraged by detecting tears in her voice.

'Because you know—no, you don't know, or you never could think of such a thing—how wrong and impossible it would be for me!'

'No, I don't know. That is what I want to have the opportunity of knowing.'

'I can tell you before,' she answered faintly. 'Oh, if you would but take my word for it, it would save so much—'

'No, that I cannot do,' he repeated. 'I must see for myself your preciousness at home.'

She broke in again. 'Please, please, I'm saying what I ought not; but it is to hinder distress. Don't want to let us get to like each other any better, for as yet it can't be more than what could be got over, and it is only making pain to let it grow.'

'That I deny. So far as I am concerned, the thing is done. If you wanted to save me that pain, you should have turned me out the moment I saw you call the boy back to life. A month like this is not so easily got over.'

Wilmet drooped her head, and made no answer.

'So, since you see,' he continued, 'you will spare me nothing by holding me aloof, will you not let me come and gladden myself while I may in your presence? And then when my time is up, it may be more possible to judge—' (There was a faint 'Oh no,' but he heeded it not.) '—whether you can bear with such an ugly fellow enough to let him look to the time when home claims may be less pressing. I look for no answer. I only want to be able to ask for one three months hence, and I shall beg your brother to put it into my power so to do.'

'Ah! but to have Felix disturbed and worried is just what must not be. It has made him ill already; and if he thought—'

'I promise not to harass him,' said Captain Harewood gently. 'You may trust me to take care that what I shall say will not cause him any very trying perplexity.'

'If you knew—' sighed Wilmet.

'I hope to know,' he replied. 'I do know enough already to be aware that you stand in no common relation to the rest; and if you have my heart, Wilmet, it must follow that somehow I share in your self-devotion. Do not fear my trying to make you less yourself. I want not to take you away from your burthens, but to share them.'

'Yes, you—that is your goodness; but would it be right in us?' she faltered.

'Leave your brother and me to judge of that,' he said.

They were already at the Bailey door, in the shadow of the buildings, the flood of moonlight lying on the tower above, and one little mysterious lamp under the deep brow of the archway of the passage. No more passed but one 'good night' from each; he had not even seen her face, under her shady hat; while she hastened to her little room, glad to ascertain that Lance was fast asleep, and with a rush of new sensations bursting on her, against which she was strengthening all the dykes of her resolute nature. 'He—he—that it should be he! how good! how generous! how kind! Oh, it would be so happy! It *will* make me happy that he only just thought of it; but it won't do, it is no use. I'm not in love with him; I won't be, I'm not, I'm not!'

And as ardently as Wilmet had ever prayed for Lance's life and reason by that little bed, did she beseech not to be tempted to desert her duties; and all night she lay between sleep and waking, ever repeating to herself, 'I'm not in love, I'm not, I'm not!'

(To be continued.)

DOMINIE FREYLINGHAUSEN.

BY FLORENCE WILFORD.

CHAPTER VI.

'MAMSELLE,' said the coaxing voice of the little slave-girl Maria, whispering to Franzje, who was seated at work in the parlour by her mother's side, 'you come to de door one minute, somebody want to see you.'

'Who is it?' said Franzje aloud, disdainful of mystery; but Maaike only retreated hastily into the hall, and her young mistress was obliged to follow and find out for herself.

At the door was no more wonderful a personage than Cornelius Banker; but he too had a mysterious air that afternoon; and when Franzje asked, smiling, 'What is it, Cornelius? won't you come in?' he merely beckoned her out into the porch, and not till she had come there to him would deliver his message.

'Cornelia wants to know if you can meet her at the Gronows' after tea? Madame Gronow told her to ask you. Evert can come too if he likes, but we don't want Jan.'

'Why do you want any of us?' questioned the girl; 'is it a meeting of the Company?'

'No; but there's something you'll like to hear about; mind you come, Mr. Vyvian wants you.'

Franzje drew herself up rather stiffly. 'I am busy; Mother and I have work in hand to-day, Cornelius, thank you,' she said.

'Nonsense; Keetje and Engelt will cry their eyes out if you don't come. It's no harm, I tell you—only something new that M. Gronow is helping to get up. I would not have broiled down here in the sun if I had thought you would have said no after all.'

'It was very good of you; I will see if Evert would like to go,' she said, relenting; and with this half acceptance Cornelius was obliged to be content.

Evert *did* wish to go, and over-ruled Franzje's scruples, which increased considerably on finding that her mother did not quite like the idea.

'Anna is but a foolish idle maiden,' said the good housewife to her daughter; 'and the Gronows are more apt to take up with new-comers than your father and I can think wise. See how intimate they became with the Waldrons all at once; and now they are making as much of this English colonel as if they had never seen his like before.'

'Perhaps they never had,' said Franzje, not pertly, but as if the matter were one which perplexed her; 'there is a something, Mother, in those English officers, which our young men have not. I don't quite know what it is.'

'They have got a polish on them, and perhaps look all the better for it, like our bed-posts when they have been well rubbed,' replied Madame Ryckman reflectively; 'but maybe one can judge better of a person who has not so much, who shews the grain of the wood, as it were. I would rather have Killian Barentse for a son than that young Mr. Vyvian.'

'And I would rather have him for a brother,' said Franzje readily; 'but—' and then she stopped, and a blush overspread her face.

'What are you doing with that seam, child?' said the mother sharply, so sharply, that Franzje, who had been most tenderly nurtured, looked up in amazement. 'You are sewing it all awry, and must unrip it again. That comes of letting your mind run after strangers with whom you have naught to do.'

'I was not thinking of them till you began to speak of them, Mother,' rejoined the girl, with a sudden sense of injury which was perhaps natural in one who had been accustomed to so much indulgence.

'Don't argue in that way,' said Madame Ryckman, still severely; 'remember, you are only a child, as the Dominie says, and have to be taught your duty like other children. Unpick that seam at once, and see if you can do it better.'

Franzje hung down her stately head, and did as she was bidden; but perhaps she had never felt more completely a woman than at that moment. The sudden tightening of the easy rein in which she had been held all her life had come just at the wrong moment; it formed such a sharp contrast to the deferential admiring tone which the English officers adopted towards her, that it forced her to think about herself, to question if she were indeed such a child, and inspired her with a vague inclination for revolt, such as she had never felt before.

At present she crushed this down as undutiful, and would have given up going to the Gronows' altogether if Evert had not pressed it. Madame Ryckman never could withstand her son's coaxing, and in this instance was all the more inclined to yield because in her motherly heart a certain relenting had followed upon her momentary harshness. 'She is such a good girl, I don't think the Dominie need fear for her,' she said to herself. 'I may as well let her go this once.'

Yet when Franzje came down after the early tea with a bright blue breast-knot illumining her sombre dress, Madame Ryckman, in accordance with her new ideas of duty, bade her take it off, and likewise put on her old hood and cape instead of her new ones. 'It is not necessary to bedizen one's self out just to visit one's neighbours,' she ended, with assumed displeasure; 'and as you are not grown up, your dress can be of no consequence to anybody.'

'I don't mind what it is like, if only you will not be vexed with me, Mother,' said the poor child, with great tears rushing to her eyes; and so carelessly did she cast aside the obnoxious bow, that her mother—convinced she was not quite given over to vanities—gave her a hearty kiss, and in quite a natural voice told her not to fret, that all would be well so long as she did as she was told, and did not set up for a fine lady.

But perhaps the admiration she received that evening would not have been quite so dangerous to her as it was, if this little bit of so-called 'wholesome repression' had not been exercised previously. The best way to prevent a girl's being vain of her natural advantages is surely not to ignore them, or to endeavour to hide them, but to treat them as simple matters of course. To have it suddenly impressed on her at home that she was a mere child, and her appearance of no consequence to anybody, only made poor little Franzje all at once keenly alive to the fact that the English strangers treated her as a woman, and a very beautiful woman too.

Adriaan Gronow's house was quite at the further end of the town, and besides the large garden, the grass-plot, and the well, which it had in common with all the other dwellings in Albany, was surrounded at the back by farm buildings, among which a large barn stood conspicuous.

Much to the young Ryckmans' surprise, there was no one sitting in the portico, as was usual at this hour; and when they entered the wide-open door no one was visible in the hall, and no voices were to be heard in the parlour. They were standing near the threshold in doubt and perplexity—for neither knocker nor bell were to be found in the primitive mansion—when a consequential looking old negress popped her head out of the kitchen, and said in a tone of friendly familiarity, 'Just step out to de barn, my dears, you'll find 'em all dere. We begun to be afraid you weren't coming, and such a syllabub as you would have missed! I'm going to make it as soon as ever de cows come home.'

'Mind it froths well,' said Evert, laughing. 'But what on earth have they gone to the barn for? Have they turned it into a withdrawing room for the English quality?'

'Oh, dey're up to all sorts of pranks,' said the old woman, grinning; 'I haven't seen 'em so merry all these years I've been wid 'em. The Dominie called here just now, but I asked him to step round another day; he could see for himself that dere wasn't a soul in de house, and I couldn't send *him* out to de barn, you know. I expect he came to see what was going on, for he's not been nigh us above once since his last house-visit.'*

'I wonder what we are to see,' laughed Evert to his sister, as they crossed the garden, and went through a side-door into the yard, 'I don't think Colonel Trelawny can have been taken to the barn simply to look at the horses.'

Yet the Gronows' barn was in itself something of a sight. It was a large wooden structure, about ninety feet long and fifty wide; the walls not more than ten feet high, but the roof raised to a great height in the middle, and forming, by the help of cross-beams, and long poles stretched from one to the other, a sort of vast open loft for the reception of the summer crops. The building was raised nearly three feet from the ground, supported by large beams resting on stone, and down the middle of it ran from end to end a solid flooring of oak. On either side were stalls for cattle, arranged so that the creatures should stand with their backs to the wall, and their heads turned towards the threshing-floor; and though most of these were empty when the young Ryckmans entered, some fine horses and a few young heifers were in the stalls nearest the door, and stretched out their noses in a friendly way, as if expecting notice. The sweet fragrance of newly-stored hay seemed to pervade the building; busy martins skimmed about outside and in, as if they were as much at home there as the owners; and altogether, in the dim October twilight, it seemed on first entrance completely a rural scene: but at the other end of the building a wonderful transformation had been effected. There the stalls had been removed, and a wooden stage erected, curtained in at each side and at the back, and artificially lighted by lanterns suspended from the roof. Upon this moved about some figures, strangely apparelled; and in front of it, at a little distance, had been placed a double row of benches, on which sat the Gronows and a good many of their *young* neighbours, laughing and talking in a lively excited way.

Anna sprang up as she caught sight of fresh guests approaching, and came forward to meet them. 'I am so glad you are come, you two,' she said. 'Is not this charming?'

* A visit paid by Dutch pastors to each householder among their flock just before Easter, the purpose being to invite him and his dependants to the Easter Communion.

'What are they doing?' asked Evert stolidly, not altogether as if he were prepared to admire.

'They are acting—pretending to be other people, you know; but this is only a sort of rehearsal, they haven't got up their parts yet,' replied Anna, with the air of one who had been behind the scenes, and knew all about it. 'You remember that little lean-to at the end of the barn, Franzje? we have made it into such a famous green-room, and cut a door through.'

'A *green* room! what is that?' pursued the mystified Evert; 'and who are those dressed-up people? The officers? What makes them want to pretend to be anyone else?'

Anna gave her shoulders a little shrug, which was a bad imitation of Russell Vyvian's. 'Did you never hear of a play before? *You* understand, don't you, Franzje?'

'Mr. Vyvian explained to me a little about plays once; is it going to be Shakespeare?'

'What's that?' said Anna, puzzled in her turn; and then, before Franzje could answer, she added, 'Come nearer the stage,' and taking her hand, pulled her forward to the foremost row of benches.

Madame Gronow was sitting there in state, with two or three young girls on either side of her. Franzje dropped a low curtsey to her, and was sitting down at the further end of the bench, without raising her eyes, when a voice which seemed to come from the air said, 'How do you do, Mademoiselle Ryckman? You have *more* than kept your word. You promised to come and see our play, and now you are honouring even this poor attempt at a rehearsal by your presence. I am afraid this dumb show will not answer your high expectations.'

Looking up, she saw she was addressed by one of the actors, who was leaning forward from the stage towards her, and talking over the heads of the regimental bandsmen, who formed a sort of orchestra between the stage and the spectators. By the voice she knew it must be Mr. Vyvian, but otherwise she would scarcely have recognized him; for he was dressed in a costume of Charles the Second's time, and a quantity of long curling hair, *un*-powdered, covered his head and shoulders, while a sort of unnatural fairness had come over his dark complexion.

She bowed gravely and courteously, but said nothing; and seeing she had not courage to carry on a conversation in this prominent fashion, he bowed also and retired, re-appearing, however, in a moment, at the top of a small flight of steps at the side of the barn, which led down from the stage to the part occupied by the spectators.

'We have just been trying on our dresses, which have come from Boston,' he said, when he had reached Franzje's side; 'the 52nd have been giving theatrical representations there, but are now on the march, and so have made over to us some of their stage properties. The play is still in embryo; but now that we have made fools of ourselves for a

few minutes to please these good people,'—this was said *sotto voce*, with a sly glance towards portly Madame Gronow—'we are going to turn the remainder of to-night's entertainment into a miniature fancy ball. May I ask the honour of your hand for the first minuet?'

'I do not know what it is, Sir, thank you,' said Franzje gravely.

'It is a dance much in vogue at the English court, and in all good society,' said the young officer demurely. 'You will permit me the pleasure of teaching you?'

'It is not like the Indian dances, is it?' she asked, with a sudden rush of colour, called up by the remembrance of that dance of hers with the Mohawk children, which had made the Dominie so angry.

'Not in the least,' said Mr. Vyvian, with a gleam of amusement at her naïveté; 'it is the most correct of all possible performances. Her gracious Majesty Queen Charlotte goes through it periodically with a dignity and a piety peculiarly her own.'

Franzje found it very difficult to tell whether Mr. Vyvian were speaking in jest or earnest; but she had not much time to ponder over the matter, for there was a great stir around her at this moment. The actors—all in male costume of a picturesque character—had followed Mr. Vyvian's example, and were mingling with the spectators, and selecting each some favoured damsel as a companion in the dance. Anna was singled out by the handsome colonel, who assisted her up the steps with an air of half-mocking gallantry; Cornelia and Engeltje followed with other officers, and as the couples increased Franzje began to see that everybody was going to dance except Madame Gronow and her husband, and Evert and Cornelius, for whom there seemed to be no partners left.

'You do not mind our dancing, then, Madame?' she said, drawing near to her portly hostess for a moment, and speaking in a low voice.

'Not at all,' replied the stout dame placidly; 'it is an English fashion. The Colonel tells me they dance at Court, and in the most respectable circles.'

Franzje longed to ask if the Dominie would be likely to object: but in the first place, she knew that Madame Gronow was surely to be depended on as a faithful exponent of the Dominie's sentiments; and in the second, she was sure from Mr. Vyvian's face that he overheard her whispers, and felt a shyness about mentioning the Dominie before him after what he had said at the berry-gathering.

So when the young adjutant offered his hand to lead her up to the stage, she accepted it gracefully, though with a little inward reluctance, and found herself conducted along a side passage to the green-room, which was full of young Albanian ladies and their partners, who were going through some preliminary, apparently, before passing on to the stage itself.

'See, Franzje,' said Anna, rushing up to her, 'we are each to wear

one of these scarfs from Boston. Here is a rose-coloured one for you. Colonel Trelawny gave me first choice, so I have chosen a blue one, but you will like this just as well, won't you?'

It was a broad silk sash of as bright a pink as could be had before our modern dyes were invented; and though it looked rather out of place on Franzje's stuff dress, its hue 'suggested rose-buds,' as Mr. Vyvian whispered, and when tied across one shoulder in a fashion which the Colonel had introduced, it was far from unbecoming. But would her mother have liked it? Franzje wondered.

The dance which followed was a curious affair. The Colonel acted the part of dancing-master most efficiently, and was ably seconded by Mr. Vyvian; but the young Dutch maidens were not remarkable for either intelligence or grace, and Franzje and the little shy Engeltje were the only two who performed their part in the minuet with marked success.

Franzje's swan-like movements were full of unconscious ease and dignity, and as she began to enter into the spirit of the thing, her blue eyes brightened into splendour, and the soft colour in her cheeks deepened to the sweetest carmine flush; so that with the rosy scarf floating round her, she looked not unlike a picture of Aurora—at least just sufficiently like to put the comparison into Mr. Vyvian's head. Fortunately he kept it to himself; he had perception enough of Franzje's notions to feel that she would not consider herself complimented by being likened to a heathen goddess.

The musicians played their best, and the dancing, such as it was, was kept up with spirit. Colonel Trelawny, finding minuets not successful, bethought himself of trying country dances, which proved to be better suited to the capacities of the rustic belles. After the first minuet he had decided to be only master of the ceremonies, and giving Anna over to one of his subalterns, beckoned Evert on to the stage; but Cornelius was still left among the spectators, and his round eyes watching the proceedings with a sort of stolid wonder not unmixed with contempt, were the one thing that detracted from Franzje's sense of enjoyment. The grapes being sour, he viewed them with some displeasure; and though he had been the very one to bring Franzje there, he now seemed to express by his countenance a sort of sullen disapproval of the part she was taking in the prevailing gaiety.

Once, when she was resting for a few moments on a bench at the side of the stage, he drew near to it—getting past the bandsmen—and said in a gruff way, 'Killian is reading Hebrew with the Dominie this evening; Madame Gronow asked him, but he would not come.'

'I dare say he likes the Hebrew best,' she returned quietly.

'That doesn't seem to be your case.'

'I haven't had the choice offered me,' she said, with a smile.

'But you like all this jumping about?'

'The dancing? Yes, I like it very much.'

The sweet frank tone, the unabashed glance of the blue eyes, seemed to astonish the Dutch boy. Franzje's innocent taste for enjoyment appeared to him inconsistent with her learning, and her position as the Dominie's favourite.

Mr. Vyvian, who had not been Franzje's partner in the last dance, came up at that moment to ask for the honour of her hand in the next. 'Well, my young friend,' he said patronizingly to Cornelius, 'so you despise dancing? Are you waiting for the afflatus to come upon you—that 'sacred rapture' that you talked of?'

'There isn't a girl for me to dance with,' said Cornelius grumpily.

'Try Major Berkeley's partner; he has just retired behind the scenes worn out.'

'Not I! she dances like a pig. If the girls could sit where I sat, and see themselves, they wouldn't be such fools again in a hurry—turning about like great pumpkins that have been set rolling.'

'Do you make no exceptions?' said Mr. Vyvian, with a little arch bow towards Franzje.

'Oh, Franzje's not so bad.—I say, will you dance with me, Franzje, if I come up on the stage?'

'*I* was just going to claim you, Mademoiselle,' put in Mr. Vyvian hastily, his dark eyes gleaming at her strangely from under the overhanging cloud of light brown hair, and a sort of right of possession in his tone.

'And *I* have a petition to advance,' said the Colonel gallantly. I think it is your turn now to be master of the ceremonies, Vyvian, and mine to enjoy myself.—Permit me, Mademoiselle Ryckman.'

'I should like to dance with Cornelius, please, if you will let him come up on the stage,' she said gently.

'With that lout!' said the Colonel in surprise, as Cornelius, waiting for no permission, ran round to the steps.

'He has been sitting still, and it is so dull for him,' she said.

'And evidently you prefer native produce to imported articles,' said Mr. Vyvian, laughing; 'how do you propose to teach our young friend his steps?'

'Yes, what will you do with your Caliban when you have got him?' continued the Colonel.

'Try to spirit him along in Ariel's fashion, if I were not too clumsy myself,' she answered gaily.

Colonel Trelawny arched his eyebrows, and glanced at Russell Vyvian; it was a surprise to him to find an Albanian young lady who understood an allusion to the Tempest.

'I shall sit and watch the process,' said he, dropping on to the bench from which Franzje was rising.

'I shall stand and watch it,' said Mr. Vyvian; but he saw a bright indignant glow mount in Franzje's cheek, and instead of carrying out his intention, he went and took pity on the awkward damsel whom

Cornelius had likened to a pig, and led her to a place opposite to that which Franzje and her partner were taking.

If the girls danced like pumpkins, Cornelius danced like a sack of potatoes, and spite of Franzje's careful prompting, made so many mistakes, that his performance elicited continual laughter, his own sister Cornelia's giggle being heard among the loudest.

'Do you call this manners?' said he crossly to Franzje. 'I am sure the last meeting of our Company was much pleasanter than this.'

'It is the girls that laugh so,' she answered apologetically; 'they make much more noise than the officers; I wish they would not.'

'Are you all ready for the catechising to-morrow?' he asked suddenly.

'Quite!' said she, astonished at the introduction of this subject.

'I'm not; I think I must go home and finish learning that chapter of Genesis. If only I can get Keetje and Engelt to come away!'

'Is it late?' said Franzje, with whom time had passed unnoticed.

'I heard Madame Gronow say half an hour ago that it was past eight o'clock.'

To Franzje's primitive mind this seemed a very dissipated hour indeed, though a modern young lady would think it a much more natural hour to *begin* dancing than to leave off. 'Oh, then indeed I must go!' she said. 'Just cross over and tell Evert so for me. Mother bade us not be late.'

Evert, when summoned, declared there was no hurry, and the officers remonstrated vehemently against anyone's leaving the dance; but Franzje was firm. How could one enjoy treats like this if one let them lead one into any undutifulness to parents?

She divested herself of her rosy scarf more gaily than she had put it on, and with curtseys and thanks to Colonel Trelawny and Madame Gronow, took her way out of the barn, followed by the unwilling Evert; while Cornelius was left with the unlearnt chapter of Genesis on his mind, to wait the pleasure of the giddy Cornelia.

But as the brother and sister passed through the house, the old cook insisted on their pausing to eat some corn-cakes made after a particular recipe of her own—the syllabub, and some other light refreshments, had been handed round during the intervals of the dancing.

'What would Missis say if I let you go out of de house widout one bit of supper?' gabbled she. 'Mamselle Ryckman, you right to keep good hours; don't let dem young English gentlemen turn your head. Dey're sure to talk nonsense to you, 'cause you're a pretty one; but don't you tink too much of what dey say.'

(*To be continued.*)

ENGLISH LINKS OF FOREIGN FORGING;

OR,

'THE LADY WITH THE LONG NOSE.'

(A TALE OF CONTINENTAL TRAVEL.)

BY A. F. FRERE,

AUTHOR OF 'WONDER-CASTLE;' 'THE THREE SONS-IN-LAW,' ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

WHATEVER hopes had been excited by Sunday's clearing were dispelled on Monday morning by the sight of the usual downpour, perhaps a little thicker than usual, as if to make up for its few hours intermission.

When the Nevilles came down to breakfast, two travelling carriages were being packed at the door of the hotel; and it appeared that the Milman party were starting for Interlaken, hopeless of seeing more of the mountains, and Sir Charles evidently feeling that bad weather would be more tolerable in a region of reading-rooms and papers of all nations.

Hugh could not help feeling rather glad, for a shade of his old antipathy to the 'genus' had returned, and he was not quite conscientious enough to probe it to its source. Hugh Neville was, in the main, a man of high principle, and of considerable strength and generosity of character; but he was apt, as many men do, (and in his case perhaps the propensity had been increased by colonial dealing with hard facts, rather than with social amenities,) to confine his sense of duty to actual *deeds*, and thus allow his thoughts and fancies, with the minor acts that express them to one's associates, to be too often swayed by a susceptible and irritable temperament. The danger to women, generally, is the opposite one, of frittering away mind and conscience upon a petty analysis of moods and motives, and an absorption in the minute details of daily life, losing sight too often of its broad lines of truth and right. The two tendencies appear contrary; yet both, probably, spring from one cause—a too constant groping amid the by-ways of this world, which, whether they run in larger or smaller circuit, will by degrees dim or warp the vision till *something* within our horizon is lost or obscured. A more detached spirit, more frequent recollections and aspirations after the great things equally beyond the 'greater' and 'lesser' of our present state, would surely tend to harmonize, in the light of one perfect Example, all that is partial, prejudiced, one-sided, in our views of life. Yet let us not, as 'earthen vessels,' be impatient of each other, or even of ourselves, if we can achieve, or see, little of this harmony in the region we dwell in. Much good is wrapt up in rough ungainly garments, and out of

friction with these, much wholesome mutual discipline is, doubtless, provided for us all: only let us acknowledge it and be humble! And now to return to our story.

The Milman ladies had come down, neat and composed as usual; and the two parties sat at the long table, sharing that 'last meal' which generally strikes a spark or two of sympathy from the least congenial flints on the highway of continental travel. In this case there was real regret—at least on Ida's part, for the family had been very kind to her, and they were a little more animated than usual by the prospect of a move.

'So you are resolved to give the mountains a further trial,' said Martia.

'Or test the accuracy of Monsieur's barometer a little longer,' said Augusta. 'I admire your courage.'

'I don't think,' replied Ida, 'that I *could* give up the Wengern Alp without "one struggle more." It is so impossible to guess if one may ever be among these grand things again!'

'Ah, that is quite Janet's view. She would never come away from the Bernese Alps, I believe, if she could help it.'

'Is that true?' asked Hugh of Januaria, who was deliberately engaged in building card-houses with her *pain grillé*, in the absence of that English luxury, a toast-rack.

She looked up, and answered, 'Yes: I like to *feel* among the mountains—rain or sunshine. I don't seem to want anything else. But many other things are very good, *when* one has them: so I dare say it is well to be taken away!'

'You are philosophical.'

'No—only resigned: and only half *that*,' she added, with a regretful glance at the window, where an angle of the Wetterhorn was seen between drifting clouds.

'Well, *I* admire these mountains very much, *when* they can be seen,' said Lady Milman; 'but I think a little human nature now and then is refreshing, at any rate.'

'It would depend on the *kind* of human nature, I should say,' observed Mabel; and Hugh added, 'Yes, there would be no great refreshment, to my mind, to be found in that crowd of Interlaken fashionables—lounging bored smart men, and *prononcé* young ladies with alarming fortifications of back-hair, and minute hats tilted up against them at an angle of 45°. Give *me* quality, not quantity, in my neighbours.'

'The lady with the long nose, for instance,' suggested Ida. 'By-the-bye,' turning to the Milmans, 'have you any idea where we should have a chance of meeting with her?'

The young ladies tried to recall what she had said as to her probable route, and thought it likely she had crossed the Alps by this time, not having returned to Grindelwald. 'For I remember,' said Januaria, 'she talked of the beauty of the Italian lakes, and of spending the autumn on them.'

'Then we'll go there, Ida,' exclaimed Hugh. 'Miss West wants to see Lugano, and we'll persuade Mrs. Fulham that no tour is complete without it.'

'How eager you have become all at once!' laughed his sister.

'I think you are quite right,' said Janet quietly. '*I* should care more for meeting her again, than for anything else in travelling.'

'Even snow mountains?' asked Hugh incredulously.

'Snow mountains are better than most people; but there are a *few* people in the world better than snow mountains.'

'A terribly select category, doubtless; as difficult of admission as the first class at Oxford!'

Hugh was a little tempted to add something about his own chance of entering that narrow enclosure; but trivial gallantry was not his foible at any time, and just now the *edelweiss* absurdity had left him rather distrustful of advances to young ladies, even in obvious jest; so he opportunely reminded himself that he disliked all 'Milmankind' too much to care for the good opinion of any of them, and that it was a very lucky thing they were going away! Sir Charles, who had been in and out watching the preparations, now summoned his wife and daughters to their carriage; and with cordial good-byes to Ida and Mabel, and civil bows exchanged with Mr. Neville, the grey sisterhood departed.

The subtraction of so many units from a hotel party almost always leaves, whatever the merits of the remaining guests, a certain sense of vacuity. Hugh, in spite of his professions of relief, found the day of utter downpour somewhat long. Ida sighed a little, but soon set herself to write a long letter home, full of comical abuse of Grindelwald and its weather; while Mabel sat at the window, sketching desperately, through the streaming rain, all that could be fitfully discerned of the glaciers and the mountain sides.

The next day would really end their long week, and they went to bed with none but gloomy anticipations; but the morning brought a delightful change of prospect! The clouds had marvellously disappeared, not a streak of vapour dimmed the pale blue sky, in which the snow-peaks shone like a pure new creation: horses and mules stood in readiness for the long-deferred excursions; bills were demanded in frantic haste of the harassed waiters, and settled with a reckless tolerance for slight amounts of imposition; and the Nevilles, with others, were soon ascending the piny slopes of the Wengern Alp, that lesser height which commands so glorious a panorama of its surrounding grand chain of snow-topped mountains.

The long waiting was rewarded by views of unusual clearness; and descending by the exquisite valley of Lauterbrunnen, with its 'slow-dropping veils of finest lawn,' our travellers caught the evening steamer for Thun, and arrived once more at the home-like Pension Itten, the comforts of which appeared absolute luxuries after all the deficiencies of the *Adler!*

Mrs. Fulham was perfectly well; a budget of letters awaited Mabel; and Tofts, instantly pouncing on the carpet-bags of the party, expressed her perfect approval of their week's doings, in respect that everything had come back safe, and duly washed. Whether or not the mountains had been visible, was a question so far beneath her notice, that Ida hardly ventured to ask for her sympathy, except for the remnant of Mabel's cold—a material result of bad weather that gave gratifying scope for petting, condolence, and brewing of 'nice' messes, on Miss West's behalf, with entire immunity for her friend, to whom slops, even *à la* Tofts, were an abomination.

(To be continued.)

SEVEN PHASES OF AN AUTHOR.

VI.

'JUST look here, Mother! Did you ever see such a pile of letters?' Dear me! I hope I shall never be a popular author, if it entails so much letter-writing!' cried John Temple, an intelligent-looking youth, as he came down on his crutch to the breakfast-table, and saw a heap of letters beside his mother's plate.

'Well, I do find it so troublesome, that I have a great mind to make you my secretary; you may open all those addressed to Isolata,' said his mother.

'There are very few of those,' said Mary, looking them over. 'Nearly everybody knows your real name now, Mamma, and I'm so glad of it! It makes me quite proud to be known as the daughter of the Mrs. Temple who writes.'

'But come, Johnnie,' put in Agnes, 'we will have some fun over these. Just as I expected! Half a dozen notes from young ladies wanting Mamma's autograph. Then Ada does not quite understand the winding up of the last story—*does* Grace Belmont marry John Smith? "Poor Author" begs you will give him a little pecuniary assistance; Lady Amelia would like to do herself the honour of calling on you; Nemesis wishes for your intervention with some publisher; the Rev. P. Lamb cannot refrain from acknowledging with thankfulness the good your books have done among the young people of his parish. 'A Mother' wishes to thank you for all the assistance you have given her in bringing up a family. Then here seems to be one in a more sentimental style. I must read it straight through:—

"Madam,

I am a lonely widow, and cannot help troubling you with a few lines to tell you how your writings have comforted me in sorrow,

and taught where to look for help and guidance; how in the hour of darkest trial, your words brought me life, and shewed me that others had suffered even more than I, and yet found joy and peace at last. May the blessing of her that was ready to perish, rest upon you, and comfort you on your dying bed.—"'

'Stop! do not read that lightly!' said Mrs. Temple, with tears in her eyes. 'That is the most valuable tribute of all. I will answer it myself, and tell her that I have suffered like herself, but count my sorrow gain, in that it gave me power to bring comfort to another lonely woman.'

'And about all the others, Mamma. Shall I send a round robin, telling them that you would not have time to write books if you answered all their questions?'

'No, reply to them courteously. And I suppose I had better write a few autographs, for though I do not like writing them, it seems ungracious to refuse. Dear me, how many invitations and entrance-cards! Look them through, and see what you would like to go to. We cannot make use of them all. Here is one which specially includes you, Johnnie: Countess Grandeville will be at home on Monday evening, and wishes me to bring my son, the young artist, of whom she has heard so much.'

'I'd much rather stay at home with Algie, Mother. I don't like going out with my crutch.'

'You must not be ashamed of your crutch, Johnnie dear,' replied his mother tenderly. 'It has been the greatest gain to me. Had you been strong and active, like other young men, you would have gone out into the world, and I should have been left without my boy to help and protect me. Then, too, you would never have taken to your painting so thoroughly, and supplied such beautiful illustrations of my stories.'

'I am indeed glad that I am able to be any comfort to you, Mother. It certainly is very pleasant to be able to illustrate your stories, because I do not think that anyone who did not know and love you could carry out your thoughts satisfactorily.'

'No; you don't know how it used to annoy me in a small way, when some artist, with whom I had not a thought in common, was appointed to illustrate my books, and persisted in making my simple country heroines look like London milliners, and my hero either a brigand chief or a stereotyped fine gentleman. But there is a more tender way in which you are a blessing to me. You are very like your grandfather, whom I loved more dearly than I can tell. It was he who sanctioned my first literary work, warned me of the responsibilities it brings, and made me give those promises I have told you of. Twice I forgot his teaching, and bitterly repented it; but since then, Johnnie, I have only had to look at your calm suffering face to be reminded of my dear father, and his exhortations to keep my heart close to God, and to begin and end every work with prayer. I believe that to this I owe all my success.'

'How long is it since you first began to write, Mamma?'

'How long, my love? It is twenty-five years to-day since I heard that my first attempt was accepted, and was no little elated at finding or fancying myself an author. I thought of that day as I came down this morning and saw that pile of letters. How people change! *Then* I was quite excited by one little note—now I find such a pile of correspondence rather troublesome than otherwise.'

'What was your first article called, Mamma?' asked Mary.

'A Yachting Tour.'

'Oh, I have seen that; but it is signed Blummie.'

'Yes, that was the first name under which I wrote. I met with it in a book, and adopted it because it seemed to signify a budding or beginning to bloom, which I thought was my case. So there you have the history of Blummie. Afterwards I wrote a few poems I don't think much of now; and after your father's death I took the name of Isolata.'

'I don't think that very appropriate now, Mamma,' said Agnes. 'I am sure you cannot call yourself alone—you sometimes wish you were a little more so! Why, you have all of *us!* and it is with difficulty sometimes that you find time for writing.'

'I agree with you, my dear girl, that it is not a very applicable name now, though it seemed so at first, when I was a poor widow in a great city. And in fact I have never been really alone, for God has always been near me, even when I wilfully shut my eyes to His presence.'

'Then you will not use a fictitious name any more, I hope, Mamma dear! Do put "Helen Temple" on your next book!' exclaimed Algie.

'Do you know what I told myself a good many years ago, Algie? I said I would not put my name to any book of mine till I was thoroughly satisfied with it.'

'Then you ought to have done so long ago!' cried many voices.

'No, I have never reached that point. The more I write, the less I feel there is anything to be proud of, and the more I feel that I have done less than God intended me to do.'

'O Mother, you are quite too humble,' said her eldest son.

'Well, to-day I am half inclined to be less so. One of those notes inclined me to be pleased with the result of my work. Can you guess which it was?'

'No, I can't. Was it the Countess's note?' said Algie, who somewhat resembled his father.

'Algie, forshame!' said Johnnie. 'You ought to know Mamma better. Is *she* likely to care for countesses?'

'Algie is wide of the mark,' said Mrs. Temple, smiling. 'It was the poor widow's letter of thanks. When the lesson taught by my own sorrow has soothed the sorrow of another, and the blessing of her that was ready to perish has come upon me, I feel that my poor words have not been written in vain; and with thankfulness as well as joy I will henceforth let my books bear the name of Helen Temple.'

VII.

ANOTHER ten years had passed, and it was New Year's Eve. An old lady sat by the fire-side, surrounded by a cluster of little children, while two young wives, with their husbands, a slightly deformed young man with the most spiritual of faces, and a handsome young soldier, were gathered round the table.

'Good-night, gam-mà,' lisped a little voice, as Nurse appeared at the door. 'Dis has been such a happy day! I wish it was New Year's Day ebbery day, and den you would always come to tell us stories.'

'I don't think it would do for new years to come quite as fast as that, my little Nell. Why, you would be an old woman before you ought to be a young one.'

'I'd like that, gam-mà, if I was as nice as you, and could tell such pretty stories,' answered little Nellie, her grandmamma's namesake and darling.

'There is a compliment of the season for you, Mamma,' said Mary, laughing at her little girl's reply. 'Now run away, children; we want to have a little of grand-mamma ourselves.—Agnes, you must manage your boy. See, he is nearly choking Mamma with his embraces, and refuses to go to Nurse.'

With some difficulty baby Alick was disengaged from Mrs. Temple's neck, and the children marched off to bed. Then the elders gathered round the fire, and chatted merrily at first, then gradually dropped into graver themes.

'It is pleasant to have my children all around me once more,' said Mrs. Temple, 'and to see you all so happy. Truly, the evening of my life has been wonderfully bright! There is only one of you that I feel the least anxious about, now.'

'Who is that, Mother?' inquired John, who was still delicate.

'Not you, my boy. I have no fears for your future. But Algie, as a soldier in India, will have many temptations.'

'So I may have, Mother,' said Algernon; 'but if you write your beautiful letters to me constantly, and keep me up to my good resolutions, I shall be able to resist them.'

'Even supposing my letters would have that effect, perhaps I may not be here to write them. Sometimes I feel as if my evening were fast fading into night—nay! as if my bright morning were coming—and that this will be the last New Year's Eve we shall spend together.'

'Why should you think that, Mamma?' said Mary tenderly. 'You are not at all old yet—not sixty years of age—and we may look forward to having you with us for a long time to come.'

'No; I am not old in years, but brain-work has told upon me. I feel as if mind and body were worn out, and it was time to go home and rest.'

'But you can rest here, Mother darling!' cried John. 'There is no need for you to work now. I am here to take care of you.'

'I know that, my dear boy; and it is sweet to feel a mother's dependence on her son. But absence of work is not all I need. Could you feel at rest, on the eve of a long journey, if you knew that at any moment you might be summoned to start? That is the position in which I have felt myself ever since the doctor told me that this affection of the heart might take me away any moment.'

'Mother, Mother!' cried her children, 'don't talk in that way! We cannot bear to think of losing you, and the world cannot spare you yet.'

'Ah, yes, it can—my day's work is done. Well, well, we will not talk of it, only I cannot help remembering the fact sometimes.—Now, Johnnie, if you will help me, I will go to my room. But mind you all come and give me the very first kiss, when the New Year breaks.'

John, the only one now left alone to his mother, and tender to her as a daughter, helped Mrs. Temple into her room, and laid her on a sofa facing the fire.

'I will not go to bed till I have seen the last of the old year,' said she. 'But in case I should be asleep when you come in to give me my new year's greeting, take these books to Mary and Agnes, and ask them to put them under the children's pillows. It is only a simple child's story; but it is the last I shall ever write, so I have dedicated it to "my grandchildren," and written their names in each copy.'

'I am sure they will be pleased with it. But what a strange name, Mother!—"Helen's Last Message!"'

'Yes—somehow it seemed appropriate; I could hardly tell why.' Then, as he was just turning to go, she added, 'Good-bye, my own Johnnie, for a little while—I know you will be coming to me soon.'

After her son had left her to rejoin his sisters and brothers-in-law, Mrs. Temple lay looking into the fire, and indulging in her old childish occupation of reading its pictures. Gradually a mist came before her eyes, and she seemed standing alone in the midst of a vast court. Except the judge upon the judgement-seat, there seemed no other being there; but around her were ranged in companies books whose titles seemed strangely familiar to her. Yes, there they all stood—her own works, small and great—some long forgotten, but now rising up to arraign her or bear her noble testimony.

While thus she stood and wondered wherefore she was there, she turned her face towards the judge. Was that her own father, who sat looking so awful and yet so loving? Yes, the face was his, but somehow it had gained a majesty that had not belonged to him when mortal, that made his daughter stand in awe before him, and tremble for his words. Presently he spoke—the voice was, and yet was not, the same. 'Daughter, a precious talent has been committed to thee. How hast thou fulfilled thy charge? canst thou return it tenfold, like the faithful servant?'

Faltering, she answered, 'I know not, Father.'

'Then look around on those who have assembled to bear testimony.'

She looked round, and a blush suffused her face as her eyes caught the titles of some dark books that stood near the head of the semicircle.

The judge looked at her with a grave yet pitying glance; then said, 'Their time to speak has not yet come. Look to the beginning first.'

While wondering how the dumb pages could be said to speak, Helen obeyed, and saw a number of tiny volumes bearing the name of Blummie. And lo, as she looked, they ceased to be books, and became a group of bright children and young people. Not one sad face was there, for though some wore the black garb of sorrow, their faces were brightened with merry smiles, here and there softened by a tender touch of gravity.

And one stood forth and said, 'We are the readers of your first books, and are come to tell you how happy you made us with glad and innocent thoughts.'

Another added, 'Yes, and I have something more to thank you for. When, in the hour of sorrow, my exhausted brain could not endure the graver books contributed by friends, while mirth grated harshly on me, the delicate brightness of your writings diverted and cheered me with some hidden power, and seemed to awaken hopefulness and peace.'

Instinctively Helen looked towards the judge; and his approving smile brought a glow of youthful joy into her heart. But her pleasure faded away as she saw the titles of some poems which followed the smiling children, and soon changed into a group of gay, wild, and care-worn men and women, and this reproach was wailed forth—'Taught by you, we preferred inclination to duty, worshipped the heathen god of love, and received the meed of the idolater. May thy unblessed words be forgiven. Look on us and repent!'

Bowed down by shame and contrition, Helen dared not lift up her eyes, which overflowed with bitter tears. Presently a light hand touched her, and a cheerful voice seemed to say, 'I, whose tears you once helped to dry, have come to stay your weeping. Out of your own darkness came forth light, which shone into my heart, and led me—ay, and my husband too—back to hope and happiness. And I am but one of many who could tell the same; so look up and take heart! Surely, when sorrow is thus turned into a gift of healing, error is fully atoned for!'

Helen did look up; and as the speaker vanished, her eye fell on the title of that book begun on the night she wearily waited for her husband, and beguiled the time by relating some of her own heart's experiences. Then too, there came a voice from the judge, saying, 'Thou art forgiven, my child.' And she was consoled, yet not happy; for the forgiveness of her own fault did not nullify the sufferings of those pale accusers. But, one by one, there rose up other volumes, each changing into a living witness as it came before the judgement-seat. The first tale bearing the name of Isolata, written in the first days of her widowhood, and causing such disappointment by the small sum it had realized to supply her

pressing needs, was now followed by a cloud of bright though chastened faces, which told that what once seemed a failure was indeed a success. But Isolata, thus reminded of days of poverty and temptation, could not rejoice in the present, for trembling at that which she knew must succeed. Yes, there was her sensation novel, well named, 'A Dark Life,' and followed by a still darker crew of readers. Isolata was penetrated with shame as these joined in mocking chorus, 'We are thine unchristened children. Behold thine unblessed work.' Then falling at the judge's feet, she murmured, 'Father, Father! my strait was sore, and I repented ere the deed was done. Is there no power to retrace the hasty step? must these perish through my fault, so deeply, truly mourned? When it was beyond my power to recall my work, when I repented of having neglected my promise to you, then I prayed in sorrow of heart—was it too late?'

'Not so, my child—that prayer was heard and answered—as those now about you testify. Look round and see.'

Then Isolata looked up, and saw a crowd of rejoicing faces round her, among whom were many who had lately joined in the mocking chorus. Now the lurid light was gone from their eyes, and a softened music was in their tones, as they said, 'We who erewhile upbraided you, have come to tell how, enamoured of your famous book, we were led to read all those which followed, hoping to find in them the same delicious stimulus. But a change had come over their writer; and insensibly, perhaps unwillingly, it came over us, as we breathed a purer healthier atmosphere. The same power was there, but it was put forth in the spirit of goodness and holiness, which ever led us insensibly higher, till, by the blessing which ever seemed to accompany your thoughts clothed in words, we were led into the pathway of peace.'

Then one of a cluster of young authors said, 'We heard how you resolved to cleave to principle, even at the price of success; and gathered courage to follow your example. So now our works are harmless as yours.'

Brighter and brighter grew the sleeper's face as she seemed to hear these words; and a holy joy possessed her heart, as her own dear father, now no longer her judge, came forward to meet her, saying, 'Come to me, my child—my prayers are answered. Though, human-like, you have failed sometimes to use your gifts for good, the good now far outweighs the evil. Your prayers and tears are accepted, your work is blessed, and the labourer may now come home.' An awful voice seemed to confirm and overpower his, as he spoke. He seemed to come nearer. She stretched out her arms. . . .

* * * * * * * *

When the last stroke of the solemn bell had told the departure of the Old Year, and John Temple went up to be the first to give his mother her New Year's greeting, she lay asleep. And from that slumber there

was no earthly awakening. Helen Temple's new year opened in a brighter land—her greetings were not from children of earth.

On the author's face lay a wondrous radiance of peace—she had passed away in a happy dream; and the impress of that crowning joy upon the lifeless countenance, told of the happiness which had illuminated her end, and spoke a message of comfort to her sorrowing children.

(Concluded.) AUSTRALIE.

THE BOOK OF THE PASSION PLAY.

'In all its depth, and height, and mystery,
This Life before thee I unfold;
When thou hast seen the wondrous tragedy,
The richest of all treasures thou shalt hold.'

Schiller.

THE Passion Play begins again on the 24th of June, after the sad interruption occasioned by the late war. To many people it is a subject of regret that a spectacle, the rarity of which is one of the chief elements of its success, should so soon be repeated. And it does at first sight seem unfortunate; but we must acknowledge that a repetition of the Play is required by the vow, which binds the Ober Ammergauers to let no worldly business hinder the performance. It is to be hoped that neither the frequency of the performance, nor the great concourse of spectators, will destroy the simplicity and the devotional spirit which characterize the actors in this wonderful drama, and which indeed pervade the whole village. It would tend very much to the preservation of these, if all who go to Ober Ammergau would use great caution in dealing with the people, and enter thoroughly into the spirit of truth and simplicity which prevails among them.

At present they are unspoilt by gifts; but who can say that they will remain so, when every Englishman is prompt to give to those whose characters or whose attentions please him? Alas! it is too certain that the Ammergauers are in danger of becoming as grasping as the rest of the world, when tourists begin to prey on them. Do let us, then, restrain our generous impulses, and leave them as we found them.

A better preface to the Choruses cannot be given than that which was printed in the text-book of the Play last year. It represents admirably the true spirit of the performance in its religious and devotional intention.

I fear the translations of the Choruses are open to the charge of roughness, and want of measure or flow. This is owing in a great degree to my anxiety to preserve the metre and literal sense of the

original, so that I have in places sacrificed rhythm to truthfulness. I hope therefore that I shall be excused, on this account, for all imperfections, and for my want of skill in dealing with the subject.

[Very few of the actors have suffered by the war. Everyone will be glad to hear that Mair is safe. Two actors were killed, three died in the hospital, and poor old Barabbas has lost two sons.]

CHRIST *must suffer, and so enter into His glory; through suffering to joy*—that is the whole Life of Christ.

The disciple is not above his master; and he who would be a disciple of Christ, must take up his cross daily and follow Christ, that he may be also glorified with Him.

The Passion of Christ is the pattern of our earthly life: ever more and more to learn, and better to imitate the Lord's Passion, ought to be our constant endeavour, according to the example of St. Paul, who says, '*I will know nothing but Jesus, and Him crucified.*'

It was the care of the Holy Church to keep alive in the hearts of the faithful the memory of the Passion of Christ, and the love of the Crucified, according to the commission to the Apostles: '*Ye shall shew the Lord's death till He come.*'

As the Passion of Christ is the chief and the most influential thought in the minds of believers, it has ever been the chief subject of teaching in the Christian Church. '*We preach Christ crucified, to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness.*'

It has been said of the Mother of God, that after the Ascension of Christ she went, either alone or in company with other holy women, all the way which her Son had trodden in His Passion, from the Mount of Olives to the hill of Calvary, and that she kept all His great Passion in remembrance, storing it in her loving heart, and renewing the memory of it in every place which had been marked by the Procession of the Cross.

As Christianity spread farther and farther, and with it faith in the Crucified, more and more pilgrims hastened from every part of Palestine, and from the most distant countries, to visit those places which had been watered by the Blood and the Tears of Jesus Christ, and to increase and strengthen their faith and love by meditation on the sacred mysteries of the Passion.

But as it was impossible for everyone to travel to Palestine, crosses, pictures, and bas-reliefs were raised in the churches at home, that the mysteries of the Passion, as they had happened in Jerusalem, might be presented to the eyes of the faithful.

By the Procession of the Cross, more than by any other means, an enthusiasm spread through the whole of Christendom for the Holy Land, and for those spots which had witnessed the conflict of the Saviour; and so great was this enthusiasm, that, about the year 1350, the '*Stations*,' or representations of the mysteries of the Passion, were introduced into all the countries of Europe; and whoever could not make a pilgrimage to

Jerusalem, would visit at home the Stations of the Cross; and by meditation, by prayer, and by singing, venerate the Lord's Passion. This was called the meditation of the Way of the Holy Cross, and was nothing else than a pilgrimage in spirit to the real scenes of the Passion.

The painters and sculptors of those times could not but be moved by the religious feelings thus excited, and they engaged in many works which represented the Passion of our Lord. Amongst the German artists, Albrecht Dürer was especially remarkable, as having in his Great and Little Passion brought the sufferings of Christ before the minds of the people; and about the year 1511, he was so inspired by his great subject, that he executed works of art which have never been surpassed.

But a bare contemplation of the Passion is not enough; it must become life and activity in us. The Sacrifice of Christ, therefore, is presented to us in the holy Mass by liturgical acts; in the Holy Week, the whole Passion, according to the four Evangelists, is dramatically represented; and nowhere is this more magnificently done than in Rome, where thousands assemble every year, to whatever religion they may belong, to witness this great tragedy.

In imitation of this pure liturgical Passion Feast, arose the custom of celebrating the Passion of Christ, not only by meditation and in images, but also by a living actual representation; and some highly gifted spirits were led to set before their fellow Christians in this manner, either the whole of the Passion, or particular scenes in it. These representations were at first given in the church, and bore a close relation to the divine service; they were afterwards transferred to the churchyard, or to some other convenient place.

But as in course of time a living faith became more rare, as moral life degenerated, and with it artistic feeling in religion, the Passion Plays fell into disuse; and when at the end of the last century the memory of Christ's Passion had ceased to influence the minds of the free-thinkers of those times, the Passion Plays were forbidden altogether.

As, however, Christ had counselled His Disciples, 'When ye shall see the abomination of desolation standing in the holy place, flee to the mountains,' so did these holy Passion Plays, driven into exile, flee to the mountains, and find a safe shelter in a remote part of the Bavarian highlands, in Ober Ammergau. The arm of persecution would have reached even here, but that it could not extinguish the flickering flame of religious and artistic feeling. The Passion Plays were doubly rooted in the hearts of the Ober Ammergauers; and this gave them strength and constancy to guard their treasure from violence.

First, in the year 1633, when the Plague was raging violently, the inhabitants of Ober Ammergau made a vow that they would represent the Passion of Christ every tenth year; and the Passion Play thus became to them a religious duty, from which no worldly business could excuse them.

Another consideration recommended and endeared the vow of their

forefathers to the Ober Ammergauers—namely, that by their daily occupations they were peculiarly fitted for the work; their trade in carvings of wood, chiefly of Crucifixes or sacred images, bringing daily before their minds the sufferings of Christ and of the saints.

Thus were they led by religious duty to act the scenes of the Passion, and were daily occupied in them. Not content with repeating the Play year after year in the old rustic manner, they endeavoured rather, in this as in their wood-carvings, to improve themselves, and to make such progress in their art, that they might bring their Play to a high degree of artistic beauty, and deserve the praise of every connoisseur.

Intended at first only for the edification of Ammergau and its neighbourhood, the fame of the Passion Play has spread, so that it is visited, not only by Europeans, but also by Americans. Many places become notorious as the scenes of great misfortunes, or as bloody battle-fields; but the simple people of Ober Ammergau have won a world-wide fame by their peaceful occupations, by their artistic feeling, and by their artistic and dramatic activity.

All who have seen the Passion Play have gone away better and nobler; we advise all who have not seen it to pay a visit to Ober Ammergau; and for them this little book has been written, that when they have witnessed the Play, they may have a memorial, both of the Lord's Passion, and of its artistic representation in Ober Ammergau.

Devrient has appreciated with the eye of a connoisseur the intimate connection that exists between the Passion-pictures of Albert Durer, and the representations at Ammergau. He says: 'The effect of these scenes cannot be better described than by saying, "It is as if the works of our mediæval painters had received life."... The costumes are well ordered and correct, according to the mediæval representations.'

Albert Durer was born in 1471, at Nuremberg, and died there in 1528, famous for his paintings, engravings, and wood-carvings. To the flower of his artist-life (1510–1528) belong his Passion-pictures, executed in wood-carving, large, or in small Quarto. His figure of the Saviour deserves especial attention, so fully does it give His character, not in one condition of His life, but over and above this, in all His actions and character as the Redeemer. He is represented fronting the spectator, alone, naked, crowned with thorns, and wounded. His face is supported on His Hand, one Arm leaning on the other, the Knees pressed together. It is as if He would withdraw Himself into the darkness, to strengthen Himself against the blows and insults from without. Life beats in the Heart alone, and in the bowed Head is fought the conflict, of which the whole world is the prize. The single trials which fall upon Him, He has indeed overcome; but He will not have His suffering lightened, because He is yet in the world, and the work of salvation must be finished, the battle fought out in detail, in order that lost mankind may be led through suffering into glory. '*Ought not Christ to have suffered, and so to enter into His Glory?*'

We have now only to remark, that the Ober Ammergauers are too artistic, and too fond of the picturesque, to be satisfied with the bare *treatment* of their subject. They introduce pictures—carved pictures, as it were—in life-size. These pictures are chosen from the Old Testament, and are such as illustrate the Life of Christ in their prophetic relation to Him. Thus the Passion Play acquires a manifold variety, and brings the whole riches of the Holy Scriptures before the soul.

The Passion Play is in three principal divisions, which are divided into seventeen representations.

FIRST DIVISION.

PREAMBLE.

As early as five o'clock in the morning the firing begins. Up and down the village music is played as a greeting to the Feast-day, for every day on which there is a performance is a great Feast-day for the whole community. With the first dawn of day begin the Masses for the multitudes of priests who have come from a distance. At six o'clock the usual service takes place, which is attended not only by numerous pilgrims, who come singing and praying to celebrate the Lord's Passion, but also by many Ammergauers, who come to receive the Holy Communion, that they may worthily take part in the day's performance.

Eight o'clock strikes—three shots are fired—the music of the orchestra begins. The murmur of voices among the six thousand spectators is silenced. As the overture draws to an end, the silence becomes deeper. As the music ceases, the Chorus come in with their leader from right and left, bend reverently, their hands crossed on their breast, and the leader recites the following words:—

PROLOGUE.

Fall prostrate now in adoration,
Race humbled by God's curse in dust!
Peace be to thee! from Sion comes salvation!
His wrath on thee outpoured
Shall not endure for ever, though 'tis just.
'I will not,' saith the Lord,
'The sinner's death; I will forgive,
And spare him; he shall live.
He shall be reconciled, true peace thro' My Son's Blood possessing.'—
Tears of joy and endless blessing,
Lord, to Thee!

But, Holiest, how may dust and earth find grace,
To scan the secrets of Thy dwelling-place?
Behold the mystery of God, Moriah's sacrifice!
Behold the Cross, Redemption's sign, on Calvary rise.

As Isaac once, by God's command,
Upon Moriah's altar lay;
See Jesus here a Victim slain,
The heavy debt of sin to pay.
God most merciful! to shew compassion,
On sinners, who Thy laws despise,
Thou giv'st, from curse of sin redeeming,
Thine only Son in sacrifice.

The curtain, which during the last verse has dropped, now rises again, and in the background appears a lofty Cross, surrounded by kneeling figures; the choir are silent, and sink on their knees in adoration. After some moments of silent prayer, which disposes the hearts of all the spectators to meditation, the following words, sung by four lovely children's voices, is heard from the background of the stage:

Eternal, hear now lisping children,
Only lisping can a child draw near;
We for the great Sacrifice assembled,
Worship Thee in awe and holy fear.

Trace we the steps of the Redeemer,
Till He all the rough and thorny way
Hath trodden, and in bitter anguish
Bleeding hath won for us the day.

SCENE, I.

THE ENTRY OF JESUS INTO JERUSALEM.

The curtain is lifted, and the scene discloses the triumphal procession of our Lord, moving slowly on. First comes a crowd of little children, then youths and maidens, singing Hosannah, and strewing clothes and palm-branches; they are followed by men and women, the chorus becoming louder and louder.

Hail! hail to Thee, great David's Son!
All hail! Thine is the Father's throne
In righteousness!
Thee, in the Name of the Most High,
'Gainst Thee though Israel raise the cry,
We laud and bless.

Hosannah! He Who reigns above,
Pour down upon Thee all His grace!
Hosannah! may He in His love
Preserve Thee to the chosen race.
Hail! hail to Thee, &c.

Blest ever be, in Him new-living,
Our father David's power and right!
Israel exalt, all honour giving,
Him equal of the Father's might.
Hail! hail to Thee, &c.

Hosannah to great David's Son!
Let depths of air repeat the strain.
Hosannah! on His Father's Throne
In power and glory He shall reign.
Hail! hail to Thee, &c.

As the song of the Chorus comes to an end, the people, singing and shouting, arrange themselves on the centre of the stage; while High-priests and Scribes are seen in the neighbouring streets, who can scarcely restrain their jealousy at the triumphal procession of Christ.

When Christ has quietly dismounted from the ass, which is led away, the central stage is changed, by the withdrawing of a curtain, into the court of the Temple, where the buyers and sellers are transacting their business. Christ steps among them, with Divine dignity, like one with authority, overthrows their tables, drives them from the holy place, and says, 'My House is the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves.'

An uproar ensues; the offended pride of the Pharisees unites with the covetousness of the merchants, who think themselves injured; and thus is unfolded the conflict of the Powers of evil against the Most High.

In this scene are shewn the secret springs whereon the whole drama moves. Christ meanwhile takes leave of the people, and withdraws to Bethany.

SCENE, II.

THE HIGH COUNCIL.

I.—THE OLD TESTAMENT TYPE.

The leader of the Chorus begins with the declaration, that the wicked passions of the Jews drive them on to conspire against the life of Christ, just as the sons of Jacob took counsel against their brother's life.

Ha! they are gone, their plot devising,
And from the hideous form is torn off all disguising.
The cloak of virtue from the sinful vest is riven,
And by a guilty conscience they are driven.
'Up, up!' they wildly cry, 'to vengeance speed ye,
To carry out our long-devisèd plans make ready.'

Reveal to us, O Lord, Thy hidden mysteries;
This ancient tale the plot of Judas typifies.
As Jacob's sons 'gainst Joseph's life are banded,
So hear ye by this serpent-brood,
Ere long the Saviour's death and blood
With savage fury loud demanded.

'The dreamer cometh, yonder see,
Who,' they wildly cry, 'will be
Over us a lord and master.
Now with the madman let's away;
Ha! in yonder pit he may
Execute his plans the faster.'

Lo, even so, for righteous blood
Are thirsting now this serpent brood.
'He is,' they cry, 'against our cause.
He bringeth thus our honour down,
The whole world after Him is gone,
He would change our rights and laws.

Come, the forfeit shall be paid;
There is none to save or aid:
On our rights we'll firmly stay,
He shall perish! take, and slay!'

During this song, the curtain is drawn up, and the well in the wilderness of Dothan is seen, into which Joseph was thrown by his brethren; two of them are looking down, the rest stand round in groups. The curtain falls, and the following hymn is sung, the first tones of passionate excitement giving place in the last verse to the lovely voice of a boy, while the Chorus express their submission to the holy Will of God.

Lord, scatter Thou this crew of rebels,
Who 'gainst Thee have raised their hands;
And consume them, for to compass
Thy Son's death they join their bands.
Hurl Thy mighty thunder-bolts from heaven,
Let Thy fiercest lightnings glow,
That by terror of Thy vengeance driven,
Their evil plans they may forego.

But, no! He came not to destroy,
From His Father's throne of light;
All sinners shall through Him enjoy
Pardon, grace, and endless light.
Humbly then Thy children own,
Bending low before Thy Throne,
Lord, Thy saving grace alone.

II.—THE SCENE.

The scene immediately follows—the fulfilment in the New Testament of the Old Testament prophecy. The Chorus retire, and the High Council is disclosed to our eyes, Annas and Caiaphas presiding in the midst of the Scribes and Pharisees. The triumphal entry of Christ has excited their passions to the highest degree, and anger reigns in their hearts and in their speech. 'All the world is gone after Him.' But they know how to dissemble their malice under a cloak of holiness; not their pride, but religion and the nation are in danger. 'The Romans will come, and take away our Temple and our place.' The conclusion drawn by these wicked men is this—'It is better that one man should die, than that the whole nation should perish.' All are agreed; and they now consult how to get Jesus into their hands. They will discover later a legal ground for sentencing Him to death. Money and promises are made use of as the best means of working on the merchants, already

full of hatred against Him. One of these men is a friend of Judas. And so pride comes to the aid of envy, and both passions burn together, till the wicked conspiracy is framed, and the betrayal planned.

SCENE, III.

THE LEAVE-TAKING IN BETHANY.

I.—TYPE.

The farewell of Jesus to His Virgin Mother Mary, and the grief of the loving Mother at this last parting from her Son, are here foreshadowed by the departure of Tobias from his parents, and by the lamentation of the Bride who has lost her Bridegroom.

Sing to the Lord with holy voices,
Sing from a pure heart that rejoices
Because He gave His Son to die.
The forfeit of our sins repaying,
On Death, the mighty spoiler preying,
He hastens to His agony.

Ah, friends! what a bitter smart
Wrung the loving mother's heart,
When Tobias, hand in hand
With Raphael, to a distant land
Hastened at his father's bidding.

With many a tear, and many a sigh,
She calls her lov'd one tenderly:
'Come, ah, tarry not, my son,
My heart's delight, my joy alone,
Come, ah come, and do not tarry.

Ah, Tobias! dearest, best,
Fly back to my faithful breast;
In thee alone, set free from pain,
Can my heart rejoice again;
Rejoice with fondest joy and pleasure.'

Thus she sighs, and inly grieves,
No comfort in the world receives;
Till one hour supreme of joy,
Brings her back her darling boy,
To her happy arms returning.

THE BRIDE'S SONG.

Where tarries He, where tarries He,
My fair One, my Belovèd?
My burning eyes are founts of tears,
With love and sorrow movèd.

Ah come, ah come, no longer stay,
Behold my bitter mourning;
Beloved, why dost Thou delay
The joy of Thy returning?

In every place, my longing eyes
In fancy ever meet Thee,
And with the morning's earliest ray,
My heart goes forth to greet Thee.

(Antistrophe.)

Beloved, ah, what grief is mine,
My heart and soul possessing!
'Oh, loved one, take thee hope again,
He comes to thee in blessing.

Oh, tarry thou, He cometh soon,
Thee to His arms inviting;
No sorrow more can cloud thy joy,
With Him in love uniting.'

Oh come, return to my embrace!
Me to Thine arms inviting;
No sorrow more can cloud my joy,
With Thee in love uniting.

II.—THE SCENE.

The next scene represents Christ, Who appears in the streets of Bethany, and goes with His disciples into the house of Simon, where Mary and Martha await them. During the meal, Mary Magdalene kneels at the feet of Jesus, weeping, and anoints His Head with the precious ointment, whose odour fills the whole house. In the eyes of the covetous Judas this is a waste, which highly enrages him. He reckons coldly the worth of the ointment, and wishes that it had been sold for the relief of the poor, not really caring for them, but because he was a thief, and had the bag, and wished to put it therein. The three hundred pence are always in his mind—he cannot forget them: there is nothing more to be gained from Jesus; and in his passion he resolves to forsake his Master, and seek money anywhere in the world.

What a contrast! The Magdalen in her self-sacrifice, giving all for Jesus, even the best she has; and on the other hand, the cold avarice of Judas, who would keep all for himself.

After the feast, the Mother of Jesus comes with her companions to take leave of her Son. This subject has been represented in many mediæval pictures, and draws forth the tears and sympathy of every beholder. In the striking picture by Albert Durer, there is on one hand the overwhelming grief of the Mother, which moves St. John to tears; on the other, the tenderness of Jesus, Who with Divine serenity pours consolation into the wounded heart of Mary.

(To be continued.)

PRESENT DAY THOUGHTS ON THE EDUCATION QUESTION.

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION! Is the subject too deep for us to enter upon, and the field it embraces too wide for us to scan? Let not our readers be afraid. We are not going to dive into all the deep things which the very word Education will include. Is it not enough for us to know that our whole life on earth is an education for the eternal life beyond? and knowing this, may we not, with advantage, briefly trace the history of what we may call Christian Education, namely, the part which the Church of Christ has borne in obedience to its Divine Founder, in conferring the blessings of education upon the world around?

If we go back to the time when the instruction of the young was committed to the care of the Christian Church, our thoughts naturally revert to a morning beside the Sea of Galilee, more than eighteen hundred years ago. Three times the beloved Master asks of His penitent Apostle the question, 'Lovest thou Me?' and to the warm-hearted answer, 'Yea, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee,' He responds with this command: 'Feed My Lambs;' 'Feed My Sheep.'

From that day the Church undertook the instruction of the young, as one of her highest duties. Never, since then, has that duty been lost sight of entirely, though sometimes it has not been so warmly carried out as at others; and when this has been the case, the temporary neglect has borne most bitter fruit, in the coldness and indifference to religion of succeeding generations.

'Teaching,' as a necessary adjunct to 'preaching,' held an important place in the early work of the Church. If one part of the Divine commission, 'Go ye into all the world, and *preach* the Gospel to every creature,' enjoined that earnest appeal to lost sinners, to seek salvation through the one only Saviour, by which multitudes were gathered into the Church; the other part of that commission, '*Teaching* them to do all things whatsoever I have commanded you,' enjoined that more individual teaching which would enter minutely into the details of the Christian life.

In the period immediately succeeding the Apostolic age, catechetical schools were established in all the principal cities, of which the school at Alexandria was one of the most well known.

Clement of Alexandria wrote a treatise in the second century, called Pædagogus, the guide of children, the Instructor, (according to the full meaning of the word,) whose function it was less to impart knowledge than to train character, to guard from the contamination of evil, to guide the daily life. The central thought is, that the true Guide is the Son of God, Christ Jesus.

An example of the instruction given in these schools is still preserved

in the Catechetical Lectures of Cyril, Bishop of Jerusalem, in which he explains the Service in use at the Celebration of the Lord's Supper, so much of which is still retained in our own beautiful Service for the Holy Communion.

'Rooted and built up in Him, and established in the faith, *as ye have been taught*,' wrote St. Paul long before; and the thought cannot fail to strike us, how well trained in the doctrines of the Christian Faith must have been the pupils of the Catechetical Schools, who listened to the teaching of such men as Cyril of Jerusalem, Clement of Alexandria, or the learned Athanasius.

Following the history of the Christian Church a little further, we find that one of the first cares of those whom we may consider as the pioneers of Christianity in our own land, was the establishment of schools for the instruction of the young.

Ninian and Columba among the Picts and Scots, Augustine and his successors at Canterbury, Wilfred, Benedict Biscop, and Bede, on the northern shores of England, all left their mark upon succeeding generations, in the care they bestowed upon the education of the young, linking, as time went on, the encouragement of art, and the progress of civilization, with the higher instruction for which their schools were principally founded.

Nor was it only in the larger colleges and monasteries that Education was thus cared for: in the Ecclesiastical Institutes of the Anglo-Saxon Church, it was ordered that the clergy should be ready to receive and teach the children of their parishioners in the Latin language, and in ecclesiastical learning; and the parish priests were directed always to have a school at their houses, in which they were to instruct the little ones committed to their care.

Coming down to the period of the Reformation, we find Cranmer urging that catechizing had been neglected; and Edward VI. and his advisers, who took great pains to promote the religious education of the young, made the teaching of the young in the Catechism a charge upon the parochial clergy.

Very simple and beautiful is the account given by Izaak Walton, of the good George Herbert's method of instructing his people in the doctrines and practice of the Church; and he adds, 'He was constant in catechising every Sunday in the afternoon, . . . and was always so happy as to have a full congregation.' May we not add, Happy the congregation that listened to his instructions, or to those of Richard Hooker, who was equally diligent in the attention he gave to the duty of catechising.

A few years later we come to the miserable time of the Commonwealth, and then we find good John Evelyn writing, 'On Sunday afternoon I frequently stayed at home to catechise and instruct my family, these exercises universally ceasing in the parish churches, so as people had no principles, and grew very ignorant of even the common points of

Christianity.' This period, in which Christian teaching was so manifestly neglected, cast its baneful shadow upon succeeding generations; indeed, may we not trace some of the ignorance 'of even the common points of Christianity' to be met with amongst the large populations of some of our great towns, to the dark days when the Church, for a time, ceased to be the instructor of the people?

It is, however, to the present century that we must look, as the period during which the greatest efforts have been made to diffuse the blessings of Education amongst the masses of the people, so that the means of instruction might be brought home even to the very humblest. At the present time, when it is universally admitted that three-fourths of the efforts made for the education of the people are the work of the Church of England, we may fairly give a page from the history of that great Society, which has done so much to advance the education of the poor in the principles of the Established Church.

The National Society was instituted in 1811, at a period when the Committee of Council on Education had not come into existence, and at a time when no general system of education, capable of meeting the wants of the masses of the common people, and within the reach of the poorest classes, had yet been devised.

Undoubtedly it has principally been the means, under God, of first raising up, and then permanently maintaining, in this country, a just appreciation of all that is most valuable in education, a deep and lasting desire to promote its highest aims.

We can never be sufficiently thankful that it owed its existence to men whose singular wisdom and earnest piety seem to have marked them out as having been raised up, at that very time, to be the first promoters of so important a work.

Three friends, John Bowles, H. H. Norris, (the Ven. Archdeacon,) and Joshua Watson, were among the first to propose and start the Society. Joshua Watson was, for many years, its able and indefatigable treasurer, and Archdeacon Norris was acting secretary, until the Society was fully organized. They, with many others of noble and eminent standing, had formed themselves into a 'Loyal Association' to maintain the principles of religion and order, and to withstand the worldliness and indifference to religion which unhappily was only too prevalent.

It was in reference to this, and about this period, that Archdeacon Norris wrote:—

'We read, yesterday, of Gebal, and Ammon, and Amalek, casting their heads together with one consent. . . . . I want to see a centre formed, to which every zealously-affected Churchman may resort, and counterplot the numerous and most subtle devices against our very existence, which every day is bringing to light. If we but knew our strength as our enemies do theirs, we should all be encouraged and strengthened. . . . And so I shall proceed, and wherever I can find a sound Churchman, I will lay violent hands upon him if I can. Yea, as

David resolves, "Mine eyes shall look upon such as are faithful in the land, that they may dwell with me."'

There were many others, eminent both in Church and State, who took a leading part in the formation of the National Society. Its first President, the Archbishop of Canterbury, (Archbishop Manners-Sutton,) at once secured the cordial support of the Bishops; and the University of Oxford was roused to an interest in the scheme, by the correspondence of the Bishop of London, Dr. John Randolph, with the heads of Balliol and Oriel Colleges, the same interest being awakened at Cambridge by the exertions of Dr. Herbert Marsh, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough. The Deans of Canterbury and Westminster, Archdeacon Cambridge, Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, (the brother of the poet,) and others amongst the clergy too many to enumerate, with the Lord Chancellor Eldon, the Earls of Shaftesbury, Hardwicke, and Liverpool, Lords Grenville, Kenyon, and Redesdale, the Speaker of the House of Commons, and many others amongst the laity, gave their hearty sanction to the new Society. It was however to its first Treasurer, Joshua Watson, perhaps more than any other, that the Society was chiefly indebted for its successful start. His clear sense, sound judgement, and great ability as an accountant, rendered him an invaluable counsellor. His name was honoured alike by clergy and laity of the highest rank; and when, some years afterwards, he was invited to undertake a similar office, that of Treasurer to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, it was, we are told, at the 'unanimous request of Archbishops, Bishops, Priests, and Deacons.'

At the time of the formation of the National Society, public attention had been directed to the mode of organizing large classes of children, and using the help of the elder ones in teaching the younger, introduced by Dr. Andrew Bell, and Joseph Lancaster. The former, who had been a Chaplain in the East India Company's Service, had learned something from the practice of the Hindoos, and given an account of it in different publications, some years before Lancaster tried it; the chief difference between the two being that Lancaster, who had been brought up as a dissenter, limited himself to the mechanical part of education, and Dr. Bell made religious instruction an essential part of it. Anyhow, this may be looked upon as the origin of our present National School system, the starting-point from whence our monitors and pupil-teachers had their beginning. Archdeacon Cambridge forcibly pointed out the errors of the one system, on an examination of Mr. Raikes's school at Gloucester, which was Lancasterian; and Raikes candidly acknowledged its faults, saying, 'I am convinced; the one mode is *manual*, the other is *intellectual*.'

The principle laid down by the National Society, in its first Report, was 'that the National Religion should be made the groundwork of National Education,' and that 'the first and chief thing to be taught to the children of the poor was the doctrine of the Gospel, according to the excellent Liturgy and Catechism provided by the Church of England.'

To us, who in these days have seen the National School rise up as the natural auxiliary of the Church in every parish, it is not easy to realize what must have been the wisdom needed effectually to plan a scheme embracing the whole of England, adapted to the growing wants of the nation, and which, without abating one iota of its principles, could be readily accepted by all the clergy.

From those principles the National Society has never departed. Its simple 'Terms of Union' have formed a standard around which all the clergy in England can safely gather—the one rallying point in all Church schools, on the expediency of which there can be little difference of opinion, even in these days of discussion on the subject of Education.

More than once, since its first establishment, has it been the duty of the National Society to stand upon the defensive; and its Terms of Union are, it is hardly too much to say, the only safeguard for our National Schools.

Those terms, embodied in the Certificate of Union, which happily has a place in so many schools in England, are a standing witness to the possibility of our greatest educational Society maintaining the strict integrity of its own principles, without interfering with the authority of the parochial clergyman in his school.

It was in reference to certain clauses, which the Committee of Council proposed to enforce upon schools receiving grants, that Joshua Watson wrote—

'The National Society in no one instance, that I can recollect, interfered with the management or constitution of a school trust. In mere trusts it may have given counsel when consulted. But if the Terms of Union were accepted, the mode of conduct and management was, on principle and policy, left to the discretion of the applicant; the applicant being, nine times out of ten, the minister of the parish.'

Before proceeding further, we cannot forbear quoting the words of the late Bishop Blomfield, in 1856—words which, at an interval of fifteen years, come to us with peculiar force: 'Of the National Society it is but justice to say, that the great educational movement, which for nearly half a century has been pursuing its steady course, and diffusing more and more, from year to year, the blessings of civilization and religious truth throughout the land, originated, in a great degree, with that Society, and has ever since, under Providence, been sustained by its influence. . . . Besides contributing to extend instruction, the Society has done much in various ways to improve it—to make it real, and not visionary; intellectual, and not mechanical.

'And above all, the Society, as our Church at large can testify, has been essentially instrumental in connecting sound religious principle inseparably with useful knowledge in the education of the people. The Society has, by God's help, contributed to resist successfully the multiplied attempts of philosophical or political theorists to introduce their systems of merely secular teaching, or of a religious teaching so restricted and so generalized as to be comparatively inoperative.'

Long years before, in fact more than a quarter of a century ago, the far-seeing Joshua Watson had written on the subject of education:

'The mind of the State on this great subject, is neither more nor less than the transference of the people's training, from the Church to themselves. And for this purpose they must degrade the National Society, and reform the Universities. . . . I confess I cannot rid myself of my fears, at the steadiness of purpose with which this object is pursued.'

At the present moment, when the country stands pledged to an entirely new system of Education, we have thought it well briefly to review what has been the work of the Church in the past.

The Elementary Education Act of 1870 is designed to introduce a

system of National Education, which is to be brought home to every child in England.

The chief features of the new system are—that, for the future, where schools are required, they are to be built out of an Education Rate, and managed by a School Board elected by the ratepayers. No longer are the schools to spring up side by side with the Church; in the new system the Parochial Clergy, as a body, have no place. The Christian Church has no part in the new schools, for no ministers of religion are authorized to teach within their walls. The School Board can allow religious instruction to be given, but no Catechism, or formularies, distinctive of any particular denomination, are to be permitted. The Board has also the power to enforce compulsory attendance where desirable.

Our present National Schools continue to enjoy their connection with the Church; but, for the future, in all schools receiving an annual parliamentary grant, religious instruction is only to be given at the beginning, or the end, of the school meeting, so that it may be most easily evaded by the scholars: the Government Inspectors are never again to inquire into the religious teaching in the schools: and the subject is erased altogether from the Table of Pupil Teachers' Lessons.

That these are very startling changes we must admit, especially when we remember that in the words, 'Feed My lambs,' the education of the young was committed to the Church by an authority which no human power can abrogate, and no Act of Parliament dissolve.

Six months grace was granted for voluntary effort to do its best, during which applications for building grants might be made to the Committee of Council upon the same grounds as heretofore, but at the close of 1870 this was to be at an end. Accordingly, the last few months of the year witnessed a most persevering attempt on the part of poor districts in need of schools, to supply their immediate wants, and to claim the grant while it might be had. The National Society raised a 'Crisis Fund,' to meet the special necessity. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge voted £10,000 towards making grants for school buildings in this emergency; and the Bishop of London's Fund has made grants on a most liberal scale to poor districts in London. With this we hope that many a want may be immediately supplied, and many a school built before it is too late.

In the month of November the elections began which were to introduce the new system. There was a little excitement everywhere as to those who were to become candidates for a seat upon the new School Board.

In London the day fixed for the elections was the 29th of November. A quiet grey November day it was which witnessed the passing away of the old things and the introduction of the new. The London School Board was to consist of forty-nine members, elected by ten divisions in the Metropolis, some divisions sending four members, and Marylebone as many as seven; but for these seven seats there were more than thirty candidates. From eight o'clock in the morning until eight in the evening the polling-places were open and votes were received. The dull dawn had scarcely broken into daylight, when gentlemen, whose time was precious, first entered the polling-places. 'It is too early yet, Sir; we do not open till eight o'clock,' said the vote-collector. 'The church clock has this instant struck eight,' was the answer, so the

voting-papers were handed over and returned duly filled, and from that time the voting went on steadily.

It would be difficult to estimate the number of ratepayers, who protested that they cared nothing about the whole thing, and would not vote for anybody, and who eventually yielded to the persuasions of their friends, that since the Act had now become law, it was everyone's duty to support the best man in the best place. We had observed a wooden framework, like a deep shelf with divisions, carried into one of the polling-places on the previous day, and this we supposed was to receive the voting-papers. Not so, we were told; it was for the voters to put their heads into while they wrote their votes opposite the names of the candidates they wished to support; for this day's voting was to be carried out by the 'Secret Ballot.' There were some people, of course, so simple-minded or so perverse, that not being able to feel ashamed either of their own names, or of their opinions, they signed their voting-papers, and their votes were accordingly lost.

As time went on, there was a considerable amount of anxiety felt as to what would be the result of the elections; and many of us felt, that as that grey November day wore away, the old system, which had done so much in times past, was passing away also; and for the future the education of the people was to be taken out of the hands that had so long and so worthily borne the burden, and committed to a new and untried system the management of a School Board.

We must own that the result of the elections was rather startling in some places; and it is very difficult to see what generalized form of religious teaching can be agreed upon by a board, when one of its members approves of reading the Bible as a matter of history, geography, or topography, but not for the teaching of theology; in other words, not for teaching that for which the blessed Book is given, the knowledge which is able to make wise unto salvation. Another, an eminent Nonconformist, approves of *reading* the Bible in school without note or comment, but thinks all teaching would be better left to the home and the Christian Church: to illustrate which principle we must remember that in the new schools the Christian Church is to have no acknowledged place; and as to the home teaching, the main object of the Act is to get hold of children whose teaching has been so utterly neglected, that their parents have taken no pains to secure any education for them whatever. One proposition made is to ignore the subject altogether; and another, to take something which is not the Bible —a School Board selection, in fact—and let that be taught as a substitute.

We seem to have wandered far from the days of Clement and Cyril and Athanasius, and others of the great and good, who gave so much of their attention to this important branch of the Church's mission, when we read the educational addresses which have been issued, and the speeches which have been made on the subject during the year 1870.

There is something very terrible in witnessing the limits and restrictions which finite man would endeavour to put upon the Word of Infinite Wisdom, and in the effort which has been made, but so strenuously resisted by the country as a whole, to put religion out of the question altogether, as a subject belonging only to Sunday, and not to be heard of during the week.

The more we think about this, and the more we see and learn about

Education, the more do we feel convinced that we have taught these children nothing at all, unless we have taught them what to believe.

The very first principle in our teaching should be to recognize in each child the immortal soul within, made in the Image of God. Yes—lost, defaced, degraded, as the likeness has become, it is nevertheless the image and superscription of the King which constitutes its chief value. To shew how that likeness has been lost through sin, how it may be regained in Christ, how it may be perfected hereafter, when we shall awake in His likeness, and see Him as He is—surely this is the work of the teacher before all other work.

Happily, our National Schools still retain their distinctive tone and their religious character. One concession after another has been made, but the right still remains, not only to teach religious truth, but to teach it in a definite form; and it is much to be hoped that the proposed system of inspection in religious subjects, to be carried out by the various Diocesan Boards of Education in lieu of that hitherto conducted by Her Majesty's Inspectors, may do much in giving more definite shape and character to the religious instruction given in our schools. Now more than ever we should see to it that our schools not only maintain a high character for general efficiency, but that their religious tone is fully upheld, and that the doctrines of the Church to which we belong are impressed upon the young.

It is difficult to see how religion is to be taught at all apart from distinctive principles. We know no page in the Bible from which this indefinite religion is to be gathered. Why was it that of old the faithful suffered and the martyrs died, but that, 'faithful unto death,' they might hold themselves, and hand down to us, the blessing of a definite faith, even the faith which we are to believe to the saving of our souls? And do we set no higher value upon the treasured inheritance which they have left to us, than to be ready to send these children forth into the world without the safeguard of a definite faith, without the anchor of a sure hope? We believe that the more the teacher is in earnest in his work, the more really definite will his teaching become. Religion is a subject which we cannot teach with indifference. If we are thoroughly sincere, there will be no such thing as neutrality here. Of course, we know well that it is a Power far higher than any we can possess, a greater than any earthly teacher, who alone can impress the *hearts* of the children; but none the less is it our duty, as we value the priceless souls under our care—nay, as we value our own, to teach them with all sincerity and heartfelt earnestness the one only WAY which leadeth unto everlasting life. Can we even endeavour reverently to hold up before the children's minds the example of the Holy Child Jesus, and to trace the beautiful story of that sinless Life of Perfect Love, without involuntarily turning to the Church's prayer, 'that we may daily endeavour ourselves to follow the blessed steps of His most holy Life'?

There has been a great cry for what is called unsectarian and undenominational religion; but for our own part, we think that instead of less definiteness being required in teaching, one thing that has been chiefly wanting in our present system has been if possible a more definite course of religious training, which should help to guard our young from the mists of error by which they are surrounded. It is true that they are taught, and in many instances most ably and earnestly taught, the Catechism of the Church of England; but they leave school so young,

especially in London, and so easily forget what they have learned, that in succeeding years the light of Christian faith often burns but dimly. Yet better far even this dim light than none at all. Better far that in the turmoil of busy life, in the round of daily work, amidst the temptations to which they are exposed, and perhaps on the bed of sickness or death, the 'Articles of the Christian Faith,' and the 'Duty towards God and my Neighbour,' should have a place, though perhaps only a faintly remembered place, in the heart, than that the soul should be left without an anchor, and the daily life without a guide. What should we all be without the 'Christian Education,' which God, in His infinite mercy, has provided for us and brought home to us, in the teaching of His Church, and which surely it must be our duty to transmit to those who succeed us?

IVANOVNA.

FROM ATHENS TO PATRAS, IN 1858.

'MADRE dear,' said one of my boy friends to me the other day, 'when you were in Greece did you ever visit any of the great monasteries of the Peloponnesus?'

'Yes; I had one night at Megaspelaion. What a ride it was!' I dreamily continued, out of the depths of my arm-chair, where I had been luxuriating over my Guardian, enjoying the bits of modern Greek in the Archbishop's speech, which had carried me away, as if by magic, to the sunny land where I had spent so many of the happiest hours of my life.

'Now, Madre, wake up, and tell me all about it; you didn't ride up into the Abbot's cell, did you?'

'Not exactly; though the last bit of road, leading up to the Convent gates, was steeper than most modern staircases, we were too tired to dismount.'

'Who was "we"? and where did you ride from? Now, Madre, begin at the beginning, and tell me all about it. How long ago was it, and how did you come to leave that unfortunate husband of yours working away in his parish without your help?' was the saucy rejoinder.

'All, is not very much,' was my reply; 'but as you seem to be getting interested at last, like the rest of the world, in my beloved Greek Church, I will begin at the beginning, as you say, and tell you about my trip from Athens, where I left my dear mother in good hands, and went on a short expedition to Corinth and Patras.'

'Were you not afraid to go alone, Madre, and in that land of robbers too? but I forgot, you have erased the word fear out of your dictionary, have you not?'

'Don't be saucy, or you will rouse the old cat, and lose your story,' was my answer; which brought a ludicrous expression of mock contrition and humility into my companion's face, and he threw himself down on the hearth-rug at my feet, with a supplicating gesture, which earned him a friendly kick in the ribs.

'Pax, Madre, I am going to be good.'

'Well! it was the twenty-fifth anniversary of King Otho's long but not prosperous reign: we had been rather gay—private theatricals and

dancing at the Embassy, in honour of the Lord High Commissioner from Corfu; a beautiful ball at the Palace, where the dresses were really enchanting—the mixture of Parisian toilettes with Greek dresses in that beautiful ball-room; with the handsome but now cross-looking Queen, and the King's slight figure in his showy fustanelle and crimson jacket embroidered with gold, spoilt by the heavy German face which no dress or lights could make other than downright ugly; the pretty Greek maids of honour dancing with English officers from the ships at the Piræus, or diplomatists in their gorgeous uniform—altogether formed as picturesque a scene as it has ever been my lot to witness; but I had got very tired of these and other gaieties. Lent had come, and people did not seem inclined to settle down quietly, so I accepted an invitation to spend a month with one of the Ursuline nuns in their little Convent at Patras. There were only two nuns, and they had one of the best houses in the place, and they could, they said, make me very comfortable. I had letters too from Sir Thomas Wyse to Mr. W——, the Consul at Patras, and our own Vice-consul at Athens volunteered to take me down to the Piræus, and put me under the care of the captain of the little Austrian steamer, which was to take me to the Isthmus of Corinth. The Captain said that he would see me safe, together with his despatches, in the hands of the captain of the larger boat on the other side of the isthmus, so there seemed no difficulty in the matter, and on a bright March morning I found myself fairly launched on my travels alone. I got on capitally, ensconced in a quiet corner of the steamer, where the Captain had kindly put a chair for me whence I could watch the headlands as we glided by; and very soon I found myself landing at Calamaki, and left under the charge of a middle-aged Greek—an English Consul, as he assured me that he was, in some out-of-the-way place; while the Captain went into a small public in search of his friend from the other side of the Isthmus. *En attendant*, I made a frugal repast on a red mullet fried in oil, and a piece of rather sour bread, which I bought of a bright-eyed lad who was frying the said mullet *al fresco*. Of course we had a crowd of lookers-on, but the black eyes looked so friendly and kind that they did not annoy me; and in a short time my friend the Captain re-appeared, bringing with him my new ally, a handsome fair Austrian, who was much relieved to find that I could talk a little German, and that he was not expected to converse in Greek. An old rattle-trap of a carriage conveyed us across the isthmus, and I was soon ensconced in the ladies' cabin, where I was rather dismayed to find there was no stewardess; however, the Captain assured me that he slept close by, and that he would leave the cabin door open all night, so I resigned myself to circumstances, crept into my berth, drew the little curtain, and in the middle of my Compline Psalms fell into a deep and dreamless sleep, from which I only awoke to find that another glorious day had begun, that the sea was less still, and that Patras was in sight; presently the anchor was let down, and a Roman Catholic priest came on board inquiring for the English lady. I said good-bye to my friends the Greek consul and Austrian captain, my box was dropped over the side, I followed, and we were tossing about in the grey morning light, with a wondrous panorama of mountains rising before us, above a semi-circle of hills covered with vines and orange gardens; below which again lay a clean bright looking town, extending all round the beautiful bay of Patras. The priest pointed out the little English man-of-war steamer, which lay idly rocking

just outside the harbour, and which, he said, was there to protect the small vessels and the out-lying villages against pirates; and the handsome Greek Church of St. Andrew at one end of the bay, built near to the spot where St. Andrew was martyred; and then kindly handed me out of the trim little boat; and followed by a man shouldering my box, we soon found ourselves at the door of the nuns' house, and I was received in the warm embrace of my dear old friend, who with one of her Sisters had settled there for a time, to undertake the education of the children of Mr. W——, the English Vice-consul, and a few other Roman Catholic residents, who were at their wits' end what to do with their children in that out-of-the-way part of the world.

'And now, my dear boy, as I am sure you are not desirous of following me into the quiet monotonous life of a convent, I will skip the next few weeks, and will only say that it was a very happy peaceful time, spent chiefly on the sea-shore with my friend the Ursuline novice, who had a long holiday, for once in her life; and sat contentedly drinking in the glorious sunshine and sea-breezes, gradually recovering from the shock to her nerves occasioned by three months of repeated earthquakes, which had frightened the inhabitants of Patras into a most uncomfortable state of terror, so that there were reports of one lady having been seen in the middle of the principal square with little on excepting her night-dress, and another not having taken off her clothes for a fabulous length of time.

'They had had good cause for their alarm, as Corinth had been laid waste by one of the shocks, only three houses being left standing, and those in such a tattered condition that no one would venture to sleep in them. The inhabitants were all living in tents outside the town.

'However, after my arrival, no more earthquakes disturbed the serenity of our sleep, and gradually everybody subsided into their usual occupations.

'The churches were, perhaps, a little more crowded than they had been in past years, and the services on Palm Sunday more devoutly performed by the long-bearded venerable looking priests; but buying and selling currants, and fishing, and talking politics, were still the favourite occupations of the *οἱ πολλοι*.

'Easter came only too soon, and I had to think of finding my way back to Athens. The kind Vice-consul and his wife stept in, and arranged with their friend, the captain of the little steam-vessel, a charming expedition for me. What was my delight, to find that I was to visit Megaspelaion—the spot of all others, next to the Holy City, which I had always wished to see—in a royal manner too, for I was to be taken there in the little man-of-war steamer, that we were wont to watch, with its English flag lazily hanging down, scarce stirred by the soft breeze, which we began to find quite refreshing, now that the days were getting almost hot.

'Oh, that month of April! methinks I can shut my eyes and fancy the warmth of our cosy fire-side exchanged for the glorious sunshine of beautiful Greece, and the smell of our first violets for the luscious sweetness of the orange blossom, and the pure white of the little snowdrop for the gorgeous carpet of scarlet anemones, or the masses of purple and white crocuses opening their shy cups to the warm air from the sea, or perhaps closing them again and carefully guarding their golden tassels as a keener breeze came blowing down the valleys from those wondrous mountains, with their snowy tops.'

'Now, Madre, do not get into a rhapsody,' saucily interrupted my

boy-friend. 'I want to hear about the man-of-war, and the ride to the Monastery. What a swell you must have felt!'

'Very well,' I replied meekly, with a half sigh at being aroused from my waking dream of fair lands; 'but I must first tell you about a nice little party we had in Easter Week.'

'A party, Madre! did you invite the priests to a dance at the Nunnery—what fun it must have been?'

'No, you bad boy! it was not at the Nunnery; but my friend, the nun, dressed my hair most beautifully for me, fastened my lace berthe on, and called in her fellow nun to see a lady in a white evening dress; and I can assure you I have never been so much admired before or since as I was that night.'

'Not to your knowledge, Madre,' gallantly replied my boy, with a mischievous twinkle of his black eyes.

'Well! they sent me away under the safe escort of the Vice-consul, whose gun had supplied me with many a dainty meal during Lent; and I found myself once more in a carpeted room, with lights and music and flowers and Parisian looking dresses, and a gallant looking Greek gentleman to take me down to supper; and what interested me most was his account of his uncle's exploits during the War of Independence. He was a deacon in a small village not far from Thermopylæ, and when all the men were out on an expedition against the Turks, they suddenly heard that a small band were coming to ransack the village, and carry off the women; they immediately sent them all away to the mountains, and the deacon, with two other men who were left behind invalided, stationed themselves at a narrow pass of the road, determined to defend it with their lives, and gain time for the escape of the women and children. There they stood and fought for two hours, protected by the rocks, till the others were killed, and the deacon alone remained; him they bound, and lighting a huge fire, they proceeded to roast him alive, slowly, gradually, every half hour removing him from the fire, and offering him life and wealth if he would only renounce his religion, become a Mahometan, and turn against his fellow Christians; but no, he bore it patiently, bravely—the grey rocks around were his Colosseum, the band of ruffian Turkish soldiers were his Roman executioners. Maybe he too saw Heaven opened, and his Lord sitting on the right hand of God waiting to receive him—maybe angel eyes looked lovingly and pityingly down upon him, and his eyes were opened, so that he could see them—anyhow, his torments only lasted three hours, and then came peace and joy and rest, and his tormentors had nothing but a dead body on which to glut their rage.'

'O Madre, Madre, is this really true!'

'True—yes, my boy; he was but one of the glorious army of martyrs whom the Greek Church has sent silently to join her Lord—they are too numerous to be made a fuss about; besides, it suits us English better to abuse the Greeks and praise the Turks. Bah! I have no patience with our policy in the East, so I had better hold my tongue, lest I should be speaking against the powers that be.

'Well! I said good-bye to my kind friends at Patras, and found myself one grey morning swiftly gliding in that most perfect of conveyances, a man-of-war's boat, to the little steamer; five minutes more, and I was in the Captain's wee cabin, talking to his pretty wife, playing with his sweet children, being introduced to his nice sensible sister, and planning our expedition for the morrow.

'The next morning found us in the long-boat, with two officers and Mr. C——, our friend the Vice-consul's brother, as our escort; the Captain steering, and prognosticating a lovely day for our ride of seven hours up the mountains. He himself was to return on board to his wife and ship, after seeing his sister and myself safely mounted upon our horses. Horses—ay, that was the difficulty; but we were hospitably received in the best house of the small town, and Mr. C—— and the Captain went off in search of the animals, whilst we were entertained by a certain wonderful piano which came from Paris, and which was played by a machine turned by a handle something on the principle of the antiphonal. The dance tunes were very successful, and our friends the sailors began jumping about, proposing a waltz, which we declined on the score of its being not a very refreshing introduction to a long ride; then we had to drink *café noir* and eat preserves, and at last our hospitable host pronounced the beasts to have arrived. He might well call them beasts—there were a couple of mules, and a donkey for the luggage, and two rough looking ponies with queer pack-saddles on them, for the ladies. Mr. C—— was provided with a kicker, so we saw very little of him during our ride. We contrived a piece of wood as a sort of shelf for Miss M—— to put her feet upon, drew the pony near a wall, and she was soon seated upon one of the quilts of the country, laid on the top of the padded leather framed in wood which constitutes the only saddle to be procured. I was soon mounted on my steed, and with a guide running at our sides and our sailor friends bringing up the rear, away we went in single file along the narrow street paved with rough stones, every doorway filled with picturesque looking groups in their white peasant dresses and red girdles, their black eyes round with wonder at the noisy party which had suddenly invaded the quiet monotony of their lives.'

'I thought you womenkind rode—hum—astride in Greece,' interrupted my companion; 'now Madre, confess—didn't you sometimes slip one leg over the pack-saddle when you were riding along the edge of a precipice with your feet dangling over the side?'

'No! you saucy boy; nor did my companion, though she was sorely urged to do so by her Greek guide, who did not at all see the good of what seemed to him to be an extraordinary piece of prudishness; however, before we came to the mountain passes and the wild precipices, we had to ride over a marshy piece of ground by the sea-side, inhabited by thousands of frogs, whose disapproval of our barbaric shouts to one another was expressed in most classical Greek—*βρακακακὰξ κοὰξ κοὰξ κοὰξ*. I think I can hear it now.'

'Why, Madre, it's *b*rak, not *v*rak, in Aristophanes.'

'In English, you mean; who ever heard a Greek or a frog either say *b*? Nature in the East softens all her consonants into liquid sounds to suit the liquid blue of her sky and waves.'

'Liquid fiddlestick!' was the rejoinder, to which another kick was the reply; and then the story proceeded.

'Well! the frogs were gradually becoming inaudible, even the old trumpeting bull-frog sounded like a faint railway whistle in the far distance, the tulips and scarlet anemones and lovely Judas-trees were giving place to stars of Bethlehem, and cyclamens, and the gorgeous red-stemmed arbutus, and we were mounting higher and higher. We began every now and then to lose sight of the blue channel and the top of Parnassus opposite. Its two summits, one of which I had scaled

many a long year before, were hidden by the wild rugged tops of the hills on each side of us, and our beasts carried us along less readily as they scrambled up the rough paths, which had been rendered almost impassable by the rains of a month ago, and had not yet been mended in readiness for the files of mules and donkeys which were to carry the produce of the vineyards down to the sea-shore later in the season; and at last we came to one place where a mountain torrent had washed the path quite away, and an earthquake had thrown a great rock right in our path. What was to be done? Miss M—— trembled, and was ready to turn back; the sailors even looked grave, but I trusted to the sagacity of Greek beasts of burden, and led the way up a tangled thicket to the left, and after a scratch or two and one scream from my companion, when we tumbled and slid down into the path on the other side of the obstruction, on we went merrily once more, till just as night was drawing on one of the guides exclaimed, "There, there is Megaspelaion!" and straining our eyes upwards through the darkness we espied a large white spot on the side of the mountain looking more like a bit of white cliff than a house. Another minute, and we were passing over a rude wooden bridge, with a roaring river under our feet, and then zig-zag, zig-zag through little gardens carefully cultivated by the monks up and up the steep stony path, until suddenly the last turn was taken, and there burst upon our dazzled eyes such a sight as I shall never forget. In the background was a low arched gate-way, and out of it emerged in a long procession two hundred black figures carrying torches made of the resinous wood of a kind of pine. One of the guides had taken a short cut up the mountain side, bearing with him the Bishop's letter, without which we should not have gained admittance, and the monks were coming out to meet us.

'How grand they looked in their long black robes; first the old Abbots (for as they are elected yearly there are several of them) with their splendid snowy beards and grave earnest faces lighted up by the flare of the torches, reminding one of that wondrous picture of daybreak during a vigil, which by the way you have *not* seen at the Palazzo Pitti in Florence. Then the younger monks and novices, some of them only lads just come in, sent maybe by their parents as an offering to God of their best and dearest; and around and above them wild rocks and trees fitfully reflected in the wild glare of the torches, and below us down to the left we could hear the dull roar of the mountain stream almost drowning the hearty grave salutations of the Abbots as they bid us welcome, and helped us off our tired beasts. My companion once more trembled and seemed half inclined to draw back from the low portal and its dark looking inhabitants; but I stepped forward, and was carefully guided up rough steps and interminable passages till the fourth storey was reached, and a door was opened and we found ourselves in a spacious room comfortably fitted up with divans or Turkish sofas round three of its sides, the panelled walls painted green and white, a mangal or pan of coals in the middle of the room. How glad we were to lay our weary limbs upon the cushions; and presently our kind friend Mr. C—— carried off the other visitors, and we were left to wash our faces in a strange bright looking brazen pan, and make ourselves as tidy as we could for dinner. Dinner! yes, one must dine even in a monastery, and at Megaspelaion; and soon in came the sailors and Mr. C——, wondering what we should have for dinner, and hoping it would come very soon.

And then one by one in came the six principal Abbots, and sat on the divans; and we made ourselves snug in a corner, and were much amused at the Abbots' naive questions, and at our friends the sailors' quaint remarks; but still we were hungry, and dinner did not come, and we were sleepy, and I am ashamed to say, in spite of the six Abbots and their attendant deacons, and the two sailor officers and Mr. C——, we fell fast asleep, and were only awakened towards ten o'clock by a very savoury smell and the laying of a clean rough cloth on a table drawn up to the divan; and soon we were enjoying a most excellent pilaff and other Eastern dainties, the Abbots, meanwhile, looking benignly on, and apologizing most needlessly for the emptiness of their larder and the short-comings of their cook. Charming old men they were, with all the natural refinement and courtesy of the East, together with a certain air of dignity derived from their long habits of authority over this little city of monks—two hundred men to guide and instruct, and set each to their several employments, for they have immense farms, and the monks till the ground and dress the vineyards, besides learning γράμματα (letters) as they call learning to read and write, and reciting their Offices seven times during the day and night. We listened as we ate our food to tales of the War of Independence: how Megaspelaion had once been an impregnable fortress, which the Turks had vainly attempted to conquer—how on one occasion, when the men of the surrounding villages were all away fighting in another part of the Peloponnesus, the women came trooping in with the news that the Turks were at hand—how their rule was for once broken through, and the women admitted into the sacred precincts of the monastery, while they themselves, armed with every weapon they could lay hands upon, went out to fight against the enemy. Wondrous tales they told of how once the Turks had gained possession of the heights above and tried to roll huge rocks upon them, crushing them all into one terrible mass; and how ceaselessly Masses and prayers had gone up to God from the aged priests and women and children, and God would not suffer the rocks to move, and there they remain at the present day on the edge of the precipice; and then their eyes sparkled as they described their own ascent through a circuitous path, coming upon the Turks in the rear, and monks though they were, overcoming the best troops that Turkey could boast of, till the battle became a mere butchery, and the small remnant of the craven Turks fled away never to return. Then and not till then, after that long siege, the women returned to their homes, blessing the monks who had saved them from worse than death at the hands of their cruel enemies.

'And then the story changed to a more peaceful theme, and they told how Otho the King and his beautiful queen had paid them more than one visit; and how this very room had been fitted up for their accommodation. They seemed very loyal, those innocent unsophisticated old men; little did they know of the jealousies and heart-burnings of the courtiers at Athens. Here at least King Otho had a band of loyal contented subjects, who prayed night and day that he might have a son virtuous and holy to rule over his people when he was dead, and to deliver their suffering fellow-countrymen at Constantinople from the rule of the abhorred Mahometan.

'Mr. C—— and I listened and interpreted till dinner was over and we had sipped our coffee, and then we began to be very sleepy, and the officers proposed retiring for the night; but the Abbots objected. There was no other room in the monastery fit for them. Mr. C——, who was

so good to the monastery, and sold their wine and currants for them, *must* sleep in the best room. Mr. C—— blushed and laughed. "We could not think of intruding upon the ladies." "The women would only be too happy," asserted the Abbots; "women were always afraid to sleep alone." Miss M—— at this went off into uncontrollable fits of laughter, and I gravely assured them that *English* women were never afraid; the sailors insisted upon walking out of the room at once, and turning the "old gentlemen" out by force; but we interposed, and by dint of much explanation persuaded them that sleep alone we must and would; then they wanted out of sheer politeness to remain until we were asleep, but we objected that we liked to say our prayers, and that we preferred doing so in private; so at last, after many civilities on both sides, and laughter on the part of our nautical friends, the monks disappeared, and the door was shut, not without our being assured that the gentlemen slept just underneath, and that if we were frightened we had only to knock with a large stick on the ground and they would appear immediately. We barred the door, and making very simple arrangements for the night, we laid our weary heads on the clean white pillows which had been provided for us, covered ourselves up with the thick quilted silk coverlids, and were soon sleeping dreamlessly on the comfortable wide divans.'

'Madre dear,' said my auditor, who had, I was flattered to perceive, been aroused by the account of the battle of Megaspelaion into a sitting posture,—'Madre dear, do you mean to say that you really believe God worked a miracle on behalf of those old monks?'

'Why not? I firmly believe the Turks tried to roll the rocks over and failed; but whether it was from a panic which seized their unbelieving hearts and paralyzed their strength so that they became an easy prey to that handful of undisciplined peaceful monks, God only knows. It is a strange fact, that after rolling those rocks to the edge of the precipice they should have been unable to give them the last shove over the side. I do not say that I believe in this and many another legend as I do in my Bible, *i. e.* that I would die rather than deny my faith in it; but is there not a secondary kind of faith which it is far pleasanter and wiser to have in all such accounts, a belief that God can and does interfere on behalf of His loving servants, as surely as He did in the case of Eutychus, or of St. Paul when he shook off the viper. The cavilling doubting spirit of the age seems to me, to say the least of it, so inconvenient and unpoetical, that I prefer to go through the world believing what people tell me, not as a matter of faith, but as a pious belief which can do me no harm, and will certainly give me a great deal of innocent pleasure and edification.

'And now to continue my narrative.—I awoke the next morning with the sun streaming through a crack of our shutters right on to my face; so, getting up very softly, not to awaken my tired companion, I proceeded to indulge in such ablutions as the aforesaid brazen basin admitted of, dressed rapidly, and sat listening attentively for anything like the sound of a bell calling the monks to Mass, or Liturgy, as the Greeks call it; but no, the first thing that aroused Miss M—— was the sound of Mr. C——'s voice telling us that it was late, and that we had better get up, or we should not have time to see the convent before we started once more for the sea-shore.

'She jumped up, and I threw open the shutters. What an enchanting

view it was, down the steep ravine to the river below, and the broken hills beyond! I sat entranced, half envying the monks their peaceful uneventful lives, wishing that the dear ones far away were here to share my pleasure; scarcely able to realize that at last I had slept within the walls of the most sacred of all the Greek monasteries next to those on the Holy Mountain, where no woman is admitted; that the day-dream of my childhood nourished by the accounts of many a traveller, fresh from his tour in the Morea, and above all from his visit to this place, had at length come true. Yes! here I was; and soon my companion was ready, and we had drunk our cup of *café noir* and munched a ship-biscuit, and were once more escorted by monks along the narrow passages, and passing through a door, found ourselves within the sacred precincts of this most ancient of churches. How shall I describe it? It is built *inside* the large cavern, from which it takes its name, and in which St. Luke is supposed to have written his Gospel: the lowest part of the cavern is occupied by immense wine-vaults; the next story is a series of huge ovens, in which the bread for two hundred persons is daily baked—this keeps the church, which is built just over them, perfectly dry, in spite of its being walled in from the outer air by seven stories of cells evidently built as they were wanted by the monks themselves, for some are lofty, some very low, some better finished than others. Some monks evidently fancied having large windows, and others small; then to some of the cells the staircases are tolerably broad and easy, whereas to others the approach resembles an Alpine mountain-path rather than anything in the shape of stairs. Tapers were of course required to light us along these passages, and lights are kept burning in the church night and day. The church itself is not unlike an ordinary Byzantine building; cruciform, with transepts, and an apse at the eastern end; the whole surmounted by a lofty dome, which reaches to the top of the cavern and stands away from the last three stories of cells. No service was going on. I asked whether one was about to begin. "No," they said, "all their services were over, Mass had been said at six a.m., Lauds at three a.m.," &c., &c. How was it I had not heard the bell! The Abbots had thought they would disturb us, and that as we were so tired we had better be allowed to sleep. I expressed my regret, and looking at the pictures named the subjects of them. They looked surprised, but said that the picture they most prized was not kept in this part of the church, that had been painted by St. Luke himself. "What was the subject?" I asked. "The Blessed Virgin." "Might I see it?" After some demur the Priest opened the Holy of Holies, and a curious black-looking oil painting was held for us to kiss. I complied of course, much to the disgust of my sailor companions, whom I had begged not to talk and laugh, as they would be supposed not to be Christians, as Protestants were unknown in this part of the world. Lastly, the Priest, seeing that one of the party at least was a believer, brought out a magnificent jewelled cross, the gift to this monastery of an Emperor of Constantinople, containing a large piece of the true Cross brought by the Empress Helena from Jerusalem. I gazed for one moment on that which had been kissed for centuries by thousands of devout Christians, firmly believing that they there beheld a piece of that Sacred Wood to which the Lord, for whom many of them were ready to die, had been nailed by persecutors as cruel as the masters under whose bitter galling bondage it was God's good pleasure

still to leave His Holy Church. Another instant, and I had devoutly kissed the piece of "the True Cross," and my companions had turned away, and the Priest had disappeared within the sacred precincts, and I followed to where one of the Abbots awaited our visit, for we found that we were expected to return their call made to us on the previous night severally in their own cells. By the time the sixth cup of coffee had been tasted, and the last Abbot had looked at the pewter mug with a glass bottom, which our sailor friends had brought with them, and which appeared from its novelty to amuse them greatly, we were very glad to get into the open air and see preparations being made for a substantial meal previous to our departure. What a picturesque breakfast-room it was, under a large tree, with a carpet of ferns and scented branches of shrubs spread upon the ground, covered over by Eastern carpets of beautiful colours; a fire burning at a little distance, by which was roasting a kid, the best of the flock. This time the Abbots sat down and ate with us, after having blessed the table; and Miss M—— chatted and laughed merrily with the young officers on each side of her. Presently one of the Abbots startled them by an emphatic nod and an address in Greek—"You had better marry her." "What does he say?" was the embarrassing question to me. There was no help for it; the Abbot insisted upon having his words interpreted, so interpreted they were. "Tell the old gentleman I should be most happy, but I have got a wife at home," was the merry reply. "That does not matter; you are a Mahometan, and are permitted to have several wives; she will make you a good wife, you had better marry her." The laughing face grew scarlet, and said plainly enough without the words, "I am no Turk, I am a Christian." "They did not reverence the True Cross and the pictures of the Saints, they must be Mahometans," persisted the Abbot.

'It was no use explaining that they were Protestants, that was quite beyond the comprehension of the dear old monks of Megaspelaion, so our sailors went off in disgust to smoke their cigars on the rock.

'We wandered about by ourselves for a while, but presently returned and sat awaiting the arrival of the beasts. Presently I saw two of the Abbots looking at me and consulting together. "I know what they are talking about," said I, "they are wondering how I came to be a Christian. Yes! here they come to ask the question;" and accordingly up came the two old men. "We hear," said they, "that you belong to our holy religion, and you can speak our language; may we ask how you learnt to be a Christian?" I told them that I was the wife of an English priest. "Then you are one of us," said they; and they begged me hospitably to remain a week amongst them, promising themselves to escort me to Corinth to meet the next Austrian steamer. I made my excuses, and said that I hoped some day to return amongst them, and to bring my husband with me—that *he* would reverence their ancient customs, and would like to see their beautiful manuscripts. That they said they could not ask me to do; they had no power to invite me to return, the Bishop must do that; but now that I was here they might beg me to remain amongst them. It was a healthy air, and would benefit my health, and I was not afraid of sleeping alone; they would take care of me if I would remain, and find a horse for me to go back to Corinth upon. I was much flattered, and thanked them courteously; but repeated that it was impossible—my mother would think that I was carried away by the robbers—my husband was expecting me at home.

'And so the beasts arrived; we once more mounted, and amidst many a kindly greeting, and the ringing of the monastery bells, we rode slowly away, and soon behind the spur of a mountain lost sight of the wild picturesque looking building, with its strange precipice of rock rising above it right into the blue sky above, streaked here and there with patches of green or pink or rose-colour, where some lovely creeper had fixed itself in a crevice of the rock whence it derived its slender nourishment.

'A merry ride we had. Miss M—— had lost her timidity; the sailors amused us with tales of a poor young monk whom they had deluded into smoking a cigar (against the rules) and whom they had made very sick. He called piteously for medicine, and they had to send for Mr. C—— to reassure him. Mr. C—— proposed calling in the doctor of the monastery. "They had no doctor; just fancy," they continued, "C—— told us that the King's physician offered to take one of their number to Athens to be educated as a doctor, and they refused, because they thought that he might introduce the knowledge of evil among the brethren! Poor, benighted, ignorant old men." I said nothing, but I thought of the Garden of Eden, and of the fruit which was to bring knowledge to Adam and Eve; and methought the old Abbots were not so far wrong after all.

'On and on we rode, past a lower spur of the mountain, keeping to the right of the stream which we had crossed on the previous night, until we came to a patch of snow in a hollow, and then to a mass of primroses and violets which charmed my companions. It looked like home; they had not seen a primrose for years; they were better than all the scarlet anemones in the world. And now we are once more in sight of the blue sea, and Parnassus looks lovelier than ever, and we begin descending lower and lower, and we are looking out for the little steamer, and she is not in sight, and we wonder whether we can have made any mistake, when, just as we arrive on the sandy shore, the long-boat comes in sight, with our captain in its stern and eight British sailors pulling, and we dismount and gladly jump into our comfortable cushioned seats, and the officers subside into comparative silence, and we chatter away and tell all our adventures to the Captain as we are pulled along for a couple of miles to the little ship, which has been lying behind a headland while the long-boat had been looking for suspicious craft which might be exercising the unlawful traffic of carrying robbers to and fro from Turkish Greece.

'Not many hours elapsed before I was landed at the isthmus, and put by my kind friends under the care of the Confessor of the Ursuline nuns at Patras, who happened to be travelling to Athens on business. Have I described him to you? I think not, and yet he was worth describing, and I had had many a pleasant visit from him during my stay at Patras. His sister was one of the nuns, a gentle dark-eyed thoughtful girl, not much like her handsomer and cleverer brother, except in goodness and purity of character.

'He was a Greek of Upper Syra, brought up at the Propaganda at Rome, and sent back to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Syra, with the character that he was fit to be the head of a college of priests or a confessor to nuns. He has since then been made Bishop of Tenos.'

'But, Madre, who has he got to be Bishop of? I thought that the Syriotes and Teniotes were all of the Greek religion?' pertinently inquired my boy auditor.

'The islands were in the time of the Venetians almost depopulated by the plague,' I replied, 'so a certain Venetian admiral permitted as many of his sailors as chose, to land, marry Greek women, and bring up their children in the Romish faith; consequently a population arose which at first occupied the whole islands; but as they were during the Turkish times under the special protection of the French nation, Greeks came and settled there from all parts, and they numbered in Syra at the time I am speaking of twenty thousand, whereas the Roman Catholic Greeks, who had gradually been driven up into the upper town, numbered only five thousand, the former being more enterprising, and therefore far richer, than their neighbours. There is of course no love lost between these rival Churches, as the Greek Greeks complain that the Romans are always trying to make converts, a thing which they look upon as low and ungentlemanly—a kind of poaching on other people's preserves.

'Well! to return to the future Bishop of Tenos, who was at that time a handsome young man of five-and-twenty, six feet high, with Greek eyes black as jet, and manners acquired among the highest society at Rome, for he had been chamberlain to a cardinal, and could talk familiarly of the Wilberforces, Robert and Henry, of Manning, and above all of Newman—of the comparative beauty of English ladies of the highest classes, and of that of the second or upper middle classes.'

'Which did he prefer?—the nobility of course!'

'No; strange to say, he declared that they were worn out by dissipation, and that the next class to them realized better his idea of the purity and fair innocence of Saxon beauty. I differed, but he gently assured me that a man was the best judge in those matters.

'We talked of many things sitting on the deck of the Austrian steamer, until I saw my companion looking yellow, and he beat an ignominious retreat for five minutes, but soon returned and talked away bravely again, as few *men* do when they are suffering from that most humiliating disease, sea-sickness; but I was not sorry for his sake when we glided into still waters between the two lanterns set on rocks which mark the entrance to the Piræus, and the anchor was let down and my friend the Vice-consul at Athens came on board.

'The Priest had disappeared, fearing he should be accused of trying to make a convert of me; but I hunted him out among the baggage, and insisted upon shaking hands with him and thanking him for all his kindness. He looked up with a bright smile, saying, "You are not ashamed of me, then. God bless you." He watched us as we went down the side of the ship, and waved an adieu to him out of our gay little boat.

'Another week, and I was once more on board a steamer bound for Marseilles; five days more, and Paris was reached, where I found my husband awaiting me; and then came a night's rest; and twelve more hours found us jolting along the streets of dear dirty old London in a cab—bah! I ought to have stopped at Athens; the lust to finish, as an Irish cousin of mine used to call it, has carried me too far; out of the land of poetry and rest, into the region of prose and work.'

ST. AGNES' SCHOOL CHURCH, TRINIDAD.

Two years ago I resigned a curacy in the north of Hampshire, and took the steamer from Southampton for Trinidad, in search of health. A kind Providence has given me strength and health sufficient to undertake work in the diocese of Barbados; and it is in a portion of this work that I venture to hope that some kind folk 'at home' may be found willing to take an interest, and to help me.

Together with my duties as Curate of the town of Port of Spain, I hold the Chaplaincy of the Garrison, which is stationed rather more than a mile and a half out of the town; and in its immediate vicinity beyond there has sprung up a poor straggling village, containing about two hundred families. The villagers are for the most part Coolies from India, who emigrated to this colony some years ago as agricultural labourers, and having served the term of their indenture, are now free to reside where they please, and to earn their living after their own fashion. Scattered about amongst these are several (about forty) Creole families, chiefly employed as labourers, or supporting themselves by their own gardens. A few more are discharged soldiers, English and black, some of whom are married to Creoles and have families.

For all these souls there was no spiritual instruction, and no means of education. Living almost in the 'bush' does not raise the value of education or religion in the eyes even of Christians; and in the case of the Coolies, if anything like evangelization is expected, it is, of course, necessary to bring the Gospel to them, for they will never seek it. It was this constant sight of sheep without any earthly shepherd, and other sheep which were not yet of the Christian Fold, which caused me to feel that I, who came so near to them by my existing duties at the Garrison, was the one who ought to try and do something for them. One or two attempts failed; but at last I was able, through the help of a few in collecting, and of many in giving money, to erect a small building at a cost of about £110, on a piece of land most generously leased to us at a mere nominal rent by a lady proprietor. It may well be imagined that the building is small for that cost, and very plain. The body of it is capable of holding eighty persons; and there is a small chancel, which is curtained off during the week, and only used for Divine Service once a week.

During the week school is held in the body of the building. Such a building naturally has its drawbacks, inasmuch as it is neither altogether a sacred building, nor yet is it wholly unconsecrated, for its weekly service does sanctify it in the eyes of the people. But a school-church, such as this, alone suits the mixed nature of this semi-missionary work.

I must now divide the work into its separate elements, and give some information as to the condition of the school, and then of the church.

The school was opened about a year ago, in a small hired room. I think we began with three or four Coolie children, and the same number of Creoles. The illness of one of the inmates of the house caused us to be turned out at a day's notice. We then took refuge in a room belonging to the ward constable of the quarter; it was very ill-adapted in every way for the purpose of teaching; but there was positively no choice. During this period the Bishop Coadjutor of Barbados paid us a

visit, and expressed much interest in the scheme, and was pleased to obtain a grant of £20 for us from the S. P. C. K., in addition to his own subscription of £5. The average number of children during this time was about fifteen.

Meanwhile my friends and myself had persevered until the Building Fund enabled me to proceed with the erection of what is now called the 'Saint Agnes School-Church.' It is to the residents in the town of Port of Spain that the credit of raising this building is really due. And when the day came for opening it, the ceremony was most gratifying. The Rural Dean and four others of the clergy took part in it. Coolies and Creoles were present, and more than filled the building. After service, followed feasting on cakes and fruit. I trust it was a great day for that place, and I have ever since tried to make the people themselves believe that it was great; and I have every reason to rest assured that they in different degrees recognize its importance, and its blessings. As many had anticipated, the change of situation to a more central spot than where the old school was held, and the novelty of the building, had the effect of increasing the numbers very considerably. On the first day that school was held in the new building (June 19th) the number of children was forty-one. Of course, it was not expected that this would continue to be the usual attendance; but I am happy to say that the daily number has, with a few exceptions, been over thirty. The Coolie children would be very irregular, but for the perseverance and energy of the teacher, (a Christian Coolie,) who goes in search of them every morning, and brings many along with her to school.

I may state here, as a kind of link to the further account which I wish to give about the church, that some of the Coolie children belonging to the school, as well as the Creole children, attend the service on Friday nights.

The congregation is drawn from the Creoles of the village, and amongst them a few soldiers from the neighbouring barracks are always to be seen.

Hitherto the only service I have been able to give is an evening service once a week. On Sundays the services in other churches are rather more than what any three clergymen ought to undertake in such a climate, so that an extra Sunday service is quite out of the question. The weekly service, however, at St. Agnes is very well attended, when the weather permits. The first service was held on June 28th, 1870, and the average attendance up to last night (when it was fifty-nine) has been a fraction over forty-nine. A collection is made at every service, and so far from keeping any away, I have noticed that there is hardly anyone who does not put something into the alms bag. Another feature of this congregation is, that the men are more regular and more numerous than the women.

These facts are, on the whole, encouraging; but there is much remaining to be done. The building (of wood) is erected, but not painted to protect it from the weather; there is a chancel, but it is unfurnished; the wooden floor is not even covered with a carpet, because we are all so poor; and what little we have raised is spent on things absolutely necessary, such as benches, &c. I have asked, and I may gratefully say obtained, help in money for the building from everyone whom there is to be asked. The small weekly collections, amounting in one quarter to £2 19s. 7½d., are all absorbed in the lighting and minor

expenses. I am therefore constrained to appeal to the more prosperous and wealthy Churchmen at home. It is my great desire to bring true Church principles to bear upon these poor souls, where the darkness of the heathen is for ever throwing its gloomy and deadening influence over the souls baptized into Christ's body, but whose religion is half extinct, from the outcast state in which they have unfortunately grown up. It is to save some of these; to bring before them the holiness of true religion, and to exhibit before their eyes the beauties of the Christian Church in all her services, especially, I trust and pray, some day the service of the Altar; it is on behalf of these objects that I beg for kind assistance in the name of my blessed Master—and I hope it may not be in vain.

I want English books for the school, Prayer-books and Bibles; fittings for the chancel, including an Altar-table; and funds to purchase many things, such as hassocks, a carpet, and more seats, &c.

By the kind permission of the Editor, any sums that may be forwarded to

THE REV. EDWARD A. MURRAY,
TRINIDAD,
WEST INDIES,

or to

THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP PARRY,
BARBADOS,

will be acknowledged in 'The Monthly Packet,' by the earliest mail after their receipt.

HINTS ON ITALIAN READING.

VII.

'Il Boja,' per Mignardi. Milano, presso Emanuele Rossi. 1861.

WE all know the value of surprise as an element of amusement, so I hope some of my readers, at least, may not know what 'il Boja' stands for. I recommend all such not to look up the word till they have read this very interesting historical novel. It was many years ago that I read it, and great part of the engrossing excitement afforded arose from my not guessing the denouement which the knowledge of that word would have revealed. I remember once when passing through Genoa being persuaded to see a piece called 'La nonna Velenatrice.' Of course everyone knows that *nonna* is *a grandmother*; yet when a foreign word is utterly unlike its English equivalent, (as is the case with *il Boja* also,) it often happens that it may not make a striking impression on one's English intelligence, and thus I sat through the whole play enjoying the mystery of who the poisoner could possibly be who was wasting the life of the young wife; it did not seem consistent with the character of the devoted husband, the fond mother, the loving sister, the attached friend; and it never occurred to me to suspect the demure and doating grandmother as she appeared on the scene, not only with her respectable costume and her grey hairs, but chained to her arm-chair as all suppose by pretended paralysis, until she was seen in the last act stealing into the room of the dying bride in the silent night, and with her trembling hands, which should only have been raised to bless her children, mingling the fatal cup. The piece acquired an adventitious, much greater than its intrinsic, interest, first as a puzzle, and then as an exercise of judgement, simply through not thinking about the title, and the title through the dissimilarity of sound not reminding one that *nonna* meant *grandmother*.

'Il Boja' is by no means so dependent for its interest on the reader not knowing the nature of the occupation which invests its hero with such strange mystery, though I think it would be much enhanced thereby. It amply repays perusal as a well-conceived and elegantly written tale of life in Tuscany in the Medician age, instructing us not only in points of historic importance, but letting us into unfamiliar details of the domestic life of the times. One such, for instance, which I remember struck me in reading it, was that of Lorenzo the Magnificent having his bed in the Florentine summer cooled with pans of ice, just as we employ hot water to solace us in the rigour of our northern winter.

The writer, though he does not go into many political reflections, is I think inclined to let his love of modern institutions bias his account of the severities of justice, and of the more rough-and-ready system of government of earlier days. But he does not let this bias carry him away—as is too often the case with modern writers of Italian fiction—to vent his malice on religion also, because it was once the ally of government. His tone is moderate throughout, and he shews himself capable of appreciating the piety which formed so strange and striking an adjunct to the avocations of the leading character of his story.

R. H. B.

HINTS ON READING.

We have very little space this month for Hints, but we cannot delay to mention a few as especially worthy. Amy Dutton's *Streets and Lanes of the City*, (Macmillan,) a perfectly true record, should be the encouragement and example of every district visitor.

Only a Girl's Life, by Mrs. Jerome Mercier, (Warne,) opens a new field of anxiety and labour. It is a beautiful story, giving the trials of a shop-girl in London, and her triumph over temptation.

Mr. Chatterton Dix has published some admirable poetry in a little volume, entitled *A Vision of All Saints'*. (Hodges.)

And *The Christian Day, and Other Poems*, by the Rev. Edward Horton, M.A., (Nisbet and Co.,) adds one more (and by no means the weakest or the worst) to the many volumes of sacred poetry called into existence by 'The Christian Year.' In spite of some occasional crudeness of versification, there are originality, beauty, and poetry, and many flashes of genius, in this work, the production of one now no longer among us.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

Declined with thanks.—A. M.; C. E. M. G.; B. J.; B. S.; K. O. P. E.

Will Anne *and* K. *send us their addresses? We have letters for them.*

Received, with thanks, for The Daisy Chain Cot:—Mrs. K., 5*s.*; J. I. K., 2*s.* 6*d.*; M. O. K., 2*s.* 6*d.*; Willie, 3*s.*; Wasp, Tatters, *and* John, 9*s.*

M. W. *begs to know the meaning of the allusion in Trollope's* Can You Forgive Her? *to 'the peacock on the wall.'*

F. F.—*Hymn* 376 *is by Sir H. W. Baker.*—L. C. B.

H. E. T.—*Probably* N. *or* M. *stand for* NoMen *or* NaMe.

Fanny *asks where to find*—

'We are wandering down life's path,
Slowly, slówly wandering down,
Further from the Cross, nearer to the Crown.'

Can this be a correct quotation? Surely, as long as life lasts, the Cross must be between us and the Crown.—Ed.

In answer to M. R.'s *question in* The Monthly Packet *of this month as to where the lines*—

'Bright and fierce and fickle is the south,
But dark and true and tender is the north,'

are to be found, H. McI. *begs to state that they are from Tennyson's poem of* The Princess, *and are known under the name of* The Messenger Swallow. *They are set to music by Blockley.*—H. McI., H. G., N. A. A., M. C. S., A. C.

K. C. F.—

DESCENT OF OLIVER CROMWELL FROM THE STEWARTS.

Walter III., high Steward of Scotland, (the first that settled the surname on his family,) died 1246.

Alexander I., high Steward. d. 1283. and six more children.

1 3

James I., high Steward, d. 1309	.. .. ..	brothers	..	1. Andrew (of Dundavale.) and 2 other children.
Walter, m. Marjory, dr. of Robert Bruce, d. 1327	..	1st cousins	..	2. Alexander Steward, (surnamed the Fierce.)
Robert II., King of Scotland, d. 1390	.. .. ..	2nd cousins	..	3. Sir John Steward, knt. (settled in England, being an attendant of James I.)
Robert III. „ d. 1406	.. .. ..	3rd „	..	4. Sir John Steward, knt. by Henry V.
James I. „ d. 1437	.. .. ..	4th „	..	5. Thomas Steward (settled at Swaffham Market, Norfolk.
James II. „ d. 1460	.. .. ..	5th „	..	6. Richard Steward.
James III. „ d. 1488	.. .. ..	6th „	..	7. Nicolas Steward.
James IV. „ d. 1513	.. .. ..	7th „	..	8. Nicolas Steward of Ely.
James V. „ d. 1542	.. .. ..	8th „	..	9 William Steward, d. 1593.
Mary, Queen of Scotland d. 1587	.. .. ..	9th „	..	10. Elizabeth Stewarde, m. 1st, William Lynne; 2nd, Robert Cromwell, second son of Sir H. Cromwell (or Williams.) d. 1654.
James I., King of England d. 1625	.. .. ..	10th „	..	Oliver Cromwell
Charles I. „	.. ..			

This descent of the Stewards is taken from a historical and genealogical account of the surname of Stewart, published 1729, *and from* Lives of the Cromwells.—B. C.

E. S. B.—*An excellent French book for beginners is Havet's* First French Book. *On applying for a specimen copy to Monsieur Havet, D. F. L. I., Edinburgh, a teacher will receive it gratis.*—H. A. A.

May *would be very grateful if any of the readers of* The Monthly Packet *could give her some story-books, suitable for reading to her Sunday-school class, or for lending to them. The children's ages, ten. She could mend up any old books. She would also be very glad of any pictures for scrap-books. Address*—May, 2, Marquess Grove, Canonbury, London, N.